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STRAND MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Monthly

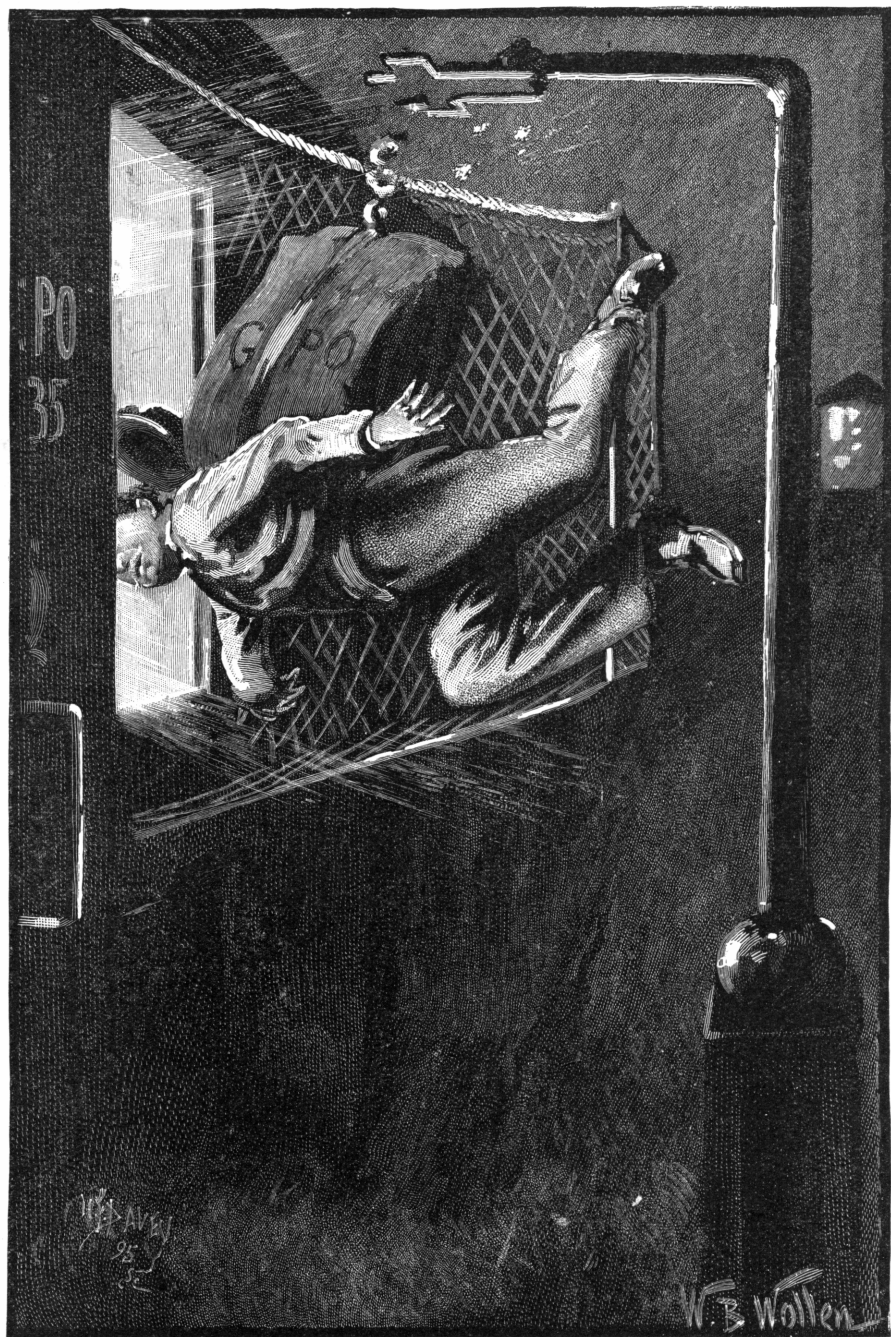
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1895



"A WHIRR AND A RUSH, AND ALL WAS DARK,"

(See page 125.)

Stopping an Execution.

By VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH.



AT the time of which I am writing I was living in seclusion in a small town about thirty-five miles north of London. I was engaged in rather a large literary undertaking ; in fact, I was writing a novel. I had engaged myself to get the work in question completed by a certain date, and in order to do so I found myself compelled to throw over all other occupation for the time being. I knew very few people in the town where I was living, and for five or six weeks had scarcely seen anyone to speak to.

So engrossed was I with my task that I had no time to read even the newspaper, and was quite ignorant of what was going on in the world. The only relaxation I allowed myself was a good brisk walk into the country every afternoon. With this exception I had hardly stirred from my house, except to run up to London once or twice for the purpose of visiting the docks, and making certain technical investigations concerning them. This I did, as a good portion of the novel I was working at was about the life of dock-surroundings in the vicinity of Rotherhithe.

It was a little after eight o'clock one evening in April, that I finished the second volume of my work. It was with great satisfaction that I wrote, and with a considerable flourish, too, the words : "End of Volume the Second." I generally worked up till ten or eleven, but it was useless doing any more that night ; so I put on my hat and coat and started off for an evening stroll. I had no sooner stepped into the street, than a boy accosted me with a bundle of papers under his arm, and the request : "Buy an evening paper, sir?" I bought one, put it in my pocket, and resumed my walk.

It was a fine night, and I went some little distance, reaching home a little after half-past nine. My landlady had brought in my supper, and as my walk had given me an appetite, it was with no small pleasure that I viewed a goodly joint of cold beef awaiting my attack. I took off my boots and put on my slippers. Then I sat down and did ample justice to my cold repast.

I had laid down the newspaper on the table when entering the room, intending to read it during supper, but my appetite had got the better of any craving for intelligence, so it was not till I had lit a pipe and subsided into a cosy arm-chair by the fire that I unfolded the sheet of printed matter.

Now, reader, I daresay you know the sensation of reading a paper for the first time after having neglected doing so for some weeks. You don't *rush* at it at all ; in fact, you are very chary of beginning, because such thoughts come into your head as : "I don't expect I shall enjoy the 'leaders,' because I don't know what has led up to them." "Sure to be something about a big trial of which I haven't heard the beginning." "Forgotten entirely all about our foreign policy." "Let me see, is the same Ministry still in?"

Therefore I opened my paper leisurely—nay, lazily. I looked at the "leader." Something about a new "Greek Loan." *That* didn't interest me. I skipped through the little items of news and hurried jottings, and summaries peculiar to our evening papers. Presently my eye was caught with the following paragraph-heading :—

"IMPENDING EXECUTION OF THE CLINFOLD MURDERER."

There is a morbid fascination for most people in an execution, and so, yielding to this feeling, I proceeded to read the paragraph.

"The murderer of the unfortunate James Renfrew will be hanged to-morrow morning at eight o'clock. The wretched man, whose name—Charles Fenthurst—is now in everybody's mouth, still persists in his plea of innocence."

Here I became deeply interested. The name of Fenthurst was most familiar to me. I had formed a deep friendship with a man of that name. He was a good fifteen years my senior, and had died about two years previously. I knew he had a son named Charles, a young fellow, who had emigrated to South Africa early in life, and who was generally supposed to be working at the diamond mines. Could this be the same man? I read on.

"It will be remembered that at the trial the strongest circumstantial evidence was brought to bear upon Fenthurst. The murder took place in a house on the outskirts of the small town of Clinfold. It was proved that Fenthurst was in the habit of frequenting Renfrew's premises, and that apparently he was expected there on the evening in question. He was seen near the place soon after the crime was committed, and several other proofs, of a strongly condemnatory character, were also laid against him. He has persisted from the first, however, in main-



"I BECAME DEEPLY INTERESTED."

taining that he was absent from Clinfold at the very time the murder took place. This was about seven o'clock in the evening. At that hour, he says, he was returning from London, where he had been spending part of the day; only one witness, he says, could prove this, and that is an individual who travelled with him as far as P—— and entered into conversation with him. Advertisements have been inserted in all the papers by Fenthurst's legal advisers, for the purpose of discovering the individual in question, but as no answer has been forthcoming, it is generally believed that the whole story is a myth. At any rate, there seems but small chance of the *alibi* being proved at the last moment. The murder was committed on February 6th. Since his condemnation the murderer has been confined in Silkminster Gaol, where his execution will take place."

Astonishment and dismay confronted me as I laid the paper down. I was the missing witness they had so vainly sought. I distinctly remembered, early in February, running up to town rather late in the afternoon, spending just half an hour there, and returning by the first train I could catch. My landlady didn't even know but that I had been for rather a longer walk than usual. I *had* entered into conversation on the return

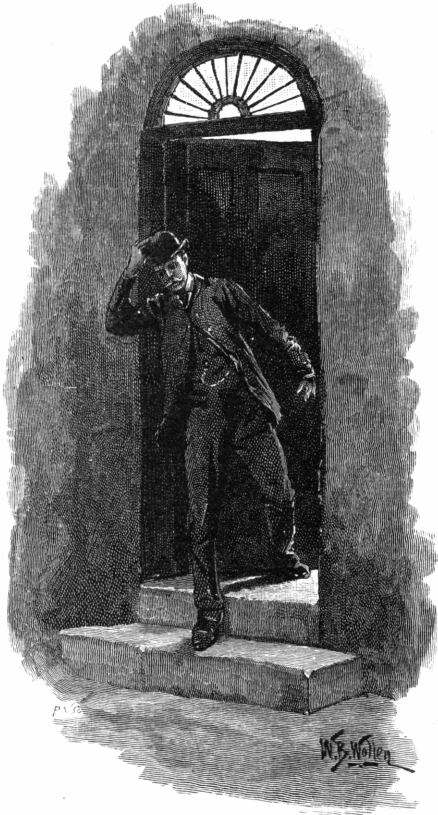
journey with the only other occupant of my compartment, a young man with a small black bag, on which were painted the letters "C. F." I remembered all this distinctly. In order to make sure I snatched up my diary, and quickly turned to the date of the murder, February 6th. There was the entry: "Ran up to town in afternoon. Inquired concerning material for Chap. vii. Saw B—— for half-hour. Returned by 6.42 train."

The horror of the situation now flashed upon me. A man's life—the life of my old friend's son—depended upon me. I looked at my watch. It was just eleven o'clock. Hurriedly I dragged on my boots, thinking the while what I should do. My first impulse was to rush to the telegraph office. Then, with dismay, I remembered that it was shut for the night after eight o'clock, and that the postmaster took the 8.30 train to the large town of F——, about five miles off, where he lived, leaving the office for the night in the charge of a caretaker, and returning by an early train the next morning.

It was impossible to telegraph. Then I thought of going to the police (there were just two constables and a sergeant in our little town), but what could they do more than I? Country police are proverbial for the leisurely "routine" manner in which they set about any inquiry, and it would never do to trust to them. I was in despair.

Madly I threw on my hat and rushed out. I ran in a mechanical way to the post-office. Of course, it was shut—and if I had aroused the caretaker, *he* couldn't have wired; besides, all our wires went first to F——, and, as I have said, all communication was shut off after eight o'clock. Then I started for the railway station. This was about half a mile from the post-office, and well outside the town. As I hurried along, I thought, with fresh dismay, that *this* would also prove a fruitless errand, for the last train to Silkminster was the 8.30 p.m., by which I have mentioned the postmaster always travelled. Silkminster, I must mention, was nearly 150 miles down the line.

Should I wait till the morning and telegraph? I remembered that the office did not open *till eight o'clock!* I had, by this time, reached the station. Of course, it was all shut up and all the lights were out, except



"MADLY I RUSHED OUT."

those in the signal lamps for the night expresses. It was now past half-past eleven. Was there no hope? Yes!

At this moment my eye caught a light in the signal-box, about a quarter of a mile up the line. I could see the signalman in his box, the outline of his figure standing out against the light within. I looked at my watch: the down express from London was almost due. I would make a rush for that signal-box, and compel the occupant to put the signal against it and stop it. It was a desperate game; but only get that train to stop for an instant, and all would be right. By getting into it I could reach Silkminster in the early morning, and what cared I for any action the company might take if I saved my friend's son? If the signalman refused to put back the levers, the strength born of desperation would enable me to master him, and relax them myself. All this flashed across me in an instant, and I clambered over the railings on the side of the station, and found myself on the line.

Even as I reached the rails, a semaphore signal that was near me let fall its arm, and

the red light changed into a brilliant green. *The express was signalled!* Would there be time? I dashed along over the rough sleepers towards the signal-box. It was very dark, and I stumbled over and over again. I had cleared about half the distance, when I heard the ominous roar ahead, and in a few seconds could distinguish the distant glitter of the engine's head-lamp bearing towards me. The train was just over a mile from me, rushing on at express speed. With a groan I ejaculated, "Too late!"

At that instant my eye fell upon a ghastly-looking structure by the side of the track, looming grimly through the darkness. It resembled a one-armed gallows with a man hanging from it! For a moment I thought it must have been a fearful fancy conjured up by the thought of Fenthurst's dreadful fate, but immediately I remembered that this strange-looking apparition was none other than a mail-bag suspended from a post—in fact, part of the apparatus by which a train going at full speed picks up the mails. The express train that was coming had a postal car attached to it. From the side of the car a strong rope net would be laid out, catching the bag I saw suspended before me.

As a bag would be deposited from the train in a somewhat similar manner, there ought to have been a man on guard. I afterwards found he had left his post and gone to have a chat with his friend in the cheery signal-box.

A mad and desperate idea took possession of me. The train that was bearing down, and which would reach me in one minute, should pick me up with the mails! I grasped the idea of the thing in a second. If I could hang on to that bag so that it came between me and the net, it would break the force of the shock, and the net would receive *me* as well as the bag. Fortunately I am a small man. The bag hung just over my head. I jumped at it, seized it, drew myself up parallel with it, held it firmly at the top, where it swung by a hook, and drew my legs up so as to present as small a compass as possible. It did not take me half a minute to do all this. Then I waited. It was but a few seconds, but it seemed hours. I heard the roar of the approaching train. Then the engine dashed past me. I shall *never* forget the row of lighted carriages passing about a foot away from me—closer even than that, I suppose—and I hanging and waiting for the crash to come.

And it came. There was a dull thud—a whirl and a rush, and all was dark.

When I came to my senses I was lying on

the floor of the postal van. Two men in their shirt-sleeves were busily engaged in sorting letters at a rack. I felt bruised and stiff all over, and I found that my left arm was bound in a sling made out of a handkerchief.

"Where are we?" I asked.

They turned round.

"Oh, you've come to, have you?" said one of them. "Now, perhaps, you'll give an account of yourself. It's precious lucky you're here at all, let me tell you, for if you had been a taller man we should only have got part of you in the net. As it is, you've got your collar-bone broken. We've tied it up a bit. Now, perhaps, you'll speak out; and look here, if we find you've been dodging the police, don't you go thinking you'll give 'em the slip any further. The mail van ain't a refuge of that sort."

I told them the motive that had prompted me to take the desperate step I had done. They wouldn't believe it at first. Luckily, though, I had put the evening paper and my diary in my pocket, so I showed them the paragraph and the entry. They were civil enough then.

"Well, sir, we shall be in Silkminster about three, or a little after. I hope you'll be able to save the poor beggar. You must excuse our turning to work again, and the best thing for you will be to rest yourself."

They piled a quantity of empty mail-bags on the floor and made me a rough shake-down. Before he went to his work again, the other one said:—

"What a pity you never thought of a better way out of the difficulty than coming in here so sudden-like."

"There was no other way."

"Yes there *was*, sir."

"What was that?"

"Why, you should have got the signalman to *telegraph* to Silkminster: he could have done it all right."

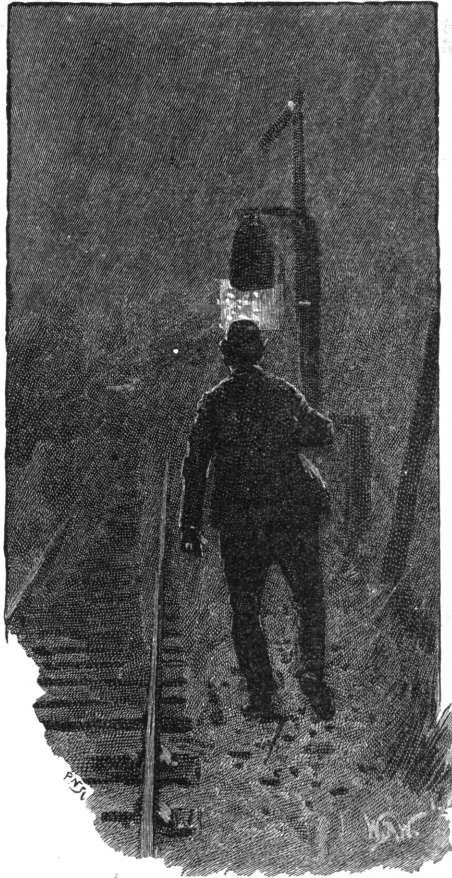
What an idiot I had been, after all! However, I should be in time to stop the execution.

A little after three we drew up at Silkminster Station. There was a policeman on the platform, and I at once told my story to him, the result being that we drove round to the gaol and insisted upon seeing the governor. Of course, he was deeply interested in what I had to tell him, and at once made arrangements to stop the execution. The Home Secretary was communicated with by means of special wire. Fortunately, he happened to be in town, and after a couple of hours of anxious suspense, a reprieve was received from him.

"Well," said the governor, "I don't know which I ought to congratulate most, Mr. Fenthurst or yourself, for you have both had a most narrow escape."

Little remains to be told. I soon identified the condemned man as the person whom I had met in the train. He also turned out to be the son of my old

friend, as I had fully expected. After the due formalities he was discharged. Suspicion having strongly attached itself to his name, however, he was very miserable, until about a fortnight afterwards the real murderer was discovered and captured. Charles Fenthurst and myself became firm friends, and although I was fearfully shaken and upset for some weeks after this adventure, I never regretted the night on which I was picked up with the mails.



"TOO LATE!"

Vanishing Valentines.

By W. G. FITZGERALD.



At the present day, when ladies in bifurcated nether garments may be seen awheel in Piccadilly, or enjoying a cigarette in the smoking-room of their own club, it is no wonder that the pretty custom of sending valentines is fast falling into desuetude. In the days of Chaucer and Shakespeare, the charming, if fanciful, theory obtained that birds chose their mates on the 14th of February. Later on, shy maidens and laggard lovers took advantage of this uncertain object-lesson from Nature, and were emboldened to go through a form of betrothal on St. Valentine's Day. In the course of time, however, this ceremony was preceded by an exchange of fancy cards, on which were written declarations of love in more or less shaky doggerel. Now, as it is not given unto every man to be a poet, there was clearly a brilliant commercial career before the man who would put on the market a quantity of passable sentimental verse, accompanied by appropriate designs—in a word, valentines as we know them.

Here is one of the very earliest of these

prints, published in 1827, and remarkable for its graceful simplicity (Fig. 1). The subject of the sailor and his lass, by the way, has served the valentine designer on more occasions than we care to count; nor is this surprising, in view of the fact that Jack has at all times loyally observed St. Valentine's Day. Indeed, we are quite satisfied that in the dock districts of London and Liverpool, the guileful retailer has a special tariff for sailors, whereby the latter are not only induced to pay double prices for a valentine that suits their fancy, but are also charged a comparatively large sum for a pipe or tobacco pouch which is introduced into the purchase, and which the dealer could never otherwise dispose of.

It may be interesting to mention here that this ingenious system of business reached the Midlands; and the Birmingham manufacturers hailed it as a Heaven-sent notion for pushing the sale of shoddy jewellery. They ordered hundreds of gross of sentimental valentines in boxes, stipulating that the design should include a piece of loose blue ribbon on which might be hung watches, engagement rings, pencil cases, and charms, such as only Birmingham can produce. The finished valentines were then retailed at audacious prices, and found wonderful favour in the eyes of persons of a utilitarian turn of mind.

Artists of some repute soon turned their attention to valentines. Our next reproduction is from a design by Kenny Meadows, in 1832 (Fig. 2). At this time, comic valentines were unknown; people took their love affairs somewhat seriously, and paid so generously for pictorial love-letters, that manufacturers were enabled to employ first-rate artists. Simple though the design appears, this valentine of Mr. Meadows



FIG. 1.—THE FIRST PICTORIAL VALENTINE.



FIG. 2.—VALENTINE DESIGNED BY KENNY MEADOWS IN 1832.

sold at two shillings—a sum for which one can now buy a gorgeous and perfumed arrangement of silk and hand-painted satin, artificial flowers, and gold and silver lace paper.

Novelties in valentines came but slowly. No departure from a somewhat sickly sentimentality was made until the "fourteenth" came to be regarded less seriously. Then came valentines containing a certain element of mechanical contrivance—a tongue of card-board, which, when jerked, caused the figures in the picture to move. We are enabled to show here the origin of this type, which dates from about 1840 (Fig. 3). The design consists of a church, of no known architecture; and, on folding back a flap, the recipient of the valentine has a view through the wall of this remarkable edifice, in which it appears a wedding is taking place. The minister's hand is raised in benediction, but the bridegroom seems to be a little ill at ease.

Valentines now became more elaborate and expensive. Here is a photograph of one specially made for the Hyde Park Exhibition of 1851 (Fig. 4). This valentine is still preserved in a massive frame by the manufacturers, Messrs. Goode Bros., of Clerkenwell Green. It is composed of thousands of leaves and beads, put together by hand; it took the most skilful lady designers of the day about a fortnight to make, and it cost ten pounds. At this time the above firm used a thousand pounds' worth of artificial flowers in a week, solely for sentimental valentines. Satin was purchased in quantities of 5,000 yards at a time, and the annual bill for lace paper came to £3,400. A thousand a year was paid for

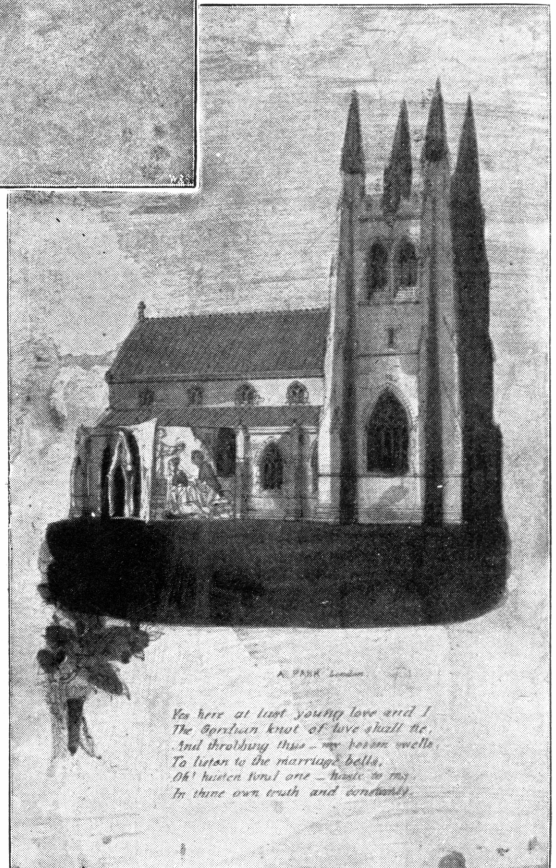


FIG. 3.—THE FIRST MECHANICAL VALENTINE (ABOUT 1840).



FIG. 4.—MADE FOR THE HYDE PARK EXHIBITION OF 1851.

boxes, and small fortunes were spent in humming birds, birds of paradise, and dry perfumes, such as kegs of lavender powder, Tonquin bean, and orris root.

Fig. 5 illustrates the fashionable valentine of this period, which can only be described as a kind of satin pillow inclosed in a box, and perfumed and ornamented. Sending valentines of this sort to friends in the Colonies caused such an export trade to spring up, that single houses in Sydney and Melbourne soon began to send in orders for a thousand pounds' worth at a time. And very expensive, too, were these Antipodean valentines, the wholesale shipping terms in many cases being 200s. per dozen. Never again, we may safely predict, will valentines fetch such preposterous sums as were realized by the class to which Fig. 6 belongs.

The Ballarat gold fever was at its height when the Australian houses sent urgent messages to the London makers for a special "line" suitable for the gold-laden, improvident miners. As might

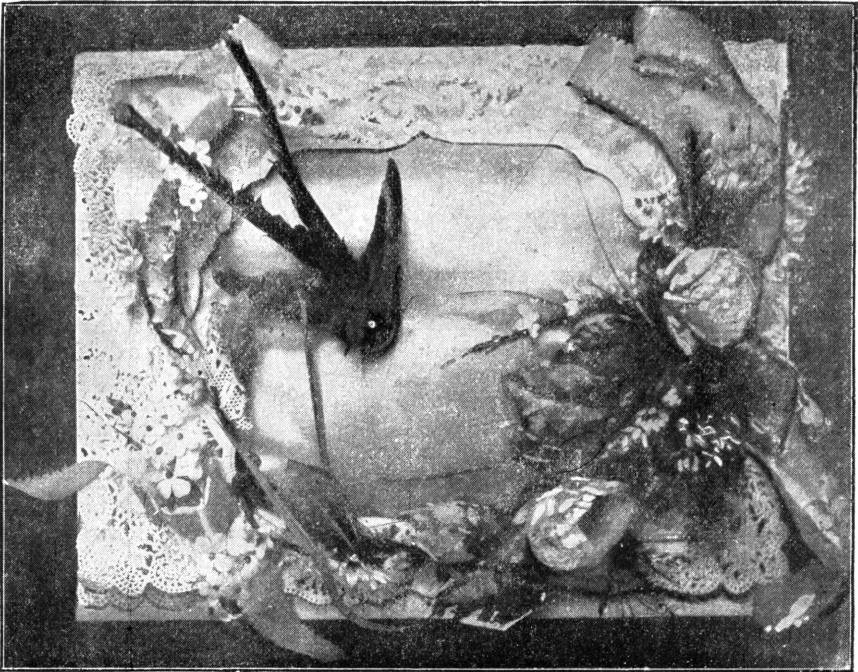


FIG. 5.—SACHET VALENTINE, 1855.

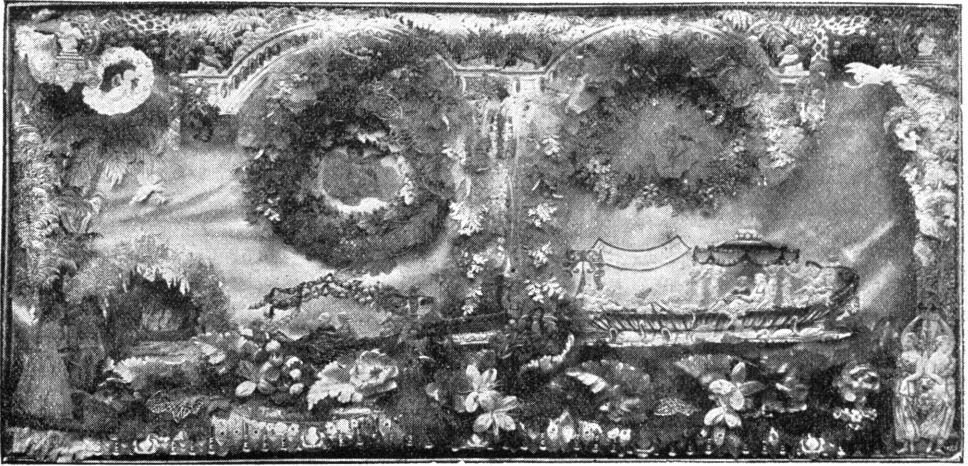


FIG. 6.—DESIGNED AND MADE FOR THE BALLARAT GOLD FIELDS.

be expected, the designers set to work with amazing celerity, and produced an extraordinary valentine more than 2ft. long and inclosed in a shallow box. It was made up of artificial flowers and leaves, paintings on satin, and imitation gems. The gold-seekers paid from £10 to £25 each for these valentines, one of which is depicted in Fig. 6. The original belongs to Mr. King, of 304, Essex Road, N., who, we have no hesitation in saying, possesses the largest and most complete "valentine museum" in the world. Another curious and elaborate valentine, made with paper springs, was in great request half a century ago.

From this time we note the genesis of the comic valentine, and, curiously enough, the policeman figures in the very first.

Fig. 7 is a reproduction from a very old proof, the caricature being directed against exaggerated officialism; and Fig. 8 is a photograph of a page of one of Mr. King's innumerable albums. The "suit" thus quaintly depicted was described

as being of "real cloth, cut by a tailor of repute." No sooner were these and similar humorous productions sprung upon an admiring public, than the designers cast about for

further novelties, the result being that sentimental valentines were for a time somewhat neglected.

Fig. 9 shows another page from one of Mr. King's albums; and it should be noted that the whimsical figures are clad in real cloth, and that the wild-looking lady in the middle has a profusion of woolly hair, pasted on. "Cupid's Official Telegraph" (Fig. 10) was next hailed with delight as a novelty in valentines. It was sent out in a reddish-yellow envelope, and was altogether so close an imitation of the real article, that the then Postmaster-General set about binding the makers with red tape, and finally con-



FIG. 7.—AN EARLY COMIC POLICEMAN.

demned the quaint little missive altogether. Not to be beaten, the designers instantly produced a Post Office Order, worded in the drollest possible manner. This was also withdrawn "by order," the authorities being

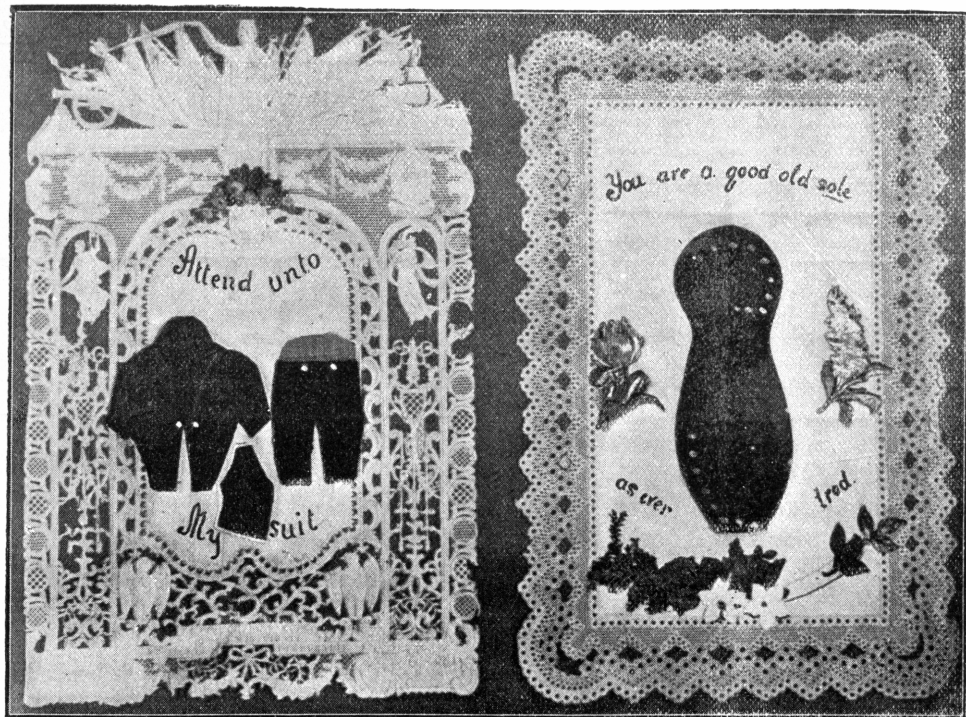


FIG. 8.—NOVELTIES OF HALF A CENTURY AGO.

apparently quite destitute of humour; at any rate, one would have thought such small game as this unworthy of serious consideration by a Government department.

There must have been a tremendous

demand, though, for this sort of valentine. Baffled by the Post Office, the ingenious designers turned their attention to the Bank of England, and issued thousands of notes on that world-renowned and long-established



FIG. 9.—ANOTHER DEPARTURE—CARICATURES IN CLOTH.



CUPID'S OFFICIAL TELEGRAPHS.

No. of Message } 100,000.

Dated Stamp of



If the sincerity of the sentiments conveyed in this Telegram be doubted, they will be repeated, but double the number of kisses anticipated will be required in payment. If too many are given by mistake, the sender of this will gladly repay such excess on the ruby lips of the fair recipient of this Telegram. When the cost of a reply to a Lover's Telegram has been prepaid, and the number of words in such reply are in excess of "Well I'm sure," "Be quiet do," garnished by a few blushes, the sender of such reply is bound to pay extra for such excess, by an extra number of endearments. Fractions of kisses do not count, and when Telegrams are taken in by a third party the same must not open them and kiss by proxy.

N.B.—This Form should occupy a lady's thoughts on the Festival of St. Valentine.

Charges to pay *Unlimited Smiles.*

Handed in at *Cupid's Bower* Office at *7 45* Received (it is hoped) at *8 1*

Delivering Office.

From

*Your adoring Admirer,
true and faithful*

To

*The sweetest Girl
in the World*

*Be at your Casement one minute after sunset, and when
I see your shadow on the window blind I shall know
that my darling is at home You may as well warble
"Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad"*

FIG. 10.—A TELEGRAPHIC VALENTINE.

institution, the "Bank of Love" (Fig. 11). The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, however, would have none of it, so she compelled the manufacturers to withdraw the notes from circulation. They were, therefore, "called in" in the orthodox manner.

But the craze for commercial, official, and

financial valentines was far from being dead. Swayed by the public, the makers continued to produce I O U's, jury and other summonses, promissory notes, official reports, writs, marriage certificates and licenses, School Board notices, wills, and acceptances. One of these latter is reproduced in Fig. 12,

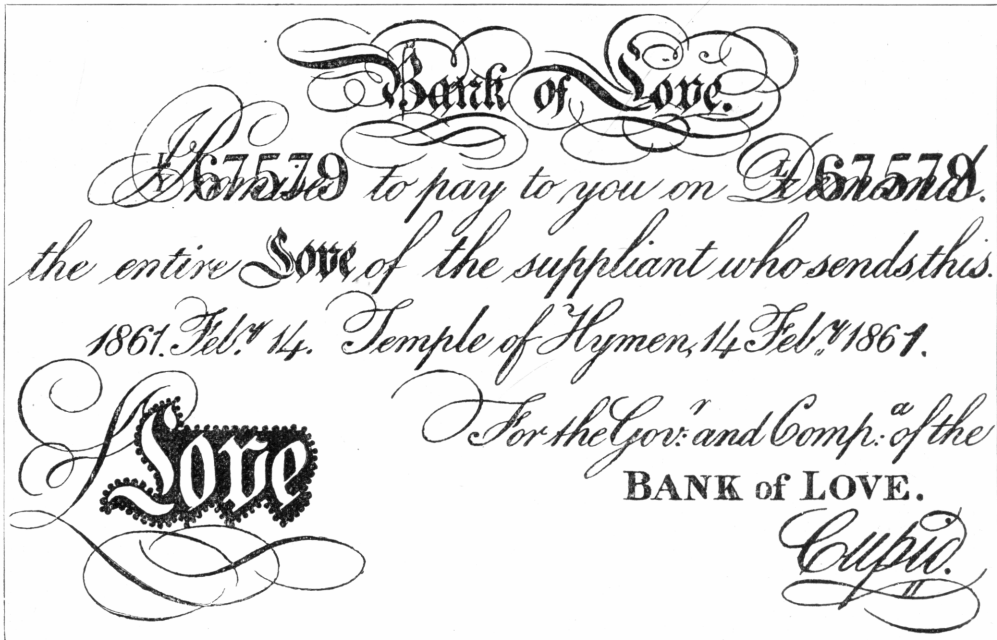


FIG. 11.—A NOTE ON THE BANK OF LOVE (REDUCED FACSIMILE).

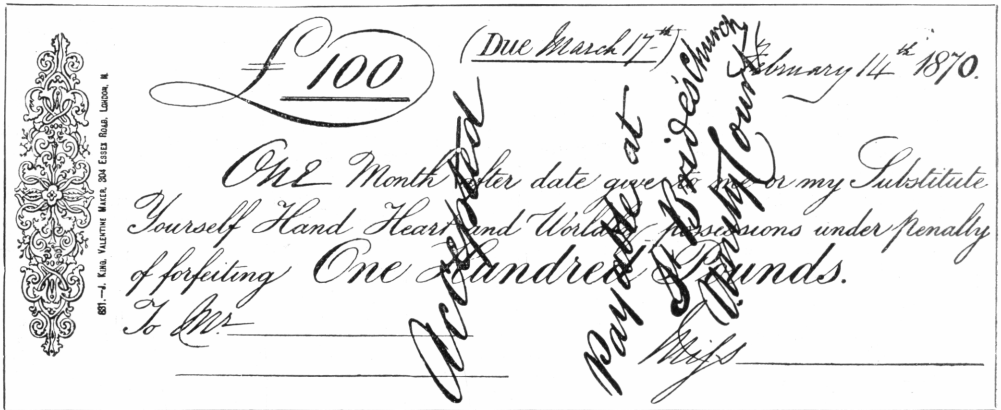


FIG. 12.—A TRAP FOR THE UNWARY.

and seems to have been specially designed with the view of expediting matters in breach of promise actions. Correctness of phraseology was observed with such scrupulous care, and paper and printing were imitated so closely in these valentines, that there can be no doubt of their being formidable weapons in the hands of practical jokers and unscrupulous persons. Will it be believed that change in hard cash was given for notes on the Bank of Love! Women were deluded by the strangely-worded marriage certificates and licenses, signed by Peter Tiethemtight, M.A., whose name is not to be found in Crockford; and busy men lost time and money over jury summonses, issued in the vague county of "Eithersex." This class of valentine gave place to the cheap comic prints, coarse and vulgar, as a rule, which we see in fancy shops prior to the now decadent "fourteenth," and which sold like wild-fire about twenty-five years ago.

Practically, there is but one firm left in the valentine trade, namely, Messrs. Goode Brothers, of Clerkenwell. The astonishingly rapid decline of the valentine within the past ten years brought ruin to many a wholesale manufacturer, to whom the trade was worth perhaps £20,000 a year, between the years 1870 and 1875—the golden age of the valentine. At this period a single maker would keep six designers and eighty girls employed on valentines all the year round. Rice paper from China was bought by the shipload; plush, in wholesale quantities of 9,000 yards at 2s. per yard; and silk fringe, from Coventry, in bales of a hundred gross of yards. Twenty years ago, too, the big valentine dealer's turnover was a thousand pounds a week during the three months of the season; and in his workrooms a quarter of a ton of the finest white gum disappeared in

the dainty trifles. Four well-paid male artists designed the "comics"—mainly trade skits and domestic incidents—and these were reproduced on 1,500 reams of paper. The machines were kept going night and day, turning out a million caricatures a week, of which some 5,000 gross were dispatched to Australia by sailing vessels in May and June. From a hundred to a hundred and thirty different comic designs were produced every year, and one house would have five smart "commercial" showing the pattern-books to retailers in all parts of the kingdom.

When one knows these things, it is extremely interesting to listen to the great wail that goes forth from whilom valentine makers. "Valentines belong to the past," say they; "therefore we have given up making them." One is then referred to Messrs. Goode Brothers for practical information; thither we went for the purpose of seeing how valentines are made. It seems that plush, satin, lace paper, fringe, and sachet powder are still bought wholesale, but in sadly reduced quantities. There is left but one solitary lady designer, and she must have ready two sets of about fifty different designs of sentimental valentines in the month of September, the retail prices to range from 1d. to 5s. One set, packed in trays, is taken away by the traveller, and according to his reports large quantities of certain designs are promptly put in hand to be made. The second set is retained at head-quarters for guidance. Nor must we omit to add that, in many cases, scope is left in the design for the introduction of such foreign matter as cheap jewellery and the superfluous stock of fancy dealers.

Our photograph (Fig. 13) shows the interior



FIG. 13.—THE "SENTIMENTAL" WORKROOM.

of the "sentimental" workroom. The "hand-paintings on satin" which mark the superior article are reeled off at a perfectly amazing rate by outside lady artists, who earn about 25s. a week at the work. This is as it should be, seeing that for each separate work of art the sum of three farthings is paid. As a rule there is a church, with a pond in the foreground bordered with a few straggling rushes, and over the surface of the water a small flock of strange birds are hovering. During our investigations, by the way, we noticed but few of these "hand-paintings" without the birds. "They are done in a moment and are so effective," was the curious comment of the forewoman. The sheets of satin given out to lady artists are folded into squares, and measure 15in. by 12in.

The rates of pay for comic and sentimental valentine poetry are not such as would tempt either Mr. Morris or Mr. Swinburne. Time was, indeed, when the wholesale houses were con-

strained to advertise for designers and poets; but now, we grieve to say, sixpence for eight lines of verse is considered fair remuneration. This being so, it seems rather strange that our informants should, in the season, be almost overwhelmed with poetry, sent chiefly by ladies, many of whom ask comparatively enormous sums for their rhymes, and never fail to mark even the veriest nonsense "copy-

right," in aggressively bold characters. The firm whose premises we visited now keep but two comic valentine artists. These gentlemen produce about twenty different designs every season, and 10,000 copies of each design are made.

Our illustration (Fig. 14) depicts the interior of the comic designing room. The artist in the middle is drawing on stone one of his own designs; for each finished design he receives five shillings, or half a sovereign if he reproduces it on the stone. Comic valentine artists may not be as clever as Phil May,

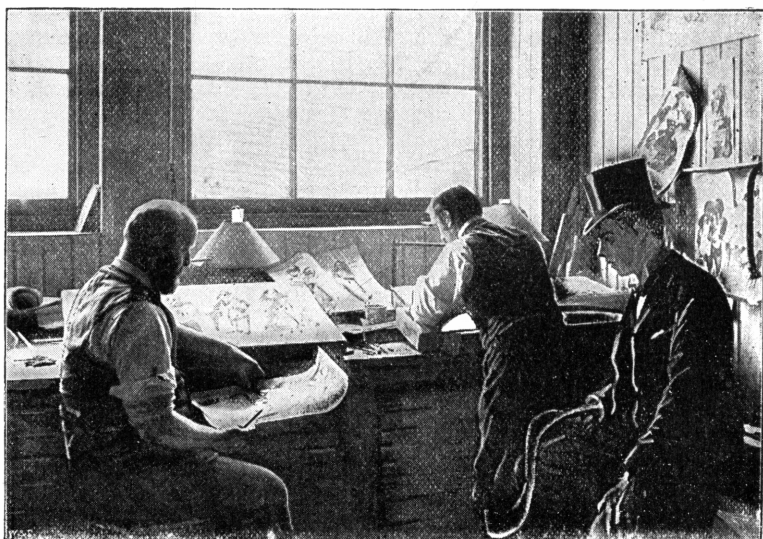


FIG. 14.—"COMIC" DESIGNING ROOM.

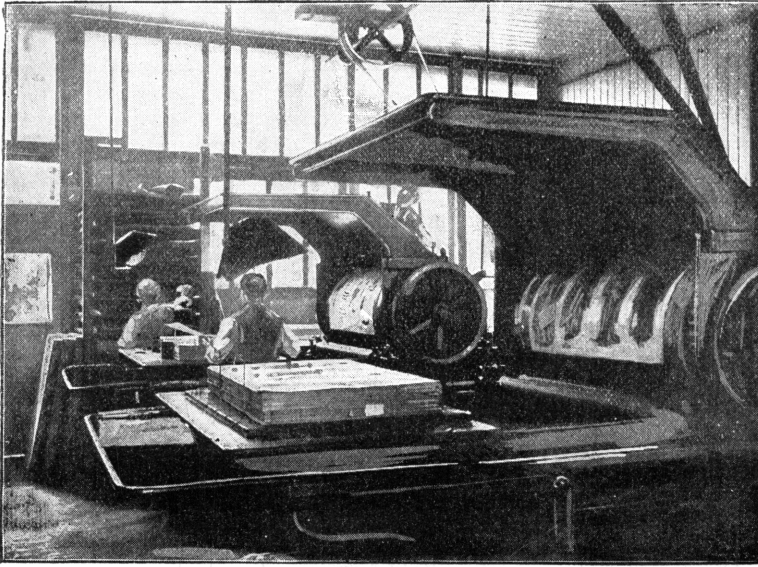


FIG. 15.—“COMIC” MACHINES AT WORK.

or as careful in detail as Sambourne, but that they are observant and up-to-date will be seen from a glance in the stationers' windows at the beginning of February. It is interesting to note that there are certain districts which are dear to the designer's heart by reason of their having a marked partiality for a certain subject. For example, a comic valentine showing a stalwart athlete, who has apparently sustained serious bodily damage on the football field, is certain to command a great sale in the North of England, and especially in Lancashire. It is absolutely necessary, however, that the football itself be seen in the picture.

Again, the favourite comic designs of Plymouth and Portsmouth are those which caricature in a genial way our gallant soldiers and sailors. The photograph we reproduce in Fig. 15 shows the “comic” machines at work. It is not a little amusing to watch the cylinders turning out these grotesque pictures with a rhythmical swing. The sheets of four are then cut

up and sent to the dispatch department, where the designs are mixed, in order that retailers may get a complete assortment. Here the perennial comic policeman, who seems to be for ever receiving surreptitious grog or rabbit pie, has for his companions jovial soldiers and sailors, domestic servants of all grades, impossible tradesmen, more or less happy parents, and even several varieties of the so-called New Woman.

One of the very few of the valentine “commercial” left in London tells a woful tale of the dying trade. Every season a fresh batch of fancy dealers shake their heads at his approach, with the remark, “I don't think I'll go in for it this year.” The valentine trade in the Metropolis is simply infinitesimal; the matter-of-fact Londoner prefers to send his lady-love a box of gloves on the “fourteenth,” and we opine that the damsel herself prefers this useful valentine even to the chastely designed “sentimental” of to-day, though the latter be resplendent with aluminium frosting which costs a guinea a pound.

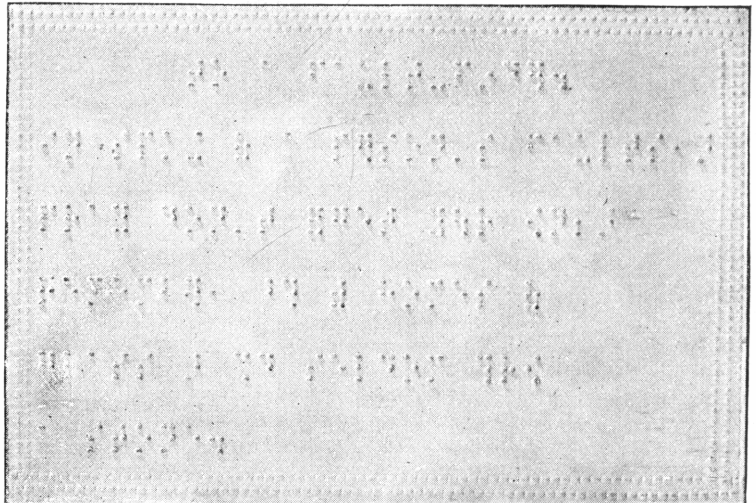


FIG. 16.—VALENTINE FOR THE BLIND.

It is a noteworthy fact that Ireland and Wales continue to take sentimental valentines in some quantities, the miners of Cardiff and the Rhondda Valley district paying as much as five shillings each for suitable designs ; it goes without saying, of course, that appropriate valentines are designed for these places. Yet, notwithstanding support of this sort, there can be no doubt that the custom observed on the 14th of February will soon be numbered among the interesting memories of the past.

Perhaps the most extraordinary valentine we are enabled to reproduce is that shown in Fig. 16, a veritable valentine for the blind. It is to Lady Falkland that the idea is due ; and this lady is one of the most charitable and industrious of the philanthropic "seeing workers" who devote themselves to the well-being of their sightless brethren. Here is a translation of the playful verse in Braille type already given, which consists of raised dots systematically arranged :—

TO A FAULT-FINDER.

In speaking of a person's faults
Pray don't forget your own ;
Remember, those with homes of glass
Should seldom throw a stone.

Designs or figures of any kind are never put upon valentines or Christmas cards for the blind, simply because such designs and figures, being flat, would convey false impressions to these afflicted, but generally cheerful, people. Here is a photograph of the blind writer turning out valentines for the amusement of hundreds of his fellows all over the country (Fig. 17).

As a rule, a seeing person prepares the first design ; this enables the blind copyist to dispense with a seeing reader, who would otherwise be required to dictate the text. The photograph shows the copy beneath the left hand of the sightless operator. With his right hand the blind man is punching the dots on the soft, thick paper, with a style resembling a gimlet, about 2in.

long. The paper is held firmly on the board by a transverse piece of brass, which also guides the lines and is punctured to allow of the dots being made through it. We are indebted for our reproductions of both valentine and photograph to Mr. G. R. Boyle, of the British and Foreign Blind Association.

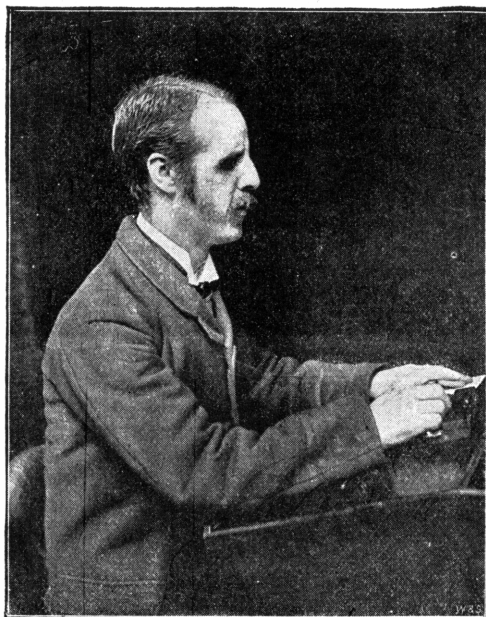
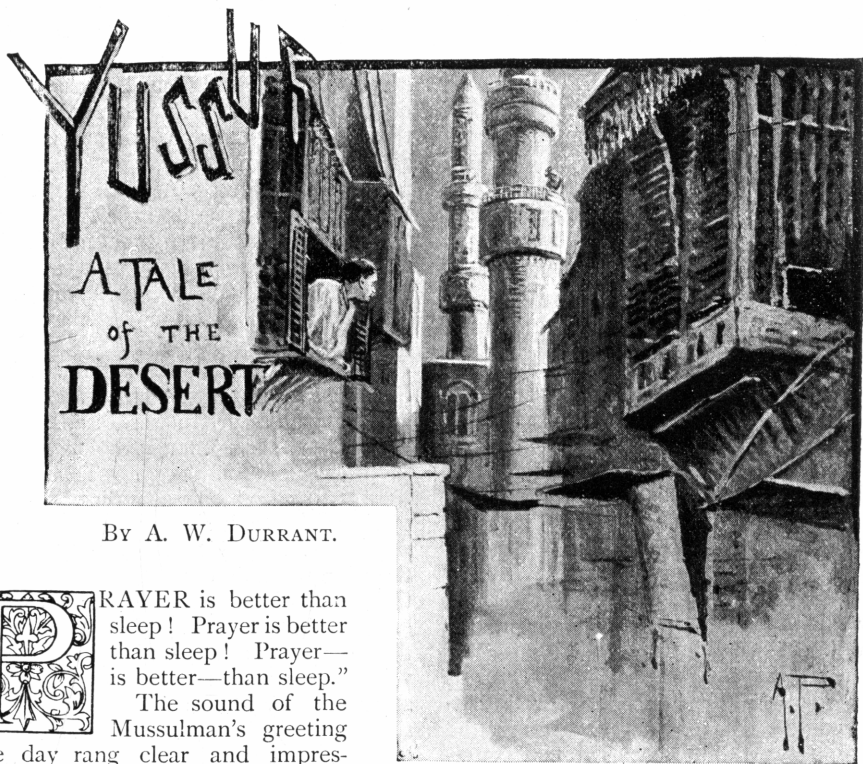


FIG. 17.—BLIND OPERATOR MAKING VALENTINES FOR THE BLIND.



BY A. W. DURRANT.

“**P**RAYER is better than sleep! Prayer is better than sleep! Prayer—is better—than sleep.”

The sound of the Mussulman's greeting to the day rang clear and impressive through the keen early morning air from the great Mosque of Fez across the spacious yard of the Kasbah, filled with the Cadi's drowsy guards; along the narrow streets, overhung with the ghostly habitations of the faithful; past the famous square market-place, as yet untenanted save for a few Jews in their gaily-coloured jubbabs, and one or two white turbaned Moors; into the lattice-windowed, low-ceilinged sleeping rooms of the only hotel in the Holy Town of Fez where an infidel, even though he be under the special protection of the Most High and Mighty Sultan of Morocco, may rest his thrice-accursed body with tolerable safety.

The only infidel thus favoured at the time of which we write was the Honourable Hereward Trevayne. The call to prayers awoke him with a start. Springing from his bed, he went to the window overlooking the court-yard. A faint haze palpitated over the distant minarets, which pointed with their slender fingers toward an unspeakably blue sky, just tinged on the horizon with streaks of the palest rose colour. Even as he looked,

the streaks broadened in extent and deepened in hue, until, with a swiftness like the rushing of the wind, the whole sky was flooded with a crimson flame, which was as rapidly chased away by the triumphant beams of the rising sun, in whose golden glow the entire scene was soon bathed.

Impressed by the solemnity of the call of the Muezzin, and by the marvellous beauty of the dawn, Hereward drew a deep breath; then, turning to dress, he murmured, aloud:—

“‘Prayer is better than sleep.’ Ah, yes; sometimes, no doubt. Looking out of that window at the sunrise, for instance. But just now, it strikes me rather forcibly that, so far as one individual is concerned, breakfast is better than either!”

Which soliloquy was no sooner ended than he shouted at the top of his voice:—

“Yussuf! Yussuf!”

The door opened almost immediately, and a smooth, swarthy-faced Arab glided noiselessly into the room.

“Has the Lord Duke sufficiently rested

his honourable bones?" he asked, with a low obeisance.

Yussuf's knowledge of English was remarkably good for a native, but it did not include an intimate acquaintance with Debrett or even Whitaker. He had been told that Trevayne was, or might be one day, a very important personage in his own country, and therefore had a right, Yussuf thought, to the highest English titles which could be bestowed upon him. The idea tickled Trevayne immensely, and he always kept up the joke.

"My honourable bones," he replied, gravely, "are sufficiently rested; but my honourable stomach cries aloud that it has more than sufficiently rested. In plain English, Yussuf, breakfast, and as soon as you like!"

Yussuf bowed low and left the room as noiselessly as he had entered it.

Trevayne had come to Fez in order to add a fresh experience to his already long list. He was a younger son of Lord Trevayne, and as such was travelling to "receive impressions" before finally settling down to a political career.

Travelling, to Hereward Trevayne, however, did not mean the same thing as it apparently does to many of our brilliant young politicians, who, after a sort of personally conducted Cook's tour through the Colonies, return to pose as colonial statesmen. Nothing was so abhorrent to Trevayne. He vastly preferred to wander alone to and fro over the face of the earth, exploring its strange corners with even more interest than its well-known places. After nearly three years' absence from England, he had worked his way back as far as Morocco. At Tangier, however, he had heard that a caravan was to start shortly from Fez into the interior, and with characteristic impulsiveness he suddenly decided to make one of the party, intending to return with a homeward-bound caravan, which, it was calculated, would be met with a few days' journey distant from Fez. He had accordingly, though not without a good deal of bother, settled all the necessary preliminaries, and had become a prospective member of the caravan.

That was a month ago, and the day of departure now appeared to be hardly any nearer. Sometimes, indeed, twelve or eighteen months are spent in making ready the equipment for such a caravan, the preparations principally consisting in the collection and arrangement of the merchandise to be bartered away to the negro tribes in the

far interior for ostrich feathers, gold dust, skins, tusks, and, occasionally, diamonds. To Trevayne's inquiries every morning the cry was still the same.

"Inshallah! If it please God—to-morrow."

But to-morrow the pig-skin water-bottles must be made water-tight by being filled with oil and left to dry in the sun. And then there are the dates to be pressed into the saddles to form comfortable cushions until required for food. And so on, almost, it seemed to Trevayne, to infinity.

Finally, after the ten thousand details of a caravan equipment have been attended to, there is the merry-making and feasting, which is invariably indulged in for a week or two previous to the actual start.

It was during these last few days that Hassan, who, with Yussuf, had been engaged by Trevayne as guide, was caught in the act of stealing some money belonging to the proprietor of the hotel. Trevayne dealt summarily with the thief, for it was not his first offence. He took Hassan by the scruff of the neck, and kicked him vigorously all along the wide veranda, down the broad staircase, through the lengthy hall, and out of the grand entrance into the crowded street beyond. By this time the erring native had attained a velocity certainly never before equalled by any voluntary efforts on his part. Indeed, so rapidly was he travelling, that before he could stop himself he had collided with two or three fierce-looking Riffs, whose hands instinctively glided to their daggers. However, they passed on without molesting the unhappy Hassan, whom they left feeling himself all over for broken bones, and cursing Trevayne for finding him out and himself for getting found out.

Yussuf, who had witnessed the incident with twitching fingers and a curious half closing of the eyes, turned to Trevayne and said, solemnly:—

"Kismet. It is the will of God. The Lord Duke has dealt mercifully with his thieving slave."

"Oh!" replied Trevayne, when he had recovered his breath. "You think so, do you? I'm not quite so sure about it myself. However——"

But Yussuf was persistent. In his colourless, monotonous voice he continued, interrupting Trevayne:—

"It was well for him that the Lord Duke chastised him, and did not hand him over to his tribe for the fitting reward of his sin."

"I suppose so," drily remarked Trevayne. "No doubt they would have substantially



"CUT OF THE GRAND ENTRANCE."

rewarded him for being smart enough to steal from his own countryman. Though, on the other hand, they might have punished him for the disgrace of being detected—and by an infidel, too."

But the sarcasm was lost on Yussuf, who replied, reflectively:—

"Yes, when Allah wills it, they open the thief's hands and slash a knife across them, so—" and Yussuf ran the forefinger of his right hand diagonally across the palm of his left hand; "and then rub saltpetre into the wounds, and shut up the thief's hands and bind them; and he can never open them to steal again. And sometimes they hold a red-hot iron to the eyes of the thief until they are gone, and the thief never again sees anything to steal. God is great," concluded Yussuf, piously shaking his head.

"Fiends!" ejaculated Trevayne, with a gesticulation of horror. "And those poor blind wretches I have seen wandering about the streets are thieves then, eh? Have been, I should say," he added.

"The Lord Duke has said it," replied Yussuf, quietly.

At last the camels' loads, after almost

innumerable futile attempts, were satisfactorily arranged, and everything was ready. As usual, a short preliminary march was undertaken to test the mettle of the camels, and then the caravan fairly started on its tremendous journey.

Soon the Holy City faded away in the distance; first the rambling, white, ghost-like houses, then the minarets, tall and stern as if standing guard over their lowly brethren; and then the drooping palm trees with their graceful outlines projected in jet black against the blue brightness of the sky, lingering on the horizon as if bidding a last reluctant good-bye to the venturesome travellers.

Then on over the unending, wave-like dunes

the vast procession ranged, until, the sand becoming interspersed with sharp, flinty stones, the caravan was halted in order that the camels' feet might be bound round and round with rags, making them look like huge boxing gloves.

Then the night fell, outposts were stationed half a mile or so distant, and the caravan was formed into a sort of laager, but with the camels taking the place of the waggons and various impedimenta usually placed on the outside of the square. Inside, big fires were kept blazing all the night through, for in the desert the nights are icy cold, harder to be borne by reason of the burning heat of the day. Trevayne, wrapped up in his burnouse—for he had assumed the Arab costume—lay at a short distance from one of the fires, while not far from him lay Yussuf, asleep and snoring.

The novelty and excitement of it all had kept Trevayne partially awake, and for a long time there danced grotesquely through his brain confused visions of fierce-faced Arabs, shambling camels, stretches of sand dazzling with the glare of a pitiless sun, rocks of fantastic shapes that stood menacingly by

the way. At last, just as he was dozing off, he thought he heard a slight crackling—a sound as of someone creeping towards him through the sand. Raising himself on his arm, he peered around him. For a moment he could see nothing, and then, by the light of the fire, he discerned a man crawling away on his hands and knees. When the intruder reached a spot where he thought he could not be seen, he turned his head. But Trevayne's sight was very keen, and he saw with a feeling of astonishment, and something like dismay, that a knife gleamed between the teeth, and that the face was the face of

Yussuf soon came to arouse Trevayne in a more civilized manner, but finding him already awake, shot a rapid glance around to insure that no listeners were near, and then began in a low, agitated voice:—

"It was not well that the Lord Duke, not being of the true faith, himself punished the thieving Hassan. I, Yussuf, have seen Hassan in the caravan, and have heard from the lips of one who speaks truth that the chief of the caravan is of the same tribe. God is great, but a fear has sprung up in the heart of thy slave, even as a palm tree throwing a great shadow, for the dog Hassan is cunning, and seeks the life of the Lord Duke."

Trevayne reflected a moment, and then told Yussuf of the attempt that had already been made. Yussuf heard the tale in silence, but the working of his face showed how deeply he was stirred.

For the next three days both Trevayne and Yussuf kept a sharp watch on Hassan, but that worthy always managed to be in the rear of the caravan, whereas they were generally in the van, and consequently saw next to nothing of him.

On the fourth day, when the sun was at its fiercest, and the heat was so oppressive that Trevayne had to gasp for the breath that seemed to scorch his very lungs, the half-dozen Arabs forming the advance guard were seen to suddenly converge to a point, and, after a brief consultation, turn their camels' heads

and ride towards the caravan. Evidently something had been sighted, and that something might be the expected caravan, or it might be the dreaded Touaregs—those merciless pirates of the desert.

In an instant all was animation. The heat was forgotten. The camels were halted and the square formed as at night, while the motley collection of weapons with which the party were armed, comprising almost all kinds of firearms, from old flint-lock muskets to the latest Winchesters, were eagerly examined and made ready for use.

When these preparations were complete,



"A KNIFE GLEAMED BETWEEN HIS TEETH."

Hassan, the dismissed guide! The object of the nocturnal visit was only too plain. Murder was writ large on the features of the treacherous villain. Revenge was doubtless the motive. But how did the cur come there?

Trevayne puzzled over the problem for hour after hour, until the velvety darkness grew into an austere grey. Then, long before the sun was up, he was again startled, this time by a shout. Rising to his feet, he saw two or three Arabs running round and awaking the sleepers by the simple but effective method of striking them a stinging blow with a long cane.

and the outposts had been received into the square, a swirl of dust could be plainly seen advancing right down on to the caravan. Then the cloud of dust stopped and settled, and there rode out from it half-a-dozen Arabs, who soon made it known that they were friends, and that their party, in fact, formed the looked-for caravan.

In a very short time the members of the two caravans were ejaculating praises to the Prophet, and fraternizing in a most effusive manner. Trevayne was much struck by the gaunt, worn look of the new-comers. They had been away from home for two whole years, and their appearance showed that they had experienced the severest privations. The feasting, for which the most trifling occurrence is deemed by the Arab to be sufficient excuse, took place with much ceremony, though the viands were neither very numerous nor very rich.

Far into the night the festivities extended, for the returning caravan would pass on its way on the morrow, the Arabs composing it being naturally anxious, now that they were so near home, to lose as little time as possible.

Everyone was stirring very early the next morning, and preparations for the departure of the two caravans on their opposite courses were pushed forward with all speed. Yussuf had gone some little distance off to look after the baggage, when Trevayne saw Hassan walk up, and after casting a malicious glance at him, go a few steps further on and say something in a hurried manner to the chief of the caravan, who was standing close by, and who at once turned and gazed at Trevayne with a deep frown on his dark, scarred face. Then, before Trevayne could

realize what was happening, Hassan stepped up, and thrusting his hand into the folds of Trevayne's haik, pretended to draw forth a small dagger. It was the veriest trick, most clumsily performed. What the performance meant was a puzzle to Trevayne, who, however, was filled with wrath at the insult, and was about to avenge it in true English fashion, when he heard the chief shout a short, sharp command to his followers. The next moment, to Trevayne's utter amazement, he found himself surrounded by scowling Arabs, who, before he could defend himself in any way, pounced upon him, tied his hands behind him, and pushed him to where the chief was standing.

Now, however, the meaning of Hassan's insulting trick was apparent to Trevayne. No doubt the lying hound had professed to have discovered a plot to murder the chief, for whose benefit the dagger farce had evidently been enacted.

But he was wrong. Hassan's design was a far deeper one than he had conceived. Nor had he long to wait before making the discovery, for Yussuf, hearing the hubbub, rushed to the spot. In a minute he had



"THE CHIEF TURNED AND GAZED AT TREVAYNE."

grasped the situation. Wringing his hands, he grovelled at the feet of the chief and addressed him in tones of piteous entreaty. Trevayne glanced at the impassive Arab chief; at the imploring Yussuf; at his captors, armed to the teeth; at the motley crowd, attracted by the commotion; and the knowledge that he, the central figure, knew least about it all caused his impatience to break



"HE GROVELLED AT THE FEET OF THE CHIEF."

"Kismet. It may come to pass even as the infidel sayeth. But it will go hard with those that seek me and my tribe in the desert. It is written that justice must be done to the oppressed, and who am I that I should disobey? Let the infidel suffer the penalty of his crime." The chief made a sign with his hand, and then went into his tent.

Justice is summarily dispensed in the desert. The sentence had been pronounced, and would be carried into effect on the spot. Trevayne was dragged forward. Three or four Arabs held him fast, while a couple more unbound his arms sufficiently to enable them to pull his hands over a

all bounds. In a loud voice he called Yussuf, who rose from the sand, and slowly came towards his master. There was a look of despair in Yussuf's eyes as he cried:—

"God is great, but the Evil One is in our midst to work mischief. The dog of a thief has told the chief that thou—even thou, Lord Duke—hast stolen his dagger, and he asks that thou mayst be punished as one of the true faith."

Then the full horror of his situation flashed upon Trevayne.

"Surely," he cried, as his face paled—"surely they won't cut my hands or burn out my eyes!" Then, in a frenzy of fear, he shouted: "Tell the chief that it was only a trick—tell him why that fiend did it—that he tried to murder me the other night."

Yussuf trembled. "Lord Duke," he said, sorrowfully, "I have done even as thou hast said, and more also, but the chief will not listen. He says that his eyes cannot lie."

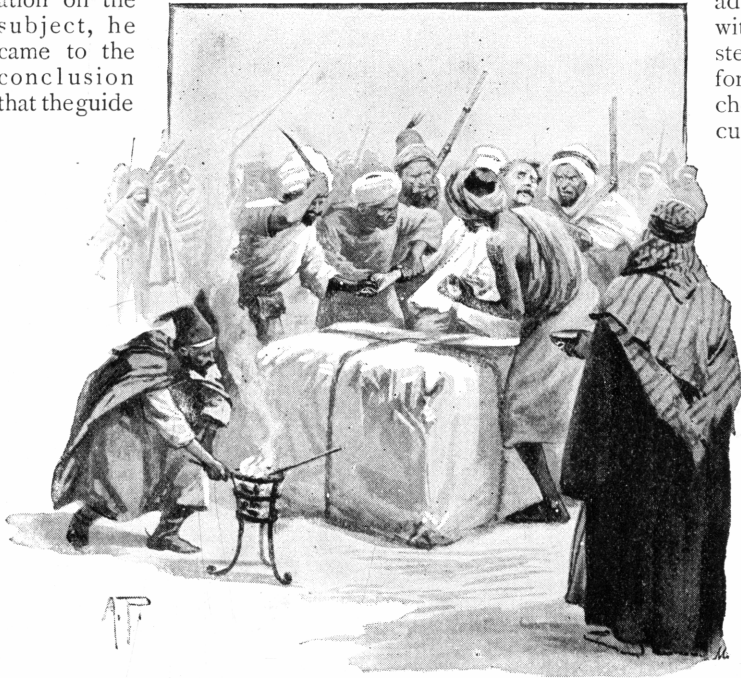
"Tell him," cried Trevayne, in desperation, "that if I am harmed, my people will come and kill him and all his tribe."

Yussuf translated the threat to the chief, who calmly replied:—

bale of merchandise. One had brought a bowl of saltpetre, and another drew his knife ready to inflict the wounds which would, Allah be praised, effectually prevent the dog of an infidel from ever again robbing a true believer.

Trevayne had not tamely submitted to all this. Death he would have faced without turning a hair—but to be horribly maimed for life was far worse than death. And now a brazier of charcoal was brought, and Trevayne noticed with a thrill of terror that a small iron was sticking through the bars and was already nearly red-hot. Despite all his efforts to control himself, the agony of his fear overcame him, and he struggled like a madman. It was useless. His hands were forced open and the knife was actually up-lifted, when, suddenly, the chief reappeared, shouted a brief command, and strode back to his tent. To Trevayne's inexpressible joy and bewilderment, the knife was slipped into its sheath and he was released from his bonds! Without another word, he was hurried along to the homeward-bound caravan, which was already on the move, and almost before he could realize his good fortune, he was on the way to Fez.

Not until the caravan reached the Holy City did Trevayne become aware that Yussuf had not returned with him. After some deliberation on the subject, he came to the conclusion that the guide



"THE KNIFE WAS ACTUALLY UPLIFTED."

he heard someone stumble into the passage leading to his room. He heard the intruder grope about outside, and then the door was pushed open. A native advanced into the room with a feeble, unsteady step. His head drooped forward, his chin upon his chest. Trevayne gazed curiously at his visitor, but in a moment his curiosity was replaced by pity, for he saw that there were black cavities where the man's eyes had been. He had evidently suffered the Arabs' diabolical punishment for theft. Trevayne's heart was touched. Concluding that the man was a beggar, he put his hand in his pocket for some money to give him, saying, impulsively, "My poor fellow——"

But as the native approached, he stretched forth his hands imploringly,

had been induced to throw in his lot with the outward bound caravan. As to his own adventure, Trevayne decided that the Arabs had never intended to do anything more than frighten him.

Notwithstanding his previous lengthy stay in Fez, Trevayne found sufficient to interest him in the region to the south of the town to keep him in the neighbourhood for nearly three weeks after his return. At length, however, he made up his mind to start for England.

On the morning of his intended departure, as he was finishing his breakfast at the hotel,

and Trevayne saw with a sickening feeling of horror that they were red and inflamed, and tightly closed. Blind and maimed for life! The remembrance of how narrowly and how inexplicably he had escaped the same terrible fate unmanned him. He was aroused by hearing a weak, quavering voice murmur, in heart-breaking accents of despair:—

"They have burnt out mine eyes, and never again shall I see thy face; and they have closed my hands, and never again shall I open them—and thou, Lord Duke, thou knowest that I stole not the dagger!"

"Good God!" cried Trevayne. "Yussuf!"

The Population of the World.

By J. HOLT SCHOOLING.*

(Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society, etc.)

THE population of the world has been given by various statisticians as follows:—

In 1874, according to Behm and Wagner	1,391 millions.
" 1878, " Levasseur	1,439 "
" 1883, " Behm and Wagner	1,434 "
" 1886, " Levasseur	1,483 "
" 1891, " Wagner and Supan	1,480 "

The last estimate may be regarded as sufficiently trustworthy as a working basis: Messrs. Wagner and Supan have earned a just reputation for painstaking and thorough work, and, moreover, this estimate of the German savants has been established to more than one-half its bulk (*i.e.*, to 57 per cent. of the 1,480 millions) upon the actual results of recent censuses.

In dealing with this large population, we have to deal with big figures and a good many of them. As masses of figures do not convey to the mind so clear an impression of the real facts they stand for as may be conveyed by simple diagrammatic representations, I shall therefore show my figures as much as possible in the form of black and white illustrations.

For example, in No. 1 we have a graphic illustration of the following figures:—

	Population.
Asia	825,954,000
Europe	357,379,000
Africa	163,953,000
America	121,713,000
Oceanic Islands and Polar Regions	7,500,400
Australia	3,230,000

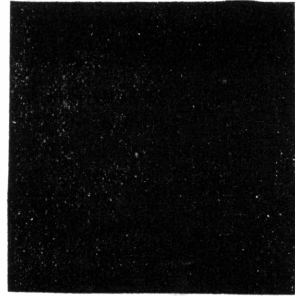
The World 1,479,729,400

People to whom these figures convey little or nothing can get, by looking at No. 1, a pretty clear idea of the bulk of population on the various continents, etc. Each of these seven black squares has been drawn to exact mathematical scale, and, if the first six of them be cut out, and then fitted by aid of a pair of scissors upon the large square at the bottom, it will be found that the total area of these six squares exactly covers the large square; in other words, the black surfaces of the six smaller squares "add up to" the black surface of the big square, which diagrammatically shows to us the number of people in the world—1,480 millions, approximately.

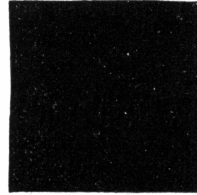
Here is another way to obtain a clear idea of how the world's population is split up. Thus: for every one thousand persons in the world there are:—

In Asia	558 persons.
" Europe	242 "
" Africa	111 "
" America	82 "
" Oceanic Islands and Polar Regions	5 "
" Australia	2 "

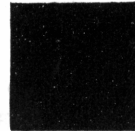
The World 1,000 "



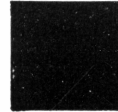
I.—Asia: 826 million persons.



II.—Europe: 357½ million persons.



III.—Africa: 164 million persons.



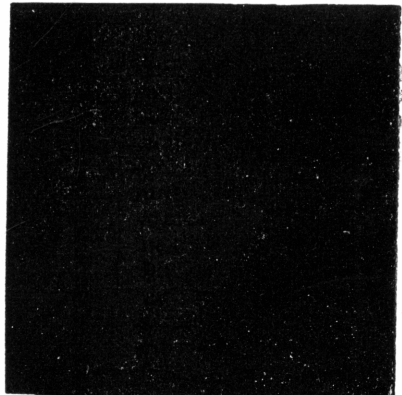
IV.—America: 121½ million persons.



V.—Oceanic Islands and Polar Regions: 7½ million persons.



VI.—Australia: 3¼ million persons.



Total.—The World: 1,480 million persons.

No. 1.—These seven squares show the Population of the World: the areas of the squares respectively illustrate the sizes of the populations mentioned—not the areas of the various continents, etc.

We see that more than one-half of the world's population live in Asia, and nearly one-quarter in Europe; that about one-ninth of the people live in Africa, and just under one-twelfth in America (North, Central, and South combined), and that the aggregate populations of the Oceanic Islands, Polar Regions, and Australia account for only seven persons out of every one thousand people in the world.

If asked to guess at the distribution of the world's population, nine people out of ten would probably place Asia, 1; Europe, 2; America, 3. But we see that Africa takes the third place instead of it being occupied by America. This is mainly due to the North Tropical Zone of Africa, which is larger than the whole of the United States, contains 42 million more people, and which is also more densely populated. To this population of the North Tropical Zone of Africa, 60 millions are contributed by the Soudan and Upper Guinea only—a number which nearly equals the 63 millions of the United States of America enumerated at their census of 1890.

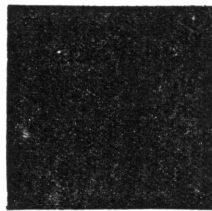
It is also somewhat of a surprise to find Australia coming below the Oceanic Islands, which contain nearly all of the $7\frac{1}{2}$ millions shown in No. 1, square V. (These islands contain the New Guinea group, New Zealand, the Sandwich Islands, etc.) Only some 80 thousand persons live in the Polar Regions, and of these, Iceland claims 69 thousand. The population of Australia is considerably less than that of London, and is not quite equal to the combined populations of Paris and St. Petersburg.

And now let us compare the *sizes* of these continents, etc., whose populations we have briefly glanced at. No. 2 shows the area in square miles of each of the six divisions of the earth already named in No. 1. The actual figures are:—

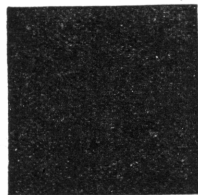
	Square miles.
Asia	17,044,000
America	14,801,000
Africa	11,277,000
Europe	3,757,000
Australia	2,972,000
Oceanic Islands and Polar Regions	2,464,000
The World	52,315,000

Here again, as in No. 1, the black squares I. to VI. of No. 2 will, if cut out and fitted upon the large square representing the world's area, suffice to cover that square—they add up to it, just as the six rows of figures given here add up to the world's area, $52\frac{1}{4}$ million square miles, approximately.

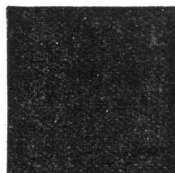
In this race for size the result is very different from that in the race for population,



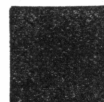
I.—Asia: 17 million square miles.



II.—America: 14½ million square miles.



III.—Africa: 11¼ million square miles.



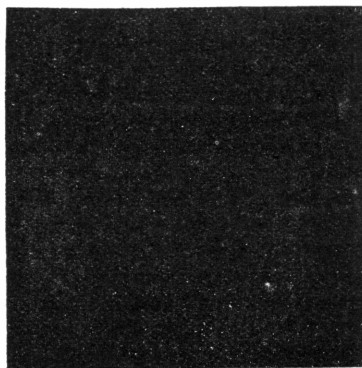
IV.—Europe: 3¾ million square miles.



V.—Australia: 3 million square miles.



VI.—Oceanic Islands and Polar Regions: 2¼ million square miles.

Total.—The World: $52\frac{1}{4}$ million square miles.

No. 2.—These seven squares show the Land-Area of the World: the areas of the squares respectively illustrate the areas of the various continents, etc., in square miles.

Here, it is Asia 1, America 2, Africa 3: Europe is a bad fourth, and not far ahead of Australia, who was nowhere in No. 1. Europe, as regards size, might be cut out of the big square for the world in No. 2 without making much of a hole in it—but fancy the world *minus* Europe and Europeans! How quiet it might be if we were all submerged and the Atlantic waves lapped the side of Asia, which now adjoins Eastern Europe. Here's a chance for the Anarchists—don't waste time in pettifoggings explosions, but blow up all Europe, and find your "equality"—and your proper level—at a certain number of fathoms beneath the sea-surface.

The following figures help us to appreciate the sizes of the six divisions of the world. For every one thousand square miles of land-area in the world, there are :—

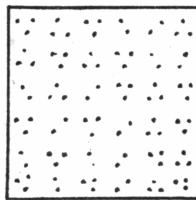
In Asia.....	326 sq. miles.
„ America.....	283 „ „
„ Africa.....	215 „ „
„ Europe.....	72 „ „
„ Australia.....	57 „ „
„ Oceanic Islands and Polar Regions..	47 „ „

The World 1,000 sq. miles.

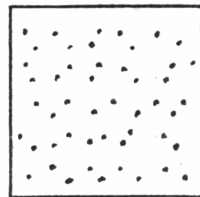
Thus, nearly one-third of the earth is in Asia, which also possesses more than one-half the population; more than one-quarter of the earth went to make America, and over one-fifth for Africa. Europe contains only one-fourteenth part of the world's area, although she has nearly one-quarter of the population, and Australia contains one-eighteenth part. The last division on our list takes the "shillings from the guineas," being a twenty-oneth part of the world's area.

Having now a fairly definite mental conception of the distribution of the world's population and of its area, we may turn to the interesting feature of density of population in various parts of the world: this is illustrated in No. 3.

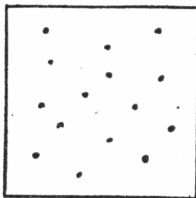
Each of the seven squares in No. 3 represents one square mile, and the little dots in the squares represent the number of persons to each square mile of the continents named. At last Europe leads—and easily. The mighty Asia, which has held first place in Nos. 1 and 2, has now to make way for Europe with her 95 persons to the square mile. We see that Asia has to each of its square miles of area only about one-half the population which live upon a European square mile. Africa, a long way behind, is third with 15 persons to the mile, and America has only 8 inhabitants upon each square mile. Australia comes last with the ample allowance of one square mile (approximately) for each member of its population.



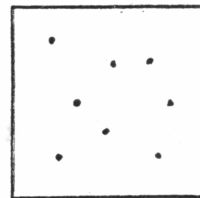
I.—Europe: 95 persons to the square mile.



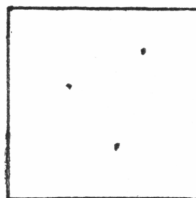
II.—Asia: 48 persons to the square mile.



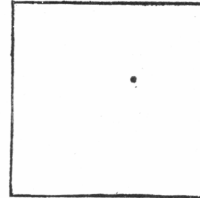
III.—Africa: 15 persons to the square mile.



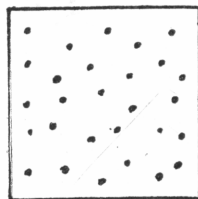
IV.—America: 8 persons to the square mile.



V.—Oceanic Islands and Polar Regions: 3 persons to the square mile.



VI.—Australia: 1 person to the square mile.



The World: 28 persons to the square mile.

No. 3.—These seven squares show the Density of Population of the World: illustrated by the number of persons to each square mile of the various continents, etc.

We may with advantage look at these facts in another way. The space for each person :—

In Europe is	7 acres.
„ Asia is	13 „
„ Africa is	44 „
„ America is	78 „
„ Oceanic Islands and Polar Regions is ..	210 „
„ Australia is	589 „
„ the World is	23 „

[It should be noted that the number of persons stated beneath each of the squares in No. 3 is the *nearest whole number*, and similarly with the number of acres just given: therefore, if 640—*i.e.*, the number of acres in a square mile—be divided by each of the numbers given in No. 3, the results will not in every case bring out the results just tabulated, and which are based upon my original working figures in decimals.]

This way of looking at the facts concerning density of population shows us that there is still ample room in the world for all of us, wherever we may chance to be located. The over-crowding of which we hear so much disappears when we take an extended view of the facts, which seem to invite us to spread ourselves out more than we do.

And now may come in the results of some calculations I have very carefully made as regards the future growth of the population of the world, and as to the year A.D. when our descendants will have so increased in number that there will then be only one acre for each person in the world, instead of the 23 acres mentioned above.

As a preliminary, I went into all the available facts upon which to compute the annual rate of increase in the world's population, and finally I determined that the rate of increase might be taken at 5 per 1,000 persons per annum: this means that for every one million persons living in 1891, there were:—

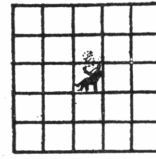
In 1892	1,005,000 persons.
" 1893	1,010,025 "
" 1894	1,015,075 "
" 1895	1,020,150 "
etc., etc.	

And the results for the future population of the world work out thus:—

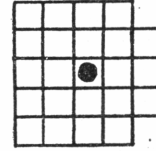
In 1891	1,480 million persons.
" 1900 there will be	1,548 " "
" 1950 " "	1,986 " "
" 2000 " "	2,548 " "
" 2030 " "	2,960 " "
" 2100 " "	4,197 " "
" 2200 " "	6,910 " "
" 2300 " "	11,379 " "
" 2400 " "	18,738 " "
" 2515 " "	33,418 " "
" 2517 " "	33,586 " "

These figures show us, for example, that in A.D. 2030, the 1891 population will have doubled itself, and will have taken 139 years to do it in. The population of the United Kingdom has doubled itself in 80 years, and the population of England and Wales in 57 years; but we should be quite wide of the mark if we applied our own rate of annual increase to the population of the world—for our rate of increase is above the average. In France, for example, the increase of population is very slow; in fact, but for the attractions it offers to foreigners as a residence, its population would of late years have shown a falling off, because, while the births decrease, the deaths increase.

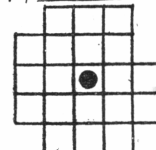
I may also point out that the above figures show us that between A.D. 2516 and A.D. 2517—621 years later than this present year, 1895—there will be in the world as many people as there are acres; there being 33,482 million acres of land, a number which, as we



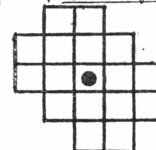
In 1871, 25 acres for each person.



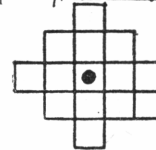
In 1891, 23 acres for each person.



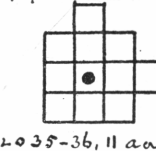
In 1915-16, 20 acres for each person.



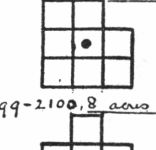
In 1948-49, 17 acres for each person.



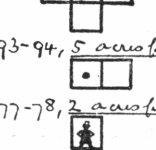
In 1987-88, 14 acres for each person.



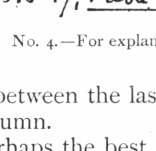
In 2035-36, 11 acres for each person.



In 2099-2100, 8 acres for each person.



In 2193-94, 5 acres for each person.



In 2377-78, 2 acres for each person.



In 2516-17, 1 acre for each person.

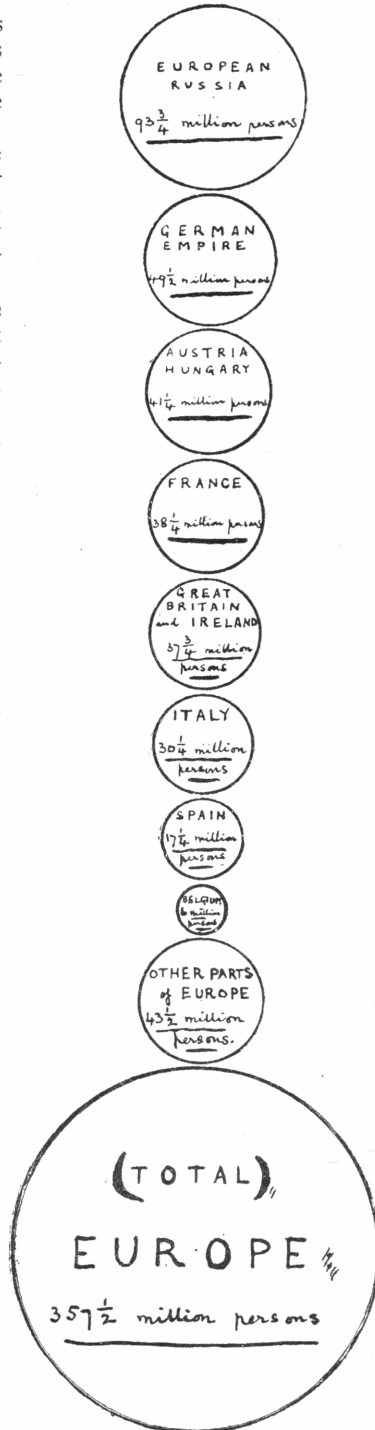
No. 4.—For explanation see text.

see, falls between the last two numbers in the above column.

But perhaps the best way to illustrate the

future growth of the world's population is to show it as in No. 4, where we see the gradual lopping-off of acre after acre from the 25 acres which were the space for each person in the year 1871, until, at the expiration of 621 years from now, only one acre will be available for each person. The dot in the centre of each of these diminishing estates (except two) represents the gradually thinning owner, who is wise enough to lessen his requirements—and his bulk—as his estate grows smaller and smaller; the two little figures in the top and bottom "estates" suggest a possible change of ownership during the 645 years of change to which the ten diagrams in No. 4 relate—i.e., from A.D. 1871 to A.D. 2516. Long before this latter date our descendants will probably be living in the air, or perhaps in the sea for a change, so that the lessening of space, illustrated in No. 4, will not cause real inconvenience. Moreover, as we shall see when dealing with Nos. 5 and 6, one acre for one person is not a bad allowance. Belgium is now very nearly as crowded as this, and she yet finds room for all her manufactories and works, not to mention the ground-space of the recent Antwerp Exhibition.

As regards this diving into the future by aid of logarithms, the results of which procedure have now been shown in No. 4, etc., I may say that my estimate of the annual growth of the world's population (5 per 1,000) is probably somewhat lower than the actual rate—I have preferred to err on the side of moderation. If my estimate be approximately correct, and



No. 5.—These ten circles show the Population of Europe split up into the various countries here specified. The areas contained in these ten circles respectively illustrate the bulk of the various populations—not the sizes of the land-areas of the countries named.

I venture to think it will be so considered by statisticians, then the results I have deduced from it follow as a mathematical necessity—startling as some of them may appear. Astronomers, who have the advantage of dealing with facts less complex than are social facts, predict to a second, many years prior to the occurrence of an event, when this or that transit or eclipse will take place. It is no unusual thing to predict the results of this or that census, and to find the prediction closely akin to the ascertained results; and similarly with many other matters—life assurance, for example—in which a mathematical forecast is often ultimately proved by ascertained facts to have been expressed within relatively close limits of error. In the present instance, although the basis for calculation is not nearly so stable as in some other channels of statistics, it is yet sufficiently sound to make the diagrams in No. 4 worthy of attention, as a prediction of the future population of the world—necessarily, a factor of vast international range and social importance.

In No. 5 we have a graphic illustration of the population of the principal European countries. The area contained by each of the nine smaller circles represents the numerical bulk of each of the populations stated; and as these circles have been drawn to mathematical scale, the combined areas of them equal in size the area of the large circle at the bottom of No. 5. Here is a concise statement of the facts: for every one thousand persons in Europe there are:—

In European Russia	262 persons.
" the German Empire	139 "
" Austria-Hungary	116 "
" France	107 "
" Great Britain and Ireland	106 "
" Italy	84 "
" Spain	48 "
" Belgium	17 "
" Other Parts of Europe.....	121 "
Europe	1,000 "

The eight countries named are those which contain the largest populations. Turkey, without Bulgaria, has fewer people than Belgium, and, moreover, Belgium is a very industrious and worthy little country, and more entitled to a place than Turkey; so Turkey must be included in "Other Parts of Europe."

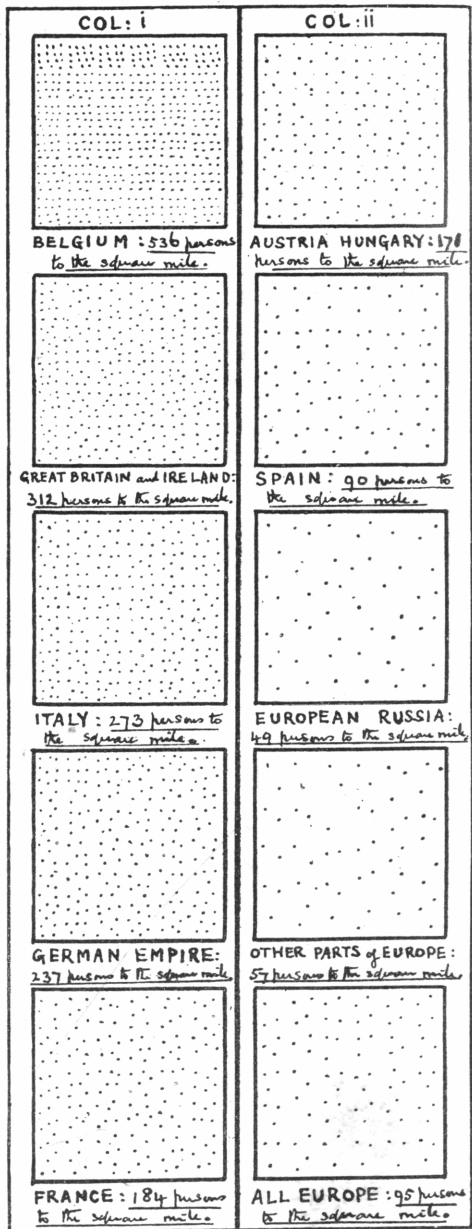
It is rather interesting to look at the first six circles—the leading six Powers of Europe—and to note that whilst the United Kingdom comes last but one as regards population, she yet holds her own in the very front rank as regards power.

Illustration No. 6 has been calculated after the fashion of No. 3, and upon the same scale. It shows to us the density of population in the various European countries to which it relates. Here, Belgium heads the list with 536 persons supported upon every square mile of the country. As there are 640 acres in a square mile, we see that the inhabitants of Belgium have each of them, upon the average, very little more than one acre of space—see my remarks about No. 4. When we look at this top square of No. 6, we are not surprised that Belgium is essentially a manufacturing country—it simply has not the room for extensive agricultural industries. In every available hole and corner the Belgians busy themselves with agriculture—they don't waste space as we do in England—and although agriculture is carried on with much industry, the Belgians—like ourselves—are largely dependent upon foreign supplies for their food.

I have put in all these dots very carefully in order to let each square show by the number of dots inside it the density of population to each square mile of the countries specified: in this way we get a clear idea of the different degrees of density of population of the European divisions—a clearer picture than figures can show to us.

For the rest, this No. 6 can very well speak for itself: it has been calculated upon sound facts, and it exactly represents these facts.

After Europe comes Asia—in point of interest—old Asia, older even than Europe in its quaint manners and fashions of men



No. 6.—These ten squares show the Density of Population in Europe: illustrated by the number of persons, i.e., dots, to each square mile of the various countries named.

and things. But how incomparable with Western Europe is Asia of the 19th century! Asia is, for the main part (China), hopelessly conservative, and we have had a recent illustration of how modern progress may enable a little nation like the Japanese Empire to get the better of an old nation

nearly nine times as populous. The Chinaman shows to us the abuse of Conservatism in the East as plainly as we have seen the abuse of Liberalism in the West.

Compare, in No. 7, the short line (3) which illustrates the population of Japan, with the long line (1), which shows the population of China: the comparison makes us feel almost incredulous as to the success in the war of Japan over China—so great is the difference. And look, too, at the line (6) that shows the population of Corea, about which place China and Japan are fighting.

It should be noted that if the lines marked (1) to (15) be ticked off with a pencil on a piece of paper from No. 7, the total length of these fifteen lines will exactly equal the length of line (16), which represents the population of all Asia.

We see the distribution of Asia's population rather significantly in the following figures. For every one thousand persons in Asia there are:—

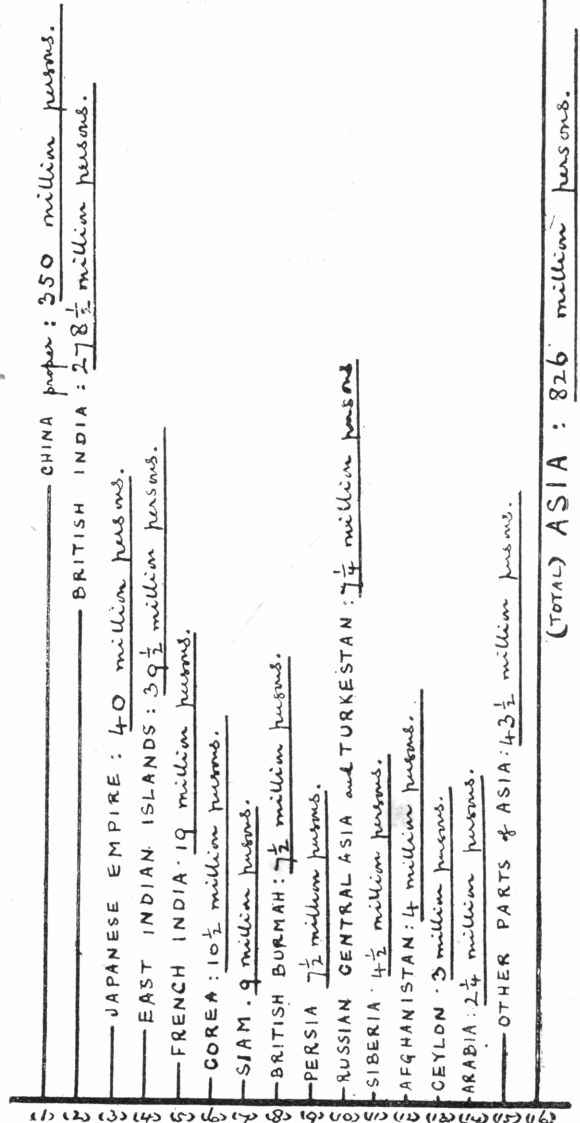
In China Proper.....	424 persons.
„ British India.....	337 „
„ the Japanese Empire.....	48 „
„ the East Indian Islands.....	48 „
„ French India.....	23 „
„ Corea.....	13 „
„ Siam.....	11 „
„ British Burmah.....	9 „
„ Persia.....	9 „
„ Russian Central Asia and Turkestan.....	9 „
„ Siberia.....	5 „
„ Afghanistan.....	5 „
„ Ceylon.....	4 „
„ Arabia.....	3 „
„ Other Parts of Asia.....	52 „

Asia..... 1,000 „

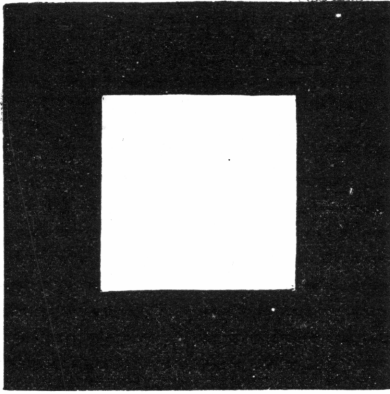
British India is the only division of Asia that as regards population comes anywhere near China, and these two divisions combined absorb more than three-quarters of the whole of Asia's people. The quality of the Japanese stands out in favourable contrast with the quality of the Chinese when we compare lines (1) and (3) in No. 7, and then note that there are in Asia 424 Chinamen for every 48 Japs.

I have not the space to deal with America and with Africa as I have dealt with Europe and with Asia, so these two continents must go without more notice than has already been given to them in Nos. 1, 2, and 3. I pass to No. 8, which shows in black and white the face of the world (I.), with the population of the British Empire omitted. What a gap it makes! The face of the world looks rather pale with the British Empire missing. In II. of No. 8 I show the piece of the world's popu-

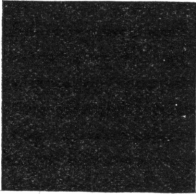
lation that I have cut out from I. The whole of this No. 8 has been calculated upon the same scale as illustration No. 1 (which see), and so we get here a good picture of the part that is played by the British Empire in the game of the world's population: an Empire which is nearly three times as large as Europe, almost as large as Africa, and which comprises more than a fifth part of the land-surface of the whole globe. We see in III. of No. 8 the little black



No. 7.—These sixteen vertical lines show the Population of Asia split up into the countries here specified. The lengths of these sixteen vertical lines respectively illustrate the sizes of the populations of the countries named.



I.—The Population of the World (1,480 million persons: see Fig. 1) with the British Empire—371½ millions—"missing."



II.—The Population of the British Empire: 371½ million persons



III.—The Population of the United Kingdom: 37½ million persons.

No. 8.—A comparison in black and white.

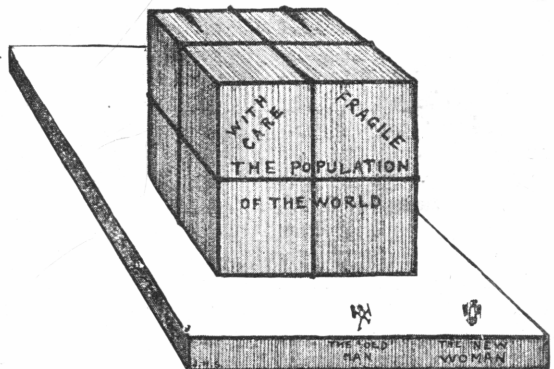
square, showing the population of the United Kingdom—which little square practically "bosses" the great square above it. These three squares, and their relative sizes, seem to emphasize the necessity of always maintaining the third square (III. Population of the United Kingdom) at the highest degree of harmonious density and unity of the particles that go to compose it.

And now let us see what a really insignificant body is this population of the world. For example, every living person could be contained in a square common less than twenty-two miles each way; each person of the 1,480 millions could have a square yard to stand on; and Mr. A. A. Chase or some other expert cyclist could be left outside with his machine, and ride round the square containing the world's population in about 3½ hours for the 87½ miles of boundary fence. Or the 1,480 million persons could each occupy a square yard of standing room in Bedfordshire and then fill up only two-thirds of that

county. They could be tucked away down in Radnorshire, by a little squeezing, and leave all the rest of the world empty. Even the Isle of Man would hold nearly one-half of the world's population at one person to the square yard.

This fighting, struggling, white, black and tan, good and bad, very much mixed population of 1,480 millions could be packed in a cubic box measuring only 1,140 yards in width, 1,140 yards in depth, and 1,140 yards in height—see No. 9. Each person could be allowed 27 cubic feet of room inside such a box, and the box itself could be deposited when full in Battersea Park with a squeeze, in Victoria Park with ample room to spare, or in Hyde Park and not occupy much more than one-third of the ground-space of that park—and Mr. Chase, the cyclist, again, could, if left outside, run round the box containing the world's population in about six minutes for the 2½ miles; or, a person accidentally left unpacked—one of the two shown in No. 9, for example—could stroll round the box and inspect it in one hour easily. This is a literal and solid fact which can be readily proved—startling as it may seem to show in No. 9 a packing-case amply large enough to hold everybody in the world—a packing-case which, although a large one, would not occupy nearly one-half the ground-space of Hyde Park, London.

A fact like this serves to illustrate the really trifling importance of the world's population *en masse*, and, incidentally, the utter insignificance of the individuals who compose it.



No. 9.—A cubic packing-case containing the Population of the World less two persons—"1,480 millions" minus 2. This case measures (outside) only 1,140 yards in width, in depth, and in height, and each person inside it has 27 cubic feet of space.

Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.

SECOND SERIES.

By L. T. MEADE AND CLIFFORD HALIFAX, M.D.

[These stories are written in collaboration with a medical man of large experience. Many are founded on fact, and all are within the region of practical medical science. Those stories which may convey an idea of the impossible are only a forecast of an early realization.]

II.—THE SEVENTH STEP.



PLEASURE yacht, of the name of *Ariadne*, was about to start upon a six-weeks' cruise. The time of the year was September—a golden, typical September—in the year

of grace 1893. The *Ariadne* was to touch at several of the great northern ports: Christiania, St. Petersburg, and others. I had just gone through a period of hard and anxious work. I found it necessary to take a brief holiday, and resolved to secure a berth on board the *Ariadne*, and so give myself a time of absolute rest. We commenced our voyage on the second of the month; the day was a lovely one, and every berth on board had secured an occupant.

We were all in high spirits, and the weather was so fine that scarcely anyone suffered from sea-sickness. In consequence, the young ship's doctor, Maurice Curwen, had scarcely anything to do.

The passengers on board the *Ariadne* were, with one exception, of the most ordinary and conventional type, but a girl who was carried on board just before the yacht commenced her voyage aroused my professional sympathies from the first. She was a tall, dark-eyed girl of about eighteen or nineteen years of age—her lower limbs were evidently paralyzed, and she was accompanied by a nurse who wore the picturesque uniform of the Charing Cross Hospital.

The young girl was taken almost immediately to a deck cabin which had been specially arranged for her, and during the first two or three days of our voyage I had not an opportunity of seeing her again. When we reached the smooth waters of the Norwegian fiords, however, she was carried

almost every day on deck. Here she lay under an awning, speaking to no one, and apparently taking little interest either in her fellow-passengers or in the marvellous beauties of Nature which surrounded her.

Her nurse usually sat by her side—she was a reserved-looking, middle-aged woman, with a freckly face and thin, sandy hair. Her lips were perfectly straight in outline and very thin, her eyebrows were high and faintly marked—altogether, she had a disagreeable and thoroughly unsympathetic appearance.

I was not long on board the *Ariadne* before I was informed that the sick girl's name was Dagmar Sorensen—that she was the daughter of a rich city merchant, and was going to St. Petersburg to see her father's brother, who was a celebrated physician there.

One morning, on passing Miss Sorensen's cabin, my footsteps were arrested by hearing the noise of something falling within the room. There came to my ears the crash of

broken glass. This was immediately followed by the sound of rapid footsteps which as suddenly stopped, as though the inmate of the room was listening intently. Miss Sorensen's nurse, who went by the name of Sister Hagar, was probably doing something for her patient, and was annoyed at anyone pausing near the door. I passed on quickly, but the next moment, to my astonishment, came face to face with Sister Hagar on the stairs. I could not help looking at her in surprise. I was even about to speak, but she hurried past me, wearing her most disagreeable and repellent expression.

What could the noise have been? Who could have moved in the cabin? Miss Sorensen's lower limbs were, Curwen, our ship's doctor, had assured



SISTER HAGAR.

me, hopelessly paralyzed. She was intimate with no one on board the *Ariadne*. What footsteps had I listened to?

I thought the matter over for a short time, then made up my mind that the stewardess must have been in Miss Sorensen's cabin, and having come to this conclusion, I forgot all about the circumstance.

That afternoon I happened to be standing in the neighbourhood of the young lady's deck chair; to my surprise, for she had not hitherto taken the least notice of me, she suddenly raised her full, brilliant dark eyes, and fixed them on my face.

"May I speak to you?" she said.

I came up to her side immediately.

"Certainly," I answered. "Can I do anything for you?"

"You can do a great deal if you will," she answered. "I have heard your name: you are a well-known London physician."

"I have a large practice in London," I replied to her.

"Yes," she continued, "I have often heard of you—you have doubtless come on board the *Ariadne* to take a holiday?"

"That is true," I answered.

"Then it is unfair——" She turned her head aside, breaking off her speech abruptly.

"What is unfair?" I asked.

"I have a wish to consult you professionally, but if you are taking a holiday, it is unfair to expect you to give up your time to me."

"Not at all," I replied. "If I can be of the slightest use to you, pray command me; but are you not under Curwen's care?"

"Yes, oh, yes; but that doesn't matter." She stopped speaking abruptly; her manner, which had been anxious and excited, became suddenly guarded—I looked up and saw the nurse approaching us. She carried a book and shawl in her hands.

"Thank you, Sister Hagar," said Miss Sorensen. "I shall not require your services any more for the present."

The nurse laid the shawl over the young lady's feet, placed the book within reach, and, bestowing an inquisitive glance on me, walked slowly away.

When she was quite out of sight, Miss Sorensen resumed her conversation.

"You see that I am paralyzed," she said.

I bowed an acknowledgment of this all-potent fact.

"I suffer a good deal," she continued. "I am on my way to St. Petersburg to see my uncle, who is a very great physician. My father is most anxious that I should consult him. Perhaps you know my uncle's name—

Professor Sorensen? He is one of the doctors of the Court."

"I cannot recall the name just now," I said; "but that is of no consequence. I have no doubt he is all that you say."

"Yes, he is wonderfully clever, and holds a high position. It will be some days before we get to Russia, however, and—I am ill. I did not know when I came on board the *Ariadne* that a doctor of your professional eminence would be one of the passengers. Perhaps Mr. Curwen will not object——" She paused.

"I am sure he will not object to having a consultation with me over your case," I answered. "If you wish it, I can arrange the matter with him."

"Thank you—but—I don't want a consultation. My wish is to see you—alone."

I looked at her in surprise.

"Don't refuse me," she said, in a voice of entreaty.

"I will see you with pleasure with Curwen," I said.

"But I want to consult you independently."

"I am sorry," I answered; "under the circumstances, that is impossible."

She coloured vividly.

"Why so?" she asked.

"Because professional etiquette makes it necessary for the doctor whom you have already consulted to be present," I replied.

Her eyes flashed angrily.

"How unkind and queer you doctors are," she said. "I cordially hate that sentence for ever on your lips, 'Professional etiquette.' Why should a girl suffer and be ill, because of anything so unreasonable?"

"You must forgive me," I said. "I would gladly do anything for you; I will see you with pleasure with Curwen."

"Must he be present?"

"Yes."

"I cannot stand this. If he consents to your seeing me alone, have you any objection to make?"

At that moment Curwen suddenly appeared. He was talking to one of the ship's crew, and they were both slowly advancing in Miss Sorensen's direction.

"Mr. Curwen, can I speak to you?" called out Miss Sorensen.

He came to her at once.

I withdrew in some annoyance, feeling pretty well convinced that the young lady was highly hysterical and required to be carefully looked after.

By-and-by, as I was standing by the deck rail, Curwen came up to me.

"I have talked to Miss Sorensen," he said. "She is most anxious to consult you, Dr. Halifax, but says that you will not see her except in consultation with me. I beg of you not to consider me for a moment. I take an interest in her, poor girl, and will be only too glad to get your opinion of her case. Pray humour her in this matter."

"Of course, if you have no objection, I have none," I answered. "I can talk to you about her afterwards. She is evidently highly nervous."

"I fear that is the case," replied Curwen. "But," he added, "there is little doubt as to her ailment. The lower limbs are paralyzed; she is quite incapable of using them."

"Did you examine her carefully when she came on board?" I asked.

"I went into the case, certainly," replied Curwen; "but if you mean that I took every step to complete the diagnosis of the patient's condition, I did not consider it necessary. The usual symptoms were present. In short, Miss Sorensen's case was, to my mind, very clearly defined to be that of spastic paralysis, and I did not want to worry her by useless experiments."

"Well, I will see her, as she wishes for my opinion," I replied, slowly.

"I am very pleased that you should do so," said Curwen.

"Do you happen to have an electric battery on board?" I asked.

"Yes, a small one, but doubtless sufficient for your purpose. Will you arrange to see Miss Sorensen to-morrow morning?"

"Yes," I answered. "If I am to do her any good, there is no use in delay."

Curwen and I talked the matter over a little further, then he was obliged to leave me to attend to some of his multifarious duties.

The nightly dance had begun—awnings had been pulled down all round the deck, and the electric light made the place as bright as day. The ship's band was playing a merry air, and several couples were already revolving round in the mazes of the waltz.

I looked to see if Miss Sorensen had come on deck. Yes, she was there; she was lying as usual on her own special couch. The captain's wife, Mrs. Ross, was seated near her, and Captain Ross stood at the



"CURWEN AND I TALKED THE MATTER OVER."

foot of her couch. She was dressed in dark, rose-coloured silk, worn high to the throat, and with long sleeves. The whiteness of her complexion and the gloomy depths of her big, dark eyes were thus thrown into strong relief. She looked strikingly handsome.

On seeing me, Captain Ross called me up, and introduced me to Miss Sorensen. She smiled at me in quite a bright way.

"Dr. Halifax and I have already made each other's acquaintance," she said. She motioned me to seat myself by her side. The conversation, which had been animated before I joined the little party, was now con-

tinued with *verve*. Miss Sorensen, quite contrary to her wont, was the most lively of the group. I observed that she had considerable powers of repartee, and that her conversational talent was much above the average. Her words were extremely well chosen, and her grammar was invariably correct. She had, in short, the bearing of a very accomplished woman. I further judged that she was a remarkably clever one, for I was not five minutes in her society before I observed that she was watching me with as close attention as I was giving to her.

After a time Captain and Mrs. Ross withdrew, and I found myself alone with the young lady.

"Don't go," she said, eagerly, as I was preparing to rise from my chair. "I spoke to Mr. Curwen," she continued, dropping her voice; "he has not the slightest objection to your seeing me alone. Have you arranged the matter with him?"

"I have seen him," I replied, gravely. "He kindly consents to waive all ceremony. I can make an appointment to see you at any hour you wish."

"Pray let it be to-morrow morning—I am anxious to have relief as soon as possible."

"I am sorry that you suffer," I replied, giving her a sudden, keen glance—"you don't look ill, at least not now."

"I am excited now," she answered. "I am pleased at the thought——"

She broke off abruptly.

"Is Sister Hagar on deck?" she asked.

"I do not see her," I replied.

"But look, pray, look. Dr. Halifax—I fear Sister Hagar."

There was unquestionable and most genuine terror in the words. Miss Sorensen laid her hand on mine—it trembled.

I was about to reply, when a thin voice, almost in our ears, startled us both.

"Miss Sorensen, I must take you to bed now," said Nurse Hagar.

"Allow me to help you, nurse," I said, starting up.

"No, thank you, sir," she answered, in her most disagreeable way; "I can manage my young lady quite well alone."

She went behind the deck-chair, and propelled it forward. When she got close to the little deck cabin, she lifted Miss Sorensen up bodily in her strong arms, and conveyed her within the cabin.

During the night I could not help giving several thoughts to my new patient—she repelled me quite as much as she attracted me. She was without doubt a very hand-

some girl. There was something pathetic, too, in her dark eyes and in the lines round her beautifully curved mouth; but now and then I detected a ring of insincerity in her voice, and there were moments when her eyes, in spite of themselves, took a shifty glance. Was she feigning paralysis? What was her motive in so anxiously desiring an interview with me alone?

Immediately after breakfast, on the following morning, Sister Hagar approached my side.

"Miss Sorensen would be glad to know when it would be convenient for you to see her, Dr. Halifax," she said.

"Pray tell her that I can be with her in about ten minutes," I replied.

The nurse withdrew and I went to find Curwen.

"Is your electric battery in order?" I asked.

"Come with me to my cabin," he replied.

I went with him at once. We examined the battery together, put it into order, and then tested it. I took it with me to Miss Sorensen's cabin. Sister Hagar stood near the door. She came up to me at once, took the battery from my hands, and laid it on a small table near the patient. She then, to my astonishment, withdrew, closing the door noiselessly behind her.

I turned to look at Miss Sorensen, and saw at a glance that she was intensely nervous. There was not a trace of colour on her face; even her lips were white as death.

"Pray get your examination over as quickly as you can," she said, speaking in an almost fretful voice.

"I am waiting for the nurse to return," I replied. "I have several questions to ask her."

"Oh, she is not coming back. I have asked her to leave us together."

"That is nonsense," I said; "she must be present. I cannot apply the electric battery without her assistance. If you will permit me, I will call her."

"No, no, don't go—don't go!"

I looked fixedly at my patient. Suddenly an idea occurred to me.

I pushed the table aside on which the battery had been placed, and stood at the foot of Miss Sorensen's bed.

"The usual examination need not take place," I said, "because——"

"Why?" she asked. She half started up on her couch; her colour changed from white to red.

"Because you are not paralyzed!" I said,

giving her a sudden, quick glance, and speaking with firmness.

"My God, how do you know?" she exclaimed. Her face grew so colourless that I thought she would faint. She covered her eyes with one trembling hand. "Oh, Sister Hagar was right," she continued, after a moment. "I did not believe her—I assured her that it was nothing more than her fancy."

"I have guessed the truth?" I said, in a stern voice.

"Alas, yes, you have guessed the truth." As she spoke, she sprang with a light movement from her couch and stood before me.

"I am no more paralyzed than you are," she said; "but how, *how* do you know?"



"SHE SPRANG FROM HER COUCH AND STOOD BEFORE ME."

"Sit down and I will tell you," I replied.

She did not sit—she was far too much excited. She stood near the door of her little cabin. "Did you really hear the bottle fall and break, yesterday morning?"

"I heard a noise which might be accounted for in that way," I answered.

"And did you hear my footsteps?"

"I heard footsteps."

"Sister Hagar said that you knew—I

hoped, I hoped—I earnestly trusted that she was wrong."

"How could she possibly tell?" I replied. "I met her on the stairs coming towards the cabin. I certainly said nothing—how was it possible for her to read my secret thoughts?"

"It was quite possible. She saw the knowledge in your eyes; she gave you one glance—that was sufficient. Oh! I hoped she was mistaken."

"Mine is not a tell-tale face," I said.

"Not to most people, but it is to her. You don't know her. She is the most wonderful, extraordinary woman that ever breathed. She can read people through and through. She can stand behind you

and know when your eyes flash and your lips smile. Her knowledge is terrible. She can almost see through stone walls. I told you last night that I dreaded her—I do more than that—I fear her horribly—she makes my life a daily purgatory!"

"Sit down," I said, in a voice which I made on purpose both cold and stern: "it is very bad for you to excite yourself in this way. If you dislike Sister Hagar, why is she your nurse? In short, what can be your possible motive for going through this extraordinary act of deception? Are you not aware that you are acting in a most reprehensible manner? Why do you wish the passengers of the *Ariadne* to suppose you to be paralyzed, when you are in reality in perfect health?"

"In perfect health?"

she repeated, with a shudder. "Yes, I am doubtless in perfect bodily health, but I am in—oh, in such bitter anguish of soul."

"What do you mean?"

"I can no more tell you that, than I can tell you why I am in Sister Hagar's power. Pray forget my wild words. I know you think badly of me, but your feelings would be changed to profound pity if you could guess the truth. Now listen to me—I have only a

moment or two left, for Sister Hagar will be back almost directly. She found out yesterday that you had guessed my secret. I hoped that this was not the case, but, as usual, she was right and I was wrong. The moment my eyes met yours, when I first came on deck, I thought it likely that you might see through my deception. Sister Hagar also feared that such would be the case. It was on that account that I avoided speaking to you, and also that I remained so silent and apparently uninterested in everyone when I went on deck. I asked for this interview yesterday for the express purpose of finding out whether you really knew about the deception which I was practising on everyone on board. If I discovered that you had pierced through my disguise, there was nothing for it but for me to throw myself on your mercy. Now you know why I was so desirous of seeing you without Mr. Curwen."

"I understand," I answered. "The whole matter is most strange, wrong, and incomprehensible. Before I leave you, may I ask what motive influences you? There must be some secret reason for such deception as you practise."

Miss Sorensen coloured, and for the first time since she began to make her confession, her voice grew weak and faltering—her eyes took a shifty glance, and refused to meet mine.

"The motive may seem slight enough to you," she said; "but to me it is, and was, sufficiently powerful to make me go through with this sham. My home is not a happy one; I have a step-mother, who treats me cruelly. I longed to get away from home and to see something of life. My father's brother, Professor Sorensen, of St. Petersburg, is a very celebrated Court physician—my father is proud of him, and has often mentioned his name and the luxurious palace in which he lives. I have never met him, but I took a curious longing to pay him a visit, and thought of this way of obtaining my desires. Professor Sorensen has made a special study of nervous diseases such as paralysis. Sister Hagar and I talked the matter over, and I resolved to feign this disease in order to get away from home and to pay my uncle a visit. All went well without hitch of any sort until yesterday morning."

"But it is impossible for you to suppose," I said, "that you can take in a specialist like Professor Sorensen."

"I don't mean to try—he'll forgive me when I tell him the truth, and throw myself on his mercy."

"And is Sister Hagar a real nurse?" I asked, after a pause.

"No, but she has studied the part a little, and is far too clever to commit herself."

Miss Sorensen's face was no longer pale—a rich colour flamed in her cheeks, her eyes blazed—she looked wonderfully handsome.

"And now that you have confided in me," I said, "what do you expect me to do with my knowledge?"

"To respect my secret, and to keep it absolutely and strictly to yourself."

"That is impossible—I cannot deceive Curwen."

"You must—you shall. Why should two—two be sacrificed? And he is so young, and he knows nothing now—nothing. Oh, do have mercy on him! Oh, my God, what wild words am I saying? What must you think of me?"

She paused abruptly, her blazing eyes were fixed on my face.

"What must you think of me?" she repeated.

"That you are in a very excitable and over-strained condition, and perhaps not quite answerable for your actions," I replied.

"Yes, yes," she continued; "I am over-strained—over-anxious—not quite accountable—yes—that is it—that is it—but you will not tell Mr. Curwen—Oh, be merciful to me, I beg of you. We shall soon reach St. Petersburg. Wait, at least, until we get there before you tell him—promise me that. Tell him then if you like—tell all the world, then, if you choose to do so, but respect my secret until we reach Russia."

As Miss Sorensen spoke, she laid her hand on my arm—she looked at me with a passion which seemed absolutely inadequate to her very poor reason for going through this extraordinary deception.

"Promise me," she said—"there's Sister Hagar's knock at the door—let her in—but promise me first."

"I will think the whole case over carefully before I speak to anyone about it," I replied. I threw the door open as I spoke, and went out of the little cabin as Sister Hagar came in.

That afternoon Curwen asked me about Miss Sorensen—I replied to him briefly.

"I will tell you all about the case," I said, "in a short time—there is a mystery which the young lady has divulged, and which she has earnestly implored of me to respect until we reach St. Petersburg."

"Then you believe she can be cured?" said Curwen.

"Unquestionably—but it is a strange story, and it is impossible for me to discuss it until I can give you my full confidence. In the meantime, there is nothing to be done in the medical way for Miss Sorensen—I should recommend her to keep on deck as much as possible—she is in a highly hysterical state, and the more fresh air she gets, the better."

Curwen was obliged to be satisfied with this very lame summary of the case, and the next time I saw Miss Sorensen, I bent over her and told her that I intended to respect her secret until after we arrived at St. Petersburg.

"I don't know how to thank you enough," she said—her eyes flashed with joy, and she became instantly the most animated and fascinating woman on board.

At last we reached the great northern port, and first amongst those to come on board the *Ariadne* was the tall and aristocratic form of Professor Sorensen. I happened to witness the meeting between him and his beautiful niece. He stooped down and kissed her on her white brow. A flush of scarlet spread all over her face as he did so. They spoke a few words together—then Sister Hagar came up and touched Miss Sorensen on her arm. The next moment I was requested to come and speak to the young lady.

"May I introduce you to my uncle, Dr. Halifax?" she said. "Professor Sorensen—Dr. Halifax. I can scarcely tell you, Uncle Oscar," continued the young lady, looking full in his face, "how good Dr. Halifax has been to me during my voyage."

Professor Sorensen made a polite rejoinder to this, and immediately invited me to come to see him at his palace in the Nevski Prospect.

I was about to refuse with all the politeness I could muster, when Miss Sorensen gave me a glance of such terrible entreaty that it staggered me, and almost threw me off my balance.

"You will come; you must come," she said.

"I can take no refusal," exclaimed the

Professor. "I am delighted to welcome you as a brother in the great world of medical science. I have no doubt that we shall have much of interest to talk over together. My laboratory has the good fortune to be somewhat celebrated, and I have made experiments in the cultivation of microbes which I should like to talk over with you. You will do me the felicity of dining with me this evening, Dr. Halifax?"

I considered the situation briefly—I glanced again at Miss Sorensen.

"I will come," I said—she gave a sigh of relief, and lowered her eyes.

Professor Sorensen moved away, and Sister Hagar went into the young lady's cabin to fetch something. For a moment Miss Sorensen and I were alone. She gave me an imperious gesture to come close to her.

"Sit on that chair—stoop down, I don't want others to know," she said.

I obeyed her in some surprise.

"You have been good, more than good," she said, "and I respect you. I thank you from my heart. Do one last thing for me."

"What is that?"

"Don't tell our secret to Maurice Curwen until you have returned from dining with my uncle. Promise me this; I have a very grave reason for asking it of you."

"I shall probably not have time to tell him between now and this evening," I said, "as I mean immediately to land and occupy myself looking over the place."

At this moment Sister Hagar appeared, carrying all kinds of rugs and parcels—amongst them was a small, brass-bound box, which seemed to be of considerable weight. As she approached us, the nurse knocked her foot against a partition in the deck, stumbled, and would have fallen had I not rushed to her assistance. At the same time the heavy, brass-bound box fell with some force to the ground. The shock must have touched some secret spring, for the cover immediately bounced open and several packets of papers were strewn on the deck.



PROFESSOR SORENSEN.



"I STOOPED TO PICK THEM UP."

I stooped to pick them up, but Nurse Hagar wrenched them from my hands with such force that I could not help glancing at her in astonishment. One packet had been thrown to a greater distance than the others. I reached back my hand to pick it up, and, as I did so, my eyes lighted on a name in small black characters on the cover. The name was Olga Krestofski. Below it was something which looked like hieroglyphics, but I knew enough of the Russian tongue to ascertain that it was the same name in Russ—with the figure 7 below it.

I returned the packet to the nurse—she gave me a glance which I was destined to remember afterwards—and Miss Sorensen uttered a faint cry and turned suddenly white to her lips.

Professor Sorensen came hastily up—he administered a restorative to his niece, and said that the excitement of seeing him had evidently been too much for her in her weak state. A moment later the entire party had left the yacht.

It was night when I got to the magnificent palace in the Nevski Prospect where Professor Sorensen resided.

I was received with ceremony by several servants in handsome livery, and conducted immediately to a bedroom on the first floor of the building. The room was of colossal size and height, and, warm as the weather

still was, was artificially heated by pipes which ran along the walls. The hangings and all the other appointments of this apartment were of the costliest, and as I looked around me, I could not help coming to the conclusion that a Court physician at St. Petersburg must hold a very lucrative position.

Having already made my toilet, I was about to leave the room to find my way as best I could to the reception-rooms on the ground floor, when, to my unbounded amazement, I saw

the massive oak door of the chamber quickly and silently open, and Miss Sorensen, magnificently dressed, with diamonds in her black hair and flashing round her slim white throat, came in. She had not made the slightest sound in opening the door, and now she put her finger to her lips to enjoin silence on my part. She closed the door gently behind her, and, coming up to my side, pressed a note into my hand. She then turned to go.

"What is the meaning of this?" I began.

"The note will tell you," she replied. "Oh, yes, I am well, quite well—I have told my uncle all about my deception on board the *Ariadne*. For God's sake don't keep me now. If I am discovered, all is lost."

She reached the door as she spoke, opened it with a deft, swift, absolutely silent movement, and disappeared.

I could not tell why, but when I was left once more alone, I felt a chill running through me. I went deliberately up to the oak door and turned the key in the heavy lock. The splendid bedroom was bright as day with electric light. Standing by the door, I opened Miss Sorensen's note. My horrified eyes fell on the following words:—

"We receive no mercy, and we give none. Your doom was nearly fixed when you found out the secret of my false paralysis on board the *Ariadne*. It was absolutely and irrevocably



"IF I AM DISCOVERED ALL IS LOST."

sealed when you saw my real name on the packet of letters which fell out of the brass-bound box to-day. The secret of my return to Russia is death to those who discover it unbidden.

"It is decreed by those who never alter or change that you do not leave this palace alive. It is utterly hopeless for you to try to escape, for on all hands the doors are guarded; and even if you did succeed in reaching the streets, we have plenty of emissaries there to do our work for us. You know enough of our secrets to make your death desirable—it is therefore arranged that *you are to die*. I like you and pity you. I have a heart, and you have touched it. If I can, I will save you. I do this at the risk of my life, but that does not matter—we hold our lives cheap—we always carry them in our hands, and are ready to lay them down at any instant. I may not succeed in saving you, but I will try. I am not quite certain how your death is to be accomplished, but I have a very shrewd suspicion of the manner in which the final attack on your life will be made. Your only chance—remember, your only chance of escape—is to appear to know absolutely nothing—to show not the ghost of a suspicion of any underhand practices; to put forth all your powers to fascinate and please Professor Sorensen and the guests who will dine with us to-night. Show no surprise at anything you see—ask no impertinent questions. I have watched you, and I believe you are

clever enough and have sufficient nerve to act as I suggest. Pay me all the attention in your power—make love to me even a little, if you like—that will not matter, for we shall never meet again after to-night. After dinner you will be invited to accompany Professor Sorensen to his laboratory—he will ask no other guest to do this. On no account refuse—go with him and I will go with you. Where

he goes and where I go, follow without flinching. If you feel astonishment, do not show it. And now, all that I have said leads up to this final remark. *Avoid the seventh step*. Bear this in your mind—it is your last chance.—DAGMAR."

I read this note over twice. The terrible feeling of horror left me after the second reading. I felt braced and resolute. I suspected, what was indeed the case, that I had fallen unwittingly into a hornet's nest of Nihilists. How mad I had been to come to Professor Sorensen's palace! I had fully made up my mind that Miss Sorensen had told me lies, when she gave me her feeble reasons for acting as she had done on board the *Ariadne*. No matter that now, however. She spoke the truth at last. The letter I crushed in my hand was not a lie. I resolved to be wary, guarded—and when the final moment came, to sell my life dearly.

I had a box of matches in my pocket. I burnt the note to white ash, and then crushed the ashes to powder under my foot. I then went downstairs.

Servants were standing about, who quickly directed me to the reception-rooms. A powdered footman flung the door of the great drawing-room open and called my name in a ringing voice. Professor Sorensen came forward to meet me. A lady came up at the same moment and held out her hand. She was dressed in black velvet, with rich lace and many magnificent diamonds. They shone in

her sandy hair and glistened round her thin throat. I started back in amazement. Here was Sister Hagar metamorphosed.

"Allow me to introduce my wife, Madame Sorensen," said the Professor.

Madame Sorensen raised a playful finger and smiled into my face.

"You look astonished, and no wonder, Dr. Halifax," she said. "But, ah, how naughty you have been to read our secrets." She turned away to speak to another guest. The next moment dinner was announced.

As we sat round the dinner table, we made a large party. Men and women of many nationalities were present, but I quickly perceived, to my own surprise, that I was the guest of the evening. To me was given the terribly doubtful honour of escorting Madame Sorensen to the head of her table, and in honour of me also, English—by common consent—was the language spoken at dinner.

Miss Sorensen sat a little to my left—she spoke gaily to her neighbour, and her ringing, silvery laugh floated often to my ears. There had been some little excitement caused by the bursting of a large bomb in one of the principal streets that evening. Inadvertently I alluded to it to my hostess. She bent towards me and said, in a low voice:—

"Excuse me, Dr. Halifax, but we never talk politics in Petersburg."

She had scarcely said this before she began to rattle off some brilliant opinions with regard to a novel which was just then attracting public attention in England. Her remarks were terse, cynical, and intensely to the point. From one subject of interest to another she leaped, showing discernment, discrimination, and a wide and exhaustive knowledge of everything she touched upon.

As I listened to her and replied as pertinently as possible, a sudden idea came to me which brought considerable comfort with it. I began to feel more and more assured that Miss Sorensen's letter was but the ugly result of a mind thrown slightly off its balance. The brilliant company in which I found myself, the splendid room, the gracefully appointed table, the viands and the wines of the best and the choicest, my cultivated and gracious hostess—Professor Sorensen's worn, noble, strictly intellectual face—surely all these things had nothing whatever to do with treachery and assassination! Miss Sorensen's mind was off its balance. This fact accounted for everything—for the malingering which had taken place on board the *Ariadne*

—for the queer letter which she had given to me before dinner. "*When you saw my real name to-day, your doom was irrevocably sealed,*" she said. "*Avoid the seventh step,*" she had continued. Could anything be more utterly absurd? Miss Sorensen was the acknowledged niece of my courtly host—what did she mean by attributing another name to herself?—what did she mean by asking me to avoid the seventh step? In short, her words were exactly like the ravings of a lunatic.

My heart, which had been beating uncomfortably high and strong, calmed down under these reflections, but presently a queer, cold, uncomfortable recollection touched it into fresh action as if with the edge of bare steel.

It was all very well to dispose of Miss Sorensen by treating her wild words as the emanations of a diseased brain; but what about Madame Sorensen? How was I possibly to account for her queer change of identity? I recalled her attitude on board the *Ariadne*. The malevolent glances she had often cast at me. The look on her face that very morning when I had saved her from falling, and picked up the papers which had fallen out of the brass-bound box. She had seen my eyes rest upon the name "*Olga Krestofski*." I could not soon forget the expression in her cold eyes when I returned her that packet. A thrill ran through me even now, as I recalled the vengeance of that glance.

The ladies withdrew, and the men of the party did not stay long over wine. We went to the drawing-rooms, where music and light conversation were indulged in.

As soon as we came in, Miss Sorensen, who was standing alone in a distant part of the inner drawing-room, gave me a look which brought me to her side. There was an imperious sort of command in her full, dark eyes. She held herself very erect. Her carriage was queenly—the lovely carnation of excitement bloomed on her cheeks and gave the finishing touch to her remarkable beauty. She made way for me to sit on the sofa beside her, and bending her head slightly in my direction, seemed to invite me to make love to her.

There was something in her eyes which revived me like a tonic.

I felt suddenly capable of rising to my terrible position, and resolved to play the game out to the bitter end.

I began to talk to Miss Sorensen in a gay tone of light badinage, to which she responded with spirit.

Suddenly, as the conversation arose full and animated around us, she dropped her voice, gave me a look which thrilled me, and said, with slow distinctness :—

"You Englishmen have pluck—I—I admire you!"

I answered, with a laugh, "We like to think of ourselves as a plucky race."

"You are! you are! I felt sure you would be capable of doing what you are now doing. Let us continue our conversation—nothing could be better for my purpose—don't you observe that Hagar is watching us?"

"Is not Madame Sorensen your aunt?" I asked.

"In reality she is no relation; but, hush, you are treading on dangerous ground."

"It is time for me to say farewell," I said, rising suddenly to my feet—I held out my hand to her as I spoke.

"No, you must not go yet," she said—she rose also—a certain nervous hesitation was observable for a moment in her manner, but she quickly steadied herself.

"Uncle Oscar, come here," she called out. Professor Sorensen happened to be approaching us across the drawing-room—he came up hastily at her summons. She stood in such a position that he could not see her face, and then gave me a look of intense warning.

When she did this, I knew that the gleam of hope which had given me false courage for a moment during dinner was at an end. There was no insanity in those lovely eyes. Her look braced me, however. I determined to take example by her marvellous coolness. In short, I resolved to do what she asked me, and to place my life in her hands.

"Uncle Oscar," said the young lady, "Dr. Halifax insists upon leaving us early; that is scarcely fair, is it?"

"It must not be permitted, Dr. Halifax," said the Professor, in his most courteous tone. "I am looking forward with great interest to getting your opinion on several points of scientific moment." Here he drew me a little aside. I glanced at Miss Sorensen: she came a step or two nearer.

"You will permit me to say that your name is already known to me," continued my host, "and I esteem it an honour to have the privilege of your acquaintance. I should like to get your opinion with regard to the bacterial theory of research. As I told you on board the *Ariadne* to-day, I have made many experiments in the isolation of microbes."

"In short, the isolation of those little horrors is my uncle's favourite occupation,"

interrupted Miss Sorensen, with a light laugh. "Suppose, Uncle Oscar," she continued, laying her lovely white hand on the Professor's arm—"suppose we take Dr. Halifax to the laboratory? He can then see some of your experiments."

"The cultivation of the cancer microbe, for instance," said Sorensen. "Ah, that we could discover something to destroy it in the human body, without also destroying life! Well, doubtless, the time will come." He sighed as he spoke. His thoughtful face assumed an expression of keen intellectuality. It would be difficult to see anyone whose expression showed more noble interest in science.

"I see all my guests happily engaged," he continued. "Shall we follow Dagmar's suggestion, then, and come to the laboratory, Dr. Halifax?"

"I shall be interested to see what you have done," I said.

We left the drawing-rooms. As we passed Madame Sorensen, she called out to me to know if I were leaving.

"No," I replied; "I am going with your husband to his laboratory. He has kindly promised to show me some of his experiments."

"Ah, then, I will say good-night, and farewell. When Oscar goes to the laboratory he forgets the existence of time. Farewell, Dr. Halifax." She touched my hand with her thin fingers; her light eyes gave a queer, vindictive flash. "Farewell, or, *au revoir*, if you prefer it," she said, with a laugh. She turned abruptly to speak to another guest.

To reach the laboratory we had to walk down more than one long corridor—it was in a wing at some little distance from the rest of the house. Professor Sorensen explained the reason briefly.

"I make experiments," he said; "it is more convenient, therefore, to have the laboratory as distant from the dwelling-house as possible."

We finally passed through a narrow covered passage.

"Beneath here flows the Neva," said the Professor; "but here," he continued, "did you ever see a more spacious and serviceable room for real hard work than this?"

He flung open the door of the laboratory as he spoke, and touching a button in the wall, flooded the place on the instant with a blaze of electric light. The laboratory was warmed with hot pipes, and contained, in addition to the usual appliances, a couple of easy chairs and one or two small tables;

also a long and particularly inviting-looking couch.

"I spend the night here occasionally," said Dr. Sorensen. "When I am engaged in an important experiment, I often do not care to leave the place until the early hours of the morning."

We wandered about the laboratory, which was truly a splendid room and full of many objects which would, on another occasion, have aroused all my scientific enthusiasm, but I was too intensely on my guard just now to pay much attention to the Professor's carefully worded and elaborate descriptions. My quick eyes had taken in the whole situation as far as it was at present revealed to me: the iron bands of the strong door by which we had entered; the isolation of the laboratory. I was young and strong, however, and Professor Sorensen was old. If it came to a hand-to-hand fight, he would have no chance against me. Miss Sorensen, too, was my friend.

We spent some time examining various objects of interest, then finding the torture of suspense unendurable, I said, abruptly: "I should greatly like to see your process of cultivation of the cancer microbes before I take my leave."

"I will show it to you," said Dr. Sorensen. "Dagmar, my love, light the lantern."

"Is it not here?" I asked.

"No; I keep it in an oven in a small laboratory, which we will now visit."

Miss Sorensen took up a silver-mounted lantern, applied a match to the candle within, and taking it in her hand, preceded us up the whole length of the laboratory to a door which I had not before noticed, and which was situated just behind Dr. Sorensen's couch. She opened it and waited for us to come up to her.

"Take the lantern and go first, Uncle Oscar," said the young lady. She spoke in an imperious voice, and I saw the Professor give her a glance of slight surprise.

"Won't you go first, Dagmar?" he said. "Dr. Halifax can follow you, and I will come up in the rear."

She put the lantern into his hand.

"No, go first," she said, with a laugh which was a little unsteady. "No one knows your

private haunts as well as you do yourself. Dr. Halifax will follow me."

The Professor took the lantern without another word. He began to descend some narrow and steep stairs. They were carpeted, and appeared, as far as I could see through the gloom, to lead into another passage farther down. Miss Sorensen followed her uncle immediately. As he did so, she threw



"THE PROFESSOR TOOK THE LANTERN."

her head back and gave me a warning glance.

"Take care, the stairs are steep," she said. "Count them; I will count them for you. I wish, Uncle Oscar, you would have this passage properly lighted."

"Come on, Dagmar: what are you lingering for?" called the Professor.

"Follow me, Dr. Halifax," she said. Her hand just touched mine—it burnt like coal. "These horrid stairs," she said. "I really must count them, or I'll fall." She began to count immediately in a sing-song, monotonous

voice, throwing her words back at me, so that I doubt if the Professor heard them.

"One," she began, "two—three—four—five—six." When she had counted to six, she made an abrupt pause. We stood side by side on the sixth step.

"Seven is the perfect number," she said, in my ear—as she spoke, she pushed back her arm and thrust me forcibly back as I was about to advance. At the same instant, the dim light of the lantern went out, and I distinctly heard the door by which we had entered this narrow passage close behind us. We were in the dark. I was about to call out: "Miss Sorensen — Professor Sorensen," when a horrid noise fell upon my ears. It was the heavy sound as of a falling body. It went down, down, making fearful echoes as it banged against the sides of what must have been a deep well. Presently there was a splash, as if it had dropped into water.

That splash was a revelation. The body, whatever it was, had doubtless fallen into the Neva. At the same instant, Miss Sorensen's mysterious words returned to my memory: "Avoid the seventh step." I remembered that we had gone down six steps, and that as we descended, she had counted them one by one. On the edge of the sixth step she had paused, had pushed me back, and then had disappeared. The Professor had also vanished. What body was that which had fallen through space into a deep and watery grave? Miss Sorensen's mysterious remark was at last abundantly plain. *There was no seventh step* — by this trap, therefore, but for her interference, I was to be hurled into eternity.

I sank back, trembling in every limb. The

horror of my situation can scarcely be described. At any moment the Professor might return, and by a push from above, send me into my watery grave. In my present position, I had no chance of fighting for my life. I retraced my steps to the door of the upper laboratory and felt vainly all along its

smooth, hard surface. No chance of escape came from there. I sat down presently on the edge of the first step, and waited for the end with what patience I could. I still believed in Miss Sorensen, but would it be possible for her to come to my rescue? The silence and darkness of the grave surrounded me. Was I never to see daylight again? I recalled Madame Sorensen's face when she said "farewell" — I recalled the passion of despair in Miss Sorensen's young voice. I had touched secrets inadvertently with which I had no right to meddle. My death was desired by the Invincible and the Merciless — of course, I must die. As I grew accustomed to the darkness and stillness—the stillness itself was broken by the gurgling, distant sound of running water—I could hear the flow of the Neva as it rushed past my dark grave.

At the same moment the sound of voices fell on my ear. They were just below me—I felt my heart beating almost to suffocation. I clenched my hands tightly together—surely the crucial moment had come—could I fight for my life?

The Professor's thin, polished tones fell like ice on my heart.

"We had better come back and see that all is safe," he said. "Of course, he must have fallen over, but it is best to be certain."

"No, no, Uncle Oscar, it is not necessary," I heard Miss Sorensen say. "Did you not



"I SANK BACK."

hear the sound—the awful sound—of his falling body? I did. I heard a splash as it fell into the Neva.”

“Yes, I fancy I did hear it,” answered the Professor, in a reflective voice.

“Then don’t come back—why should we? It is all so horrible—let us return to the drawing-rooms as quickly as possible.”

“You are excited, my dear—your voice trembles—what is the matter with you?”

“Only joy,” she replied, “at having got rid of a dangerous enemy—now let us go.”

Their voices died away—I could even hear the faint echo of their footsteps as they departed. I wondered how much longer I was to remain in my fearful grave. Had I the faintest chance of escaping the doom for which I was intended? Would Miss Sorensen be true to the end? She, doubtless, was a Nihilist, and as she said herself, they received no mercy and gave none. My head began to whirl—queer and desperate thoughts visited me. I felt my nerves tottering, and trembled, for a brief moment, for my reason. Suddenly a hand touched my arm, and a voice, clear, distinct, but intensely low, spoke to me.

“Thank God, you are here—come with me at once—don’t ask a question—come noiselessly, and at once. I rose to my feet—Miss Sorensen’s hot fingers clasped mine—she did not speak—she drew me forward. Once again I felt myself descending the steps. We came to the bottom of the sixth step. “This way,” she said, in a muffled tone. She felt with her hands against the wall—a panel immediately gave way, and we found ourselves in a narrow passage, with a very faint light at the farther end. Miss Sorensen hurried me along. We went round a sort of semi-circular building, until at last we reached a small postern door in the wall. When we came to it she opened it a few inches, and pushed me out.

“Farewell,” she said then. “I have saved your life. Farewell, brave Englishman.”

She was about to shut the door in my face, but I pushed it back forcibly.

“I will not go until you tell me the meaning of this,” I said.

“You are mad to linger,” she replied, “but I will tell you in a few words. Professor Sorensen and his wife are no relations of mine. I am Olga Krestofski, suspected by the police, the owner of important secrets: in short, the head of a branch of the Nihilists. I shammed illness, and assumed the name under which I travelled, in order to convey papers of vast importance to our cause, to Petersburg. Professor Sorensen, as Court physician, has not yet incurred the faintest breath of suspicion—nevertheless, he is one of the leaders of our party, and every individual with whom you dined to-night belongs to us. It was decreed that you were to die. I decided otherwise. There was, as you doubtless have discovered, *no* seventh step. I warned you, and you had presence of mind sufficient not to continue your perilous downward course beyond the edge of the sixth step.”

“But I heard a body fall,” I said.

“Precisely,” she replied; “I placed a bag of sand on the edge of the sixth step shortly after my arrival this morning, and just as I was following Professor Sorensen through the secret panel in the wall into the passage beyond, I pushed the bag over. This was necessary in order to deceive the Professor. He heard it splash into the water, and I was able to assure him that it was your body. Otherwise he would inevitably have returned to complete his deadly work. Now, good-bye—forgive me, if you can.”

“Why did you bring me here at all?” I asked.

“It was your only chance. Madame Sorensen had resolved that you were to die. You would have been followed to the ends of the earth—now you are safe, because Professor and Madame Sorensen think you are dead.”

“And you?” I said, suddenly. “If by any chance this is discovered, what will become of you?”

There was a passing gleam of light from a watery moon—it fell on Miss Sorensen’s white face.

“I hold my life cheap,” she said. “Farewell. Don’t stay long in Petersburg.”

She closed the postern door as she spoke.

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XVIII.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

A NEW HOUSE FOR THE COMMONS. THE Select Committee of the House of Commons, which last year, under the presidency of Mr. Herbert Gladstone, considered whether any and what arrangements might be made to improve the accommodation provided for members and officials of the House, and for the representatives of the Press, shrank from a larger question submitted. It was proposed that evidence should be taken with regard to moderate enlargement of the existing Chamber and its galleries. On a division, this was negatived, and the Committee proceeded to recommend certain tinkering, duly carried out during the recess.

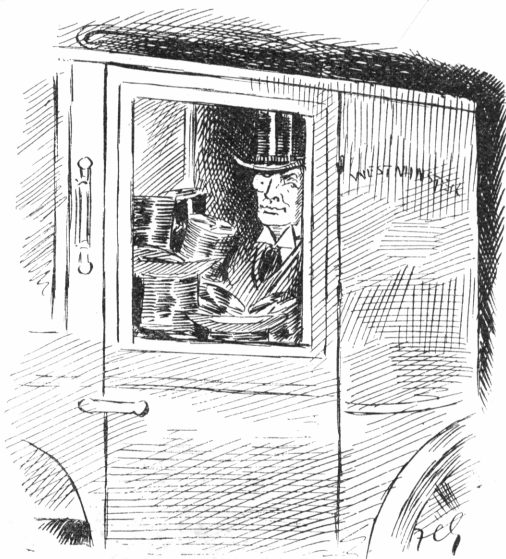
The question of a new House for the Commons comes up with unfailing regularity with every new Parliament. There is no doubt that, for the greater number of working nights in a Session, the accommodation of the present Chamber is more than ample. It is true that, knowing the Assembly when fully constituted comprises 658 members, a Chamber was deliberately built to seat 306. Beyond this, accommodation is provided in the galleries for an additional 122 members. This is well enough for gentlemen in the front row, but those in the rear can see very little and hear not much. Within the last few years, whilst the number of members has been increased to 670, accommodation for them in the galleries has

been considerably reduced by the enlargement of the Press Gallery.

Whilst, even in these conditions, "PEGGING-OUT CLAIMS," the Chamber is big enough for its ordinary purposes, there are occasions when inexorable limits of space assert themselves. The most recent example of extreme inconvenience arose on the introduction of the Home Rule Bill in the Session of 1892. As early as five in the morning members presented themselves, and by means of visiting-cards or hats allotted particular seats. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Whip of the Liberal Unionist Party, was reported to have driven into Palace Yard in a four-wheeler filled with second-hand hats, which he arranged on the benches below the gangway, "pegging-out claims" on behalf of his friends. Dr. Tanner having exhausted all available stock of hats, literally took off his coat, as Mr. Parnell once conditionally promised to do, and attempted to establish a claim for the seat it covered. That,

however, went beyond all Parliamentary precedent, and the claim was disallowed. Colonel Sanderson, coming in a little late (though seven o'clock had not yet sounded from Big Ben), finding a strange hat on his accustomed seat, with rare absence of mind sat down upon it.

The general result of the arrangement was so undesirable that at subsequent critical stages of the Bill the



UNIONIST HATS.



A SARTORIAL SACRIFICE.

Speaker gave orders that the doors of the House were not to be unlocked till noon, a restriction which chiefly had the result of postponing the scrimmage by six or seven hours. By way of increasing the accommodation, chairs were brought in and planted in double row down the floor. Not more than twenty could be so disposed of, and what were they among so many, clamorous for seats?

IN AS FAR BACK
PALMER- as 1867,
STON'S TIME the present
Houses of

Parliament having then been in occupation for thirty-four years, it was felt that something must be done to improve and, if possible, enlarge their accommodation. In the debates of the closing years of this the Palmerston Parliament, there will be found many conversations on the subject. One suggestion which met with general favour was that the walls separating the House from the division lobbies which encircle it should be re-

moved and the space added to the Chamber. This attractive proposal was dropped upon discovery that the roof of the Chamber is supported upon the inner walls, and that in order to obtain the space devoted to the lobbies the House would practically have to be rebuilt. Another scheme provided that the walls at either end of the Chamber, under the clock and behind the Speaker's Chair, should be removed. It was estimated that this would provide additional seating accommodation for a hundred persons. Whether they would be able to hear or see is another matter.

The late Sir Thomas Bazley, at the time member for Manchester, fresh from morning service at the Tabernacle, propounded still another scheme. Behind the side galleries of the House there are corridors corresponding with the division lobbies below. Mr. Bazley (not yet Sir Thomas) proposed that these lobbies should be appropriated, the galleries of the House being extended backward till they reached the outward walls. This, he triumphantly affirmed, would give sitting room for 200 more members. It was clear that these might as well be seated within the Tabernacle itself as far as ability to follow current debate was concerned.

A C o m -
MR. BARRY'S mittee was
PLAN. appointed
in 1867

with instructions to consider the whole question of the accommodation of the House. The main result was to formulate a notable plan for a new House of Commons, which caught on at the time, but has long rested forgotten in the archives of the House. It was the work of Mr. Barry, son of the architect of the Palace of Westminster, and was unanimously adopted by the Committee as providing an increase



ABSENCE OF MIND.

of accommodation in a most satisfactory manner, without involving interruption of Sessional proceedings.

I have before me a copy of the plan, certainly the best and the most practicable of a cloud of suggestions. It implies nothing more

nor less than the erection of a new House in the court adjoining the existing Chamber, known as the Commons' Court. It provides a statelier Chamber than the present, with the usual accessories for division lobbies, corridors, reading-rooms, dining-rooms, smoking-rooms, private rooms for members of the Ministry and officials, and enlarged accommodation for the Press. The new House would seat 569 members, for 419 of whom places would be found on the floor. There would be sitting room for 330 strangers, making a total of 899 persons, increasing the accommodation for members, as compared with the present House, by 141 seats, and for strangers by something like fifty.

In the present House the average width of each seat is 20 $\frac{7}{32}$ in. In the new House the width of seat room provided per member would be 20in. The shape of the proposed Chamber is octagonal, with four long and four shorter sides. Its dimensions are 67ft. by 63ft., and as it would be 39ft. high, it would contain 154,300 cubic feet of space. The present Chamber is 68ft. by 44ft., and is 44ft. high, containing 127,000 cubic feet of space.

A feature in Mr. Barry's plan which strongly recommended it to the Committee was that not only would it leave the existing Chamber undisturbed during the process of erection, and available for the sittings of the House, but when completed would utilize the present Chamber as a handsome adjunct. Last year I incidentally mentioned—what is a secret to nine-tenths, not only of visitors to the House of Commons, but of members—that the glass roof, illuminated at night, which canopies the House of Commons is not part of the original plan. When the Speaker first took the Chair in the new House of Commons, members were seated under a splendid roof, on which had been lavished the fulness of master masons' art. It soon became clear that this lofty ceiling, with its delicate chisel-work, its noble arches, and its dark recesses, was the sepulchre of speech. Here the sound of the human voice was buried, giving up the ghost amid inarticulate rumbling. The House of Lords was finished off with a roof of similar character and proportions. It remains to this day, and there are

not more than a dozen peers who can, without effort, make themselves heard throughout the Chamber. The Commons, more utilitarian, decided that, after all, speeches were more precious than the roof; a conclusion which perhaps will not be generally accepted in its entirety. The ceiling was lowered by the construction of the existing glass, the intervening space between the false ceiling and the true one coming in useful for lighting and ventilating purposes. The result was that the Chamber, at one time as difficult to speak in as is the House of Lords to-day, was transformed into a hall whose acoustical properties are unrivalled.

It was part of Mr. Barry's plan that the present House, with the glass ceiling removed and the splendid roof restored to the light of day, should be used as an approach to the new House, and as a private lobby for members. Within it would be provided post-office accommodation and rooms for the Whips, Ministerial and Opposition. Amongst other attractive details of the scheme was a refreshment room for the use alike of Lords and Commons, with a frontage to the river. Mr. Barry, probably with the sanguine temperament constitutional with architects, estimated that the new buildings might be erected at an outlay not exceeding £120,000.

A Select Committee having been specially appointed to consider the question of a new House for



SCHOOLBOYS.

the Commons, and having unanimously recommended a particular scheme, it would seem that the next thing to do was to vote the money and get to work on the building. That is an anticipation that discloses only superficial knowledge of the House of Commons' habitude. Oftener than not the appointment of a Select Committee, or of a Royal Commission, is nothing more than a device deliberately to shelve a troublesome question. More than twenty-seven years have passed since this painstaking and prolonged inquiry was concluded. Nothing has in the meantime been done in the way of carrying out its definite, almost peremptory, recommendations. Last Session there was a slight recurrence of the unrest of members in view of their inadequate accommodation. Invariably at the opening of a new Parliament, when the withers of members are unwrung and they flock down to Westminster with the eagerness of boys admitted to a new playground, there is fresh outcry for a new House. But it dies away as the Session grows older, and the old Chamber, in which Peel has sat, Palmerston has slept, Disraeli has manœuvred, and Gladstone has thundered, still serves.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS' STEEPLECHASE. The return to Parliamentary life of Mr. Elliott Lees suggests the possibility of re-establishing the House of Commons' Steeplechases. These were

started in the Session of 1889, when, after a memorable race, Mr. Lees, then member for Oldham, rode in first amongst the light weights, repeating his victory in the following year. Mr. Cyril Flower, now Lord Battersea, actually came in first on a horse, understood to have been named "Home Rule." The circumstance that one of the Liberal Whips had ridden past the winning post on "Home Rule" was regarded at the time by adherents of that policy as a good omen. It turned out that there had been a mistake. It was not "Home Rule," but quite another horse, one disqualified by earlier achievements, which Mr. Flower had ridden. He was accordingly

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disqualified, and to this day in his Dorset home Mr. Elliott Lees dines under the shadow of the huge silver cup, prize of the House of Commons' Steeplechase, none daring to make him afraid.

One circumstance calculated to UNHORSE. militate against inclination to re-establish this festival is the notable Parliamentary mortality marked in the cases of the riders in this race. Of a dozen whose names I remember, a very small proportion escaped the perils of the General Election. Only three—Mr. Bromley-Davenport, Mr. Muntz, and Mr. Frank Mildmay—rode in at the memorable struggle at the polls in the autumn of 1892. For the rest, one, Mr. Fitzwilliam, died; Mr. Cyril Flower ascended to the House of Lords, where he now beams as Lord Battersea; Mr. Western Jarvis, the most active promoter and manager of the steeplechase, did not offer himself for re-election at the General Election, an example followed by Mr. Bazley White. Of the rest, Mr. Elliott Lees, Mr. Walter Long, Mr. Hermon-Hodge, Mr. Raymond Heath, and Mr. A. Pease were defeated at the poll. Mr. Walter Long got in at a by-election, and Mr. Elliott Lees has now joined him.

Dick Power never rode in any of the steeplechases which followed each other in regular succession from 1889 to 1892. But he took a keen interest in the proceedings,

and at the time his earthly race was all too early closed had missed none of the House of Commons' events. Mr. Alfred Pease won the race in 1891. Mr. Frank Mildmay delighting an honest hunting constituency by winning the cup in 1892, a distinction which, as mentioned, did not at the General Election save his seat in quite another mount.

It is piquant to hear complaints made of the taciturnity of Sir William Harcourt in his capacity of Leader of the House of Commons following upon his placid enjoyment of a hermit recess. The Chancellor of the Exchequer might well retort, in the words of the corporal administering an ordered



MR. ELLIOTT LEES, M.P.

WILLIAM
THE
SILENT.

bout of punishment to a peccant private: "Hit high or hit low, I can't please you." Time was when complaint of his manner on the Opposition Benches was directed against his, alleged, too-frequent interposition in debate. Now he is accused of provoking brevity, of contemptuous abstention from participation in debate. Speak much or speak little, he fails to please.

It is quite true that Sir William Harcourt's Parliamentary custom of to-day varies in marked manner from what it used to be, even so recently as the Session of 1893. But a great deal has happened since then. He is now Leader of the House of Commons, responsible for getting its work through. To that end he knows there is no contribution more valuable than habitual flashes of silence. The House of Commons is prone to find the key-note of its passing mood on the Treasury Bench. If the Leader is talkative, it will cheerfully respond. If he is concise, it refrains from garrulity. When, on the final day of July last year, Sir William Harcourt moved the Time Closure with the object of getting the Evicted Tenants Bill through, he, to Mr. Arthur Balfour's measureless amazement, his quite uncontrollable indignation, spoke for only five minutes.

"Never in the history of Parliament," Mr. Balfour, with clenched hands and flashing eyes, cried aloud, "has such a proposal been made in so brief a speech."

That was true; but long before midnight debate was brought to a conclusion, and the extra hour which another leader might have occupied in spinning phrases over a foregone conclusion was utilized to pass the report stage of a batch of Supply.

Sir William Harcourt's plan of campaign as Leader of the House of Commons is avowedly based on a study of Mr. Disraeli's manner whilst he occupied the same position. The member for Oxford in the Parliament of 1874 was, in spite of political differences, on terms of personal intimacy with the Conser-

vative chief. They said many good things to each other. One of Disraeli's apothegms falling on attentive ears lives in practice at this day. "A successful Leader of the House of Commons," said Mr. Disraeli, "should, in degree, order his procedure by the nursery formula for the direction of a child admitted to the company of his elders. He should be seen, but not heard."

That was a principle faithfully carried into practice by its promulgator. He was the most patient and the most constant attendant on the business of the House. However dull might be the proceedings, he was there to watch their course. Hour after hour he sat with arms folded, legs crossed—"Like a Crusader on a tombstone," Beresford-Hope, who did not unreservedly admire him, once spitefully, but *sotto voce*, observed—head bent down, eyes that seemed to sleep, but missed no movement in any part of the House. Whole pages of *Hansard*, covering successive nights of a Session during his leadership, may be glanced over without evidence of his presence beyond an answer extracted from him at question time. His idea was that the Leader of the House of Commons should occupy something of the position of editor on a well-regulated news-

paper. It is that able person's business to get the best possible work out of his staff, confining his own labour to inspiration, direction, and revision. Disraeli, holding his colleagues responsible for the affairs of their several departments, let them speak for them in the House of Commons.

AN EXTREME CASE.

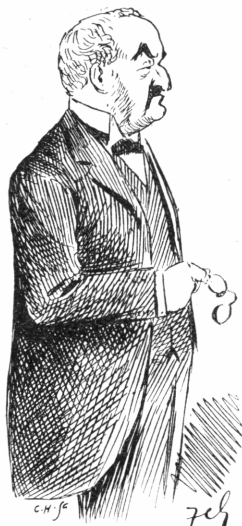
This principle was sorely tried when, in the Session of 1876, Sir Charles Adderley, as President of the Board of Trade, had charge of the Merchant Shipping Bill. Rarely has such a muddle been seen since Parliaments began. It culminated in the famous

episode when Mr. Plimsoll broke out and, as was written at the time, stood on one leg on the floor of the House and shook his fist at the Speaker. After that, poor Sir Charles



INDIGNATION.

Adderley was obviously impossible. Still, the Premier scrupulously refrained from any overt act of super-session. Only Sir Stafford Northcote and Sir John Holker, then Attorney-General, were told off to sit, one on either side of him, through the long nights when the Bill was in Committee. With their aid the Bill, wholly transformed, passed through the House, and as soon as possible, having due regard to decency, Sir Charles Adderley was made a peer, with the title of Lord Norton.



LORD NORTON.

It is little wonder that Mr. W. H. H. Smith, who, regarded as a Minister, was almost literally "brought up by hand" in the Disraeli nursery, should, when he came to be Leader of the House, remember his old master's lessons. Though in no other-wise comparable with Parliamentary giants of his own or other days, Mr. Smith was, undoubtedly, one of the most successful Leaders the House has known. Like Mr. Disraeli, he was always on the spot. If not actually on the Treasury Bench, whence he was rarely missed, he was in his room, within sound of the division bell or call of the messenger. Also like the Master, he appreciated the relative value of speech and silence. Though the Leader of the House may strategically refrain from lengthening debate by interposing speeches in supplement of the Minister in charge of Bill or motion, it is (or was) expected of him that he should wind up the debate. In times when Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone faced each other across the table, no important debate was concluded till the Leader of the Opposition had delivered a set speech, and the Leader of the House had elaborately replied.

Mr. Smith invariably excused himself from observance of this custom. Mr. Gladstone, as Leader of the Opposition, might fire a parting volley into a passing Bill. The Leader of the House left the duty of replying to the Minister in charge of the measure, he

sitting applaudive by his side. This habit led to abatement of excitement as compared with the immediate preparation for an important division in earlier days. But the division took place a little earlier, and the practical result, as far as figures went, was precisely the same.

Mr. Gladstone, whether as Leader of the House or as Leader of the Opposition, differed wholly from the model set up by his long-time rival. So restless was his energy, so minute his knowledge, so boundless his vocabulary, that, even to the last, he found it impossible to abstain from taking the lead in whatever debate went forward. Had Mr. Disraeli, in the process of evolution, found himself Leader of a Government pledged to the Home Rule Bill, and had he had a Chief Secretary so capable and enthusiastic as Mr. John Morley, he would, have left the direct charge of the Bill to his colleague, holding himself in reserve, as Napoleon was wont to hold the Imperial Guard. It was reported at the opening of the Session that, whilst the Premier would personally introduce the Bill, he would thereafter, more especially in Committee, leave its conduct to Mr. Morley. Perhaps, being constitutionally of a sanguine mood, he thought that was possible. When put to the test, he found irresistible the temptation to be ever in his place through Committee, watchful, alert, convincing out of all proportion to necessity, replying to a captious nonentity with as painstaking precision and force of argument as he answered Mr. Balfour or Mr. Goschen.

In his translation of the "Odes of Horace," a work completed, I believe, before sunset on the very day he resigned the Premiership, Mr. Gladstone expresses the opinion that "the translation of Horace should carry compression to the farthest practicable point." That is a principle he reserved for the classics and denied to the Commons. Through the prolonged debate on the Home Rule Bill of 1893, as the Premier pounced upon some immaterial person below the gangway and rent his assertion to shreds, one often thought of the eagle catching flies. It was magnificent, but it was not war. Frequently the direct effect of the Premier's interposition was to revive a flagging debate and postpone by an hour or an evening a division which, had he restrained himself, might forthwith have been taken. Sir William Harcourt has had the advantage of personally studying both manners of conduct-



MR. GLADSTONE AND THE FLY.

ing business in the House of Commons. Observation of the Gladstonian has confirmed his conviction of the sounder principle that underlies the Disraelian.

IRISH MEMBERS ; OLD STYLE. The most notable feature in the thirteenth Parliament of Queen Victoria, as far as it has gone, is the self-effacement of the Irish members. Peers who chanced to sit in the Parliaments of 1874 or 1880, looking in now on the old familiar scene, scarcely recognise it. In those days no debate was complete without contributions from at least a dozen of the Irish members. A case that occurs to the mind dates back just eighteen years. The Government had brought in a Bill proposing the Federation of the South African Colonies; this was a subject, it was reasonable to suppose, not specially attractive for the Irish members. That assumption only showed how limited, at the time, was knowledge of the possibilities of Irish eloquence. The House having got into Committee on the South African Bill, the formal motion that the preamble be postponed was made. Thereupon Mr. O'Donnell blandly interposed. There followed a scene in which Mr. Parnell had "his words taken down," and a condition of affairs supervened which culminated in a sitting of twenty-six hours. That has been beaten since, but it was thought much of at the time.

NEW STYLE. Since those days the capacity of the Irish member, apparently without an hour's preparation, to talk on any subject that comes uppermost, has been frequently vindicated. In the Salisbury Parliament, which preceded that now sitting, they, falling more into line with the regular Opposition, moderated their oratorical ardour. Since the General Election of 1892 returned

Mr. Gladstone to power with the Home Rule flag nailed to the Ministerial mast, the Irish members have developed an almost uncanny ability to forego speech-making. To the ordinary representative of Irish Nationalist politics, this vow of silence must be a severe discipline. What it must be for Mr. W. O'Brien, Mr. T. Healy, and, above all, for Mr. Sexton, no tongue can tell and few imaginations can conceive. To sit silent night after night, week after week, whilst others talk at large, is an ordeal the patient standing of which testifies to possession of high courage and marvellous self-command.

During the debates on the Home Rule Bill, Mr. Healy hit upon a plan which Mr. Arthur Balfour, whilst not approving, admitted was desirable from the point of view of a safety valve. When any particularly provocative speech was made against the Bill, Mr. Healy punctuated its delivery with more or less pertinent remarks. It is an ordinary habit of members to jot down comment or criticism, as they suggest themselves in listening to a speech they propose to answer. Mr. Healy, in accordance with the Irish Parliamentary Plan of Campaign, did not propose to answer anyone by set speech. It was, therefore, no use jotting down observations as they occurred to him. Accordingly he let them fly forthwith, a proceeding which, though not lacking in interest, was somewhat embarrassing even to so practised a speaker as Mr. Balfour. Still, he recognised a certain utility in the habit, since, as he put it, there was every prospect of the hon. gentleman bursting if it were not for this safety valve of exclamation.

MR. W. O'BRIEN. Mr. O'Brien, who up to the epoch of the Boulogne expedition was one of the most prominent and most passionate participants in debate, now finds it possible to sit through a long evening without uttering a sentence. He somewhat unexpectedly broke silence last Session, interposing in debate arising out of the conflict between Lords and Commons on the Evicted Tenants Bill. It was interesting to note how with withdrawal from practice he seems to have lost his former hold on the House. Even when — perhaps because when — he faced an assembly the vast majority of which was angrily hostile, he has commanded its attention, sometimes controlled its conviction, by the strength of his argument and the power of his eloquence. The transformation in these respects marked by his carefully-

prepared speech on the Evicted Tenants Bill was painfully notable.

THE HARDEST CASE OF ALL. Of all Irish members this spell of comparative silence is most remarkable in Mr. Sexton. For some years he did his best to spoil his own reputation. With the Irish question in all its phases at his finger-ends, a keen debater, a felicitous phrase-maker, capable on occasion of rising to heights of genuine eloquence, he swamped himself and his audience in floods of immeasurable verbosity. Under the new condition of affairs, pledged not to assist the Opposition in the design he and his friends alleged against them of

indefinitely postponing Home Rule by talking against time, he, above all men, was bound to circumscribe the number and the length of his speeches. The undesigned consequence has been most beneficial. Of late, his contributions to debate, rare in number and condensed in bulk, have been listened to with pleasure and approval by crowded Houses. To influence votes in the House of Commons by speech-making has long been recognised as beyond the range of custom, if not of possibility. Mr. Sexton's speeches, in his later and better manner, if they have not achieved the impossible, have not infrequently at least influenced the course of debate.



VOWS OF SILENCE.

An Ocean Graveyard.

A MYSTERY OF THE ATLANTIC.

By J. LAURENCE HORNIBROOK.



WE never knew his real name. Everyone called him Captain George; and Captain George he remained, from the first day he entered Landport Harbour, until the night I parted from him in Plymouth Sound, about four years later. His arrival at Landport was announced in the *Northern Post and Shipping Gazette* in this manner:—

Landport, Sunday —Steam yacht *Wanderer* arrived from Stockton, with machinery damaged. Owner, Captain George.

What was he like? Well, if you had put the question to the gentry of the place, some

was looked upon as a bold, gallant sailor, who loved the sea and everything connected with it—a man we all admired and looked up to.

He frequently put into Landport after that—at odd times, summer and winter—but came round regularly every June. He never made friends in the place, and few acquaintances. People still held pretty much the same opinion concerning him. On different occasions, as he passed along by the sea-wall, I have seen more than one lovely head turned to take a sly look at his tall figure, and heard the whisper:—

“There’s that strange man, Captain George. Isn’t he handsome?”



“ISN'T HE HANDSOME?”

would have answered it with a shrug of the shoulders, as much as to say they couldn't well make him out; others would have told you he seemed a haughty, reserved, stand-off sort of man. If you had asked any of the young ladies, you would very likely have heard that he was “charming,” but that they believed him to be a pirate chief in disguise, or some nonsense of that kind. Among us divers he

Towards the end of August I was engaged with two other divers to remove cargo from the steamer *Magellan*, which had run on an outlying reef about twenty miles down the coast. The surveyor of the Landport Salvage Association, Captain Lorton, was in charge of the wreck, and had orders to make a push to get her cleared out while the weather held fine. We put up at a neighbouring village, a

place called St. Nevin, a pretty little spot hidden away at the top of a small, land-locked bay.

On the third morning it was blowing rather fresh. While I was waiting in the little parlour of the "Mariner's Rest"—the only thing in the shape of an hotel of which St. Nevin could boast—Captain Lorton came in. He went up to the barometer on the wall, tapped it, and said :—

"Glass falling : this breeze will freshen during the day, and most likely run up to a gale before night. If it does, there won't be much of the *Magellan* left by morning, Lawrence's son. At any rate, it would be too risky to venture out with the wind rising in this way."

About twelve o'clock I noticed a considerable stir amongst the fishermen on the beach. Looking seaward, I saw a large steam yacht entering the bay. I recognised her at once. It was the *Wanderer*.

Captain George came on shore during the afternoon, and looked in to the "Mariner's Rest." It seemed he had heard of the wreck, and was anxious to visit the scene of the disaster.

"It's blowing hard outside," he said, "and very thick, too. I saw the fishing boats running in for Widmouth this morning, a sure sign of dirty weather at sea. We're in for a stiff sou'-wester, I fancy, and I shouldn't be surprised if it brought down the rain before evening."

He was right. As the wind increased, a thick mist crept up from the sea, and presently a sudden squall drove a torrent of rain against the window. There were just six of us present : myself, the two other divers, Moxly and Williams, Captain Lorton, Captain George, and a Captain Linklater, a retired master mariner, who lived in St. Nevin.

We had a cosy fire in the room, for the weather was unusually cold, and sat round it spinning yarns. The heat inside and the cold without had dulled the glass of the window, so that it almost looked as if it had been muffed. We could hear the crash of the billows on the beach below, followed by a deep rumble, like distant thunder, as the backward rush of the water tore the loose shingle from the beach.

"It's well you won't be at sea to-night, Captain George," I remarked, in a pause of the conversation.

"I'm half sorry to miss it," he returned, getting up and approaching the window. He cleared a space on the glass, and stood

looking out over the bay. "There's nothing I like better than driving full speed through a gale," he went on, "provided I have a good sea-boat under me, and no fear of a dangerous coast lying under my lee."

"Aye, the're worse dangers at sea than storms," put in Captain Linklater.

"I'm inclined to agree with you there," said Captain Lorton. "When I had command of a North Atlantic boat, I'd rather have faced a three-day gale than be walled up for ten hours in a fog. A gale of wind is a straightforward, honest kind of thing ; you can see at a glance how matters stand, and know where the danger lies. But Heaven defend me from a fog ! I always felt like a child out in a strange place on a dark night, groping my way along, and never knowing at what moment I might bump up against some obstruction."

"The're worse dangers than fogs," returned the old captain, blinking his eyes at the fire, and smoking very hard.

"Icebergs ?"

"Worse still."

"Derelicts ?"

"Worse."

"What, then ?"

"Rocks."

"Rocks !" exclaimed the surveyor. "Why, you have them plainly marked on your chart, and know exactly where to expect them."

"Aye, but when they are *not* marked on your chart, and you come across them where you *don't* expect them !" the other replied, in a rather mysterious manner.

I noticed that Captain George had turned from the window, and was listening attentively to the conversation.

"I should like to know where such a rock exists !" said Captain Lorton, in a way that showed plainly he had very little faith in anything of the kind.

"Well, I'll tell you," returned the old skipper, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and laying it on the mantelshelf. "It exists in the broad Atlantic—out in mid-ocean—somewhere between the Azores and the coast of Nova Scotia."

"A pretty wide range that," remarked Captain Lorton.

"Yes ; but a dangerous one."

Linklater stood up, turned his back to the fire, and seemed striving to recall some half-forgotten facts. Every eye was fixed upon his weather-beaten face ; we saw he had a strange story to tell.

"It is a well-known fact," he began, "that every year three or four vessels—sometimes



"HE HAD A STRANGE STORY TO TELL."

more—disappear in the Atlantic, and their fate has always remained a mystery. As far back as 1841, the *President* sailed from New York for Liverpool, in charge of one of the most skilful navigators of the day, Captain Roberts, the man who commanded the *Sirius*, the first steamer that crossed the Atlantic. She foundered in mid-ocean with all hands. In 1846 the *Savannah*, an American sailing ship, left New Orleans for Bristol. She was sighted off the Bahamas, but from that day to this nothing more was heard of her. In 1850 the *Southern Cross* disappeared in the same manner. A few years later an emigrant steamer—the *Nomad*, I think—went down with 800 souls, and the cause of the disaster was never known. Between 1860 and 1870 no fewer than eighteen vessels disappeared in the same mysterious way. Coming down to a later date, we have the *Crusader*—the old *Crusader*, I mean—the *Cleptic*, the *White Slave*, the *Ontario*, an American liner, and a host of others. In 1890 we have the *Erin*, of the National line; the Italian barque, *Silvio*, which sailed from Holyhead in January of that year, and was subsequently spoken in the North Atlantic;

the *Thanemore*, a British steamer; and the *Roman Empire*, a splendid iron ship, which was passed on the 11th June by a homeward-bound vessel, and reported 'All well.' But, perhaps, the strangest case of all was that of the German ship, the *Maria Rickmers*, about which there has been so much talk lately in the shipping world."

"I remember hearing of her," said Captain Lorton. "She was a five-masted barque, I think, and said to be the largest sailing ship afloat."

"Well, this magnificent vessel, fully manned, and in charge of experienced officers, sailed from Saigon for Bremen on the 15th July, 1892. It was only her second voyage, mind you. She was sighted in the Atlantic, about 300 miles west of the Azores, and the total disappearance of such a ship, in comparatively fine weather, is one of the most remarkable of these ocean mysteries. From all those vessels, not one soul escaped to tell of the disaster, and save in one or two instances, not even a boat or life-buoy belonging to them was picked up. How did they disappear? You will say they foundered in a

gale; possibly some of them might have done so, but not all. How do you account for the fact that dozens of other vessels crossed the Atlantic in safety at the very same time, often without encountering unusually bad weather?"

"It seems strange, certainly," remarked Moxly.

"It just comes to this," continued the skipper, in a rather excited way, for he was now thoroughly warmed into the subject; "it just comes to this: an unknown danger lay in the path of those vessels—or some of them, at any rate; they came upon it suddenly, perhaps in the dead of night, when they were least prepared, and the result was an appalling disaster."

"But I don't see how all this proves the existence of a mid-Atlantic rock," said Captain Lorton.

"Wait a minute, I'm coming to that presently," replied Linklater. "In '76 I was bound from Pensacola, in Florida, to Falmouth, with a cargo of grain. My vessel, the barque *St. Kilda*, of Sunderland—afterwards wrecked, you may remember, off Cape Hatteras—was not what you might call a clipper, though a good, safe boat in a heavy sea. Her qualities were well tested on that voyage, at any rate; we came in for one of the stiffest gales I ever encountered in the Atlantic. After trying to hold her on her course for some hours, I had to give it up as a bad job, and let her drive. We ran away before the wind for the best part of two days, in a nor'-westerly direction.

"When the gale slackened a bit I got the vessel round, and commenced to beat back to our former course. It was still blowing fresh enough, the sea running high, and the clouds showing signs of more wind, so we had to be sparing with our canvas. One night, just as I was about to go below and turn in, the man in the bows suddenly sang out:—

"'Breakers ahead!'

"My first impression was that the fellow had got hold of a rum cask, and had been imbibing pretty freely. I took no notice of the warning, but as I stood there the man turned and shouted, in more startling tones:—

"'Breakers ahead, sir!'

"Now, if he had said, 'The sea-serpent ahead,' or 'A mermaid ahead,' I mightn't have been so surprised, but 'Breakers ahead'—in mid-ocean, mind you—fairly took my breath away. I rushed forward. As I stood in the bows, peering out over the tossing waters, I could distinctly hear the roar of breakers somewhere in front.

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"The moon was showing out through the broken clouds, and just then I caught sight of a dark spot straight ahead, round which the water swirled and tossed. I had barely time to halloo out 'Hard a-port!' to the helmsman, in order to clear it. Without any mistake it was a rock; I could see its black top appear for a second or two, and then it was covered in a cloud of foam. Sometimes a big wave swept right over it, but generally they smashed with a roar that I can tell you would have struck terror to your heart."

A dead silence followed this extraordinary story. It had been told in such a way as to convince us there was something in it; even Captain Lorton appeared to ponder over the facts. After a long pause, Moxly said:—

"I remember once hearing an old Scotch skipper from Dundee tell pretty much the same story."

It was plainly to be seen that Linklater's strange yarn had made a deep impression upon every man present. After that last remark, no one spoke. Perhaps if it had been told under different circumstances, it might not have taken such a hold upon us; but, somehow, the pounding of the billows on the beach, the rumble of shingle, and the furious gusts of wind that sent the rain dashing against the window, seemed to deepen the effect.

"What do you think of all this, Captain George?" I said, at length, turning towards him.

"I think Captain Linklater is right," he answered.

"You believe in this mysterious rock, then?"

"I have seen it."

"Well, if that Scotch skipper could be found, three of us could bear witness to the fact, at any rate," remarked Linklater.

"It may be as you say, of course," said Captain Lorton, doubtfully. "But how is it, if such a rock really exists, it has remained so long unknown?"

"I have my own theory as to that," replied Captain George.

"Would you mind giving us the benefit of it?"

"My belief is this: that rock appears and disappears at intervals."

"Impossible!"

"Why so? How can you or I tell what goes on in the bed of the ocean? It is a sealed book to us. We are told there are hills and valleys there, just the same as on land. How do we know what forces are at work in those submarine tracts? In South

America, and other parts, an earthquake will change the whole face of a district in half an hour. If such an alteration can take place on land, who dare venture to say it cannot occur at the bottom of the sea?"

"I should be slow to believe it," said the surveyor.

"Look at the Pacific," continued Captain George, who appeared strangely interested in this question. "There you will find that not only a rock, but a whole island, will come to the surface in a single week. If you go to look for it a month later, most likely it will have vanished. What is to prevent a thing of this kind happening nearer home? Why, only the other day the hull of a brig, which had been burnt at sea fifty years ago, was thrown up off the Faroe Islands, and towed into Galveston Harbour. How do you account for that?"

The question led to a pretty lively discussion, and it was eight o'clock before the party broke up. By that time the rain had ceased, and the wind was dying down. Captain George asked for a lantern to signal the *Wanderer* to send a boat on shore.

"Come on board with me, Lawrence-son," he said, as he was leaving. "I want to have a chat with you about this matter we have just been discussing."

When we reached the wet, slippery deck of the yacht, he led the way into the saloon, turned up the lamps, and pointed to a chair near the table. I sat down. He folded his arms, and walked backwards and forwards with a gloomy look.

"A snug cabin this, Captain George," I said, glancing around.

"Rather too large for my taste," he replied; "but one requires a roomy boat when their home is on the sea. It is strange, Lawrence-son, what disappointment will do for a man; it drives some to drink, some to a monastery, and some to an asylum. It has driven me to the sea."

I didn't exactly know what to say, for I had never seen him in one of these dark moods before, and thought it best to remain silent.

"Well," he said, presently, brightening up a bit, "I didn't bring you off here to listen to my growling. About this rock. You heard what Linklater had to say; though,

perhaps, you may think he was mistaken. He was not. I can give you pretty fair evidence of its existence."

He went to a sort of writing-table at the head of the saloon, unlocked one of the drawers, and took out a piece of torn, discoloured paper.

"Read this," he said, laying it on the table before me. "You can take it on shore if you like, and show it to your surveyor. I think it will convince him."



"READ THIS!"

The writing was blotched and blurred, as if the paper had been under water a considerable time. Nevertheless, I had little difficulty in making it out. I have that scrap of paper still; I keep it with a few other curious relics of the sea. Here it is:—

"'Nevada' struck unknown rock in mid-ocean. God have mercy upon us! We are all lost.—H. B. West, Elmira, U.S."

"A strange message," said Captain George, "and it came into my hands in a very singular way. Some years ago I was cruising off the west coast of Ireland. One morning we put out a trawl, and in making a haul we captured an enormous codfish.

When the cook opened it, he found in the maw a silver match-box, a plain gold ring, and a small case of cedar-wood. That case, which bore the initials 'H. B. W.,' contained this scrap of paper. Though the water had soaked into it, I fancy it must have been floating when the greedy fish got hold of it. I infer this from the fact that there was an inch or so of string hanging from the case, as if it had been originally attached to a bottle, a piece of cork, or something of that kind."

"The *Nevada*!" I said, repeating the name. "I fancy I remember hearing of that vessel."

"Very likely," he replied. "She was an Atlantic boat, running between Boston and London. If I'm not mistaken, she was lost in '78; another of those ocean mysteries, you see, for her fate is still a matter of mere conjecture in the shipping world."

"I suppose you endeavoured to trace the friends or relatives of this Mr. West?—for it looks like a man's handwriting."

"Not I. What good would it have done? His friends or relatives, if he had any, had long ago given him up for lost; why should I open an old wound?"

"But, at any rate, you communicated with the owners of the vessel?"

"I did nothing of the kind. I should only have brought their representative down upon me; probably he would have followed me from port to port, and I had no fancy to be pestered in that way. Very possibly a newspaper man would have been set on my track, and I couldn't have given *him* the slip so easily. If he failed to find me in port, he would have started off in chase of the *Wanderer*, and tried to interview me on the high seas—as one of them did, you remember, in the case of Captain Morrell, of the *Missouri*."

"So you kept this information entirely to yourself?"

"I made good use of it. I went and searched for that rock; and I found it."

"Where does it lie?"

"You shall see for yourself; that is, if you agree to a proposition I have to make. When I discovered the position of the rock I determined, some day or other, to make a careful survey of the spot on my own account, by sending down a diver to examine its formation. The conversation this afternoon has revived my—well, whim, fad, or whatever you like to call it. I am ready to set out on the expedition whenever I can find a diver bold enough—"

"I'm your man, Captain George!" I exclaimed.

"Good: I couldn't ask for better. I think you will find it as profitable employment as staying at home and taking your chance of wrecks. This is not exactly the best time of year for the enterprise, but no matter! It will take a week or so to get the *Wanderer* properly fitted out, and ship sufficient stores. Can you be ready within ten days?"

I told him I had no other work in view once we had finished with the *Magellan*, and, after that day's storm, I fully expected she would give us little further trouble.

"I will drop into Landport at the end of next week," he said. "Meanwhile, keep this project to yourself; I don't want it talked about, or to have any fuss made in the newspapers."

He accompanied me on deck, the boat was hauled up alongside, and I returned to the shore. When I awoke next morning, and looked out over the bay, the *Wanderer* was gone.

On the 17th of September we commenced our remarkable voyage. I felt somewhat depressed, I don't know why, at leaving home on that occasion. There was something attractive in the idea of solving this great Atlantic mystery, which, if it really existed, must have caused untold disasters. Still, I was not altogether carried away by Captain George's views, and entertained considerable doubt as to our success. But upon one point I had fully made up my mind: if the rock was there, my first duty on returning to England would be to make the fact known far and wide, so that the fatal spot might be marked on the charts of every nation.

We put into Queenstown on our way out, to get a full supply of water, and I had an opportunity of admiring the extent of this magnificent harbour, which I now saw for the first time.

We were soon at sea again, and steered west-sou'-west for several days. We sighted some of the big Atlantic liners in the distance. One evening a huge Cunarder passed within a mile or so of us, her funnels belching out columns of smoke that trailed away far behind.

"Making a rush with the mails," Captain George remarked, as we watched her.

That night, before turning in, we saw the lights of another steamer on our starboard bow, and waited on deck to get a view of her as she passed. When she came up abreast of the yacht, and I gazed at the long, dark outline of her hull, studded with rows of electric lights, I could scarcely bring myself to believe it was a ship. It looked more like a small

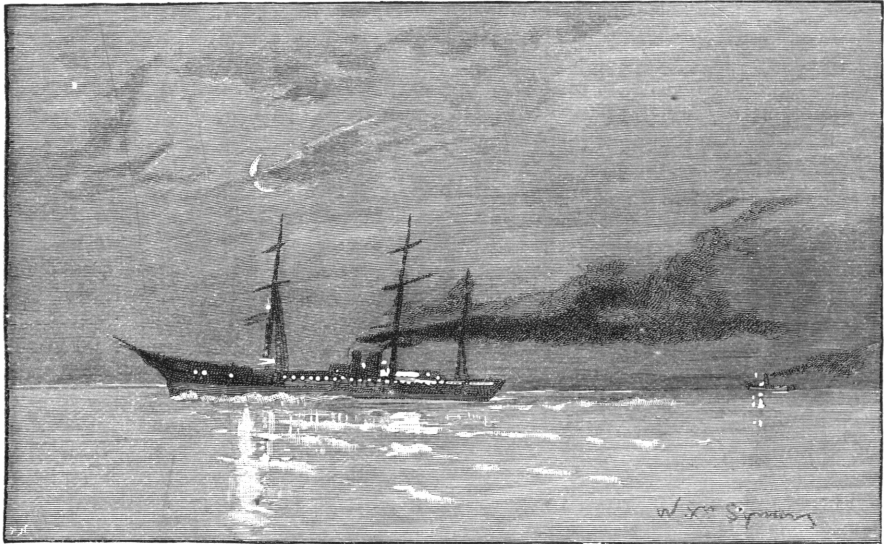
seaport when seen from the water on a clear night. She was going ahead at tremendous speed — probably between twenty-one and twenty-two knots an hour.

"A race!" said Captain George. "Depend upon it, she is trying to overhual the Cunarder."

Next day it was blowing rather fresh, and

down. Captain George stood on the bridge, and for upwards of an hour he took entire charge of the vessel, altering the course from time to time. Then he gave the signal to stop.

The men in the bows were ready with the anchor, and presently I heard it splash into the water. We were provided with a special



"A RACE!"

we had a choppy sea. It struck me as strange that, up to the present, Captain George had made no direct reference to the object of our voyage. That morning, however, after breakfast, he said to me:—

"We must take our bearings at noon, Lawrenceson, or we may overshoot the mark."

We did so, and when we had picked out our position on the chart, the course was altered to sou'-sou'-west. This brought us more out of the track of Atlantic steamers, though we still sighted a number of sailing ships. I noticed that Captain George kept a close eye on the chart during the next few days.

One morning, when he had made the usual daily reckoning, he came down into the saloon with a paper in his hand, upon which was marked the latitude and longitude.

"Get your diving-gear ready, Lawrenceson," he said. "You'll want it before long."

"Is the rock in sight?"

"No; nor likely to be. Probably it is submerged, as I believe is generally the case, though at what depth is another question. All the same, we are not far off it."

That evening the engines were slowed

down. Captain George stood on the bridge, and for upwards of an hour he took entire charge of the vessel, altering the course from time to time. Then he gave the signal to stop.

"To-morrow morning we will get the long-boat out, if the weather holds fine," he said. "You will have to proceed more to the south before you make your first descent."

I confess I did not sleep much that night. My mind was too full of the mystery of this ocean rock. Was the story true? Did the terrible spot really lie within reach of us? If so, what an appalling sight would meet my view when I stood beneath it, and gazed around at the havoc it had wrought! I felt I might be on the verge of some startling discovery.

I lay awake till long after midnight. Then I determined to get up and go on deck. As I passed Captain George's cabin, I could tell by his heavy breathing that he was sleeping soundly. I moved on, and stepped out into the cool night air.

How well I can recall the scene from the *Wanderer's* deck at that silent hour! The moon was on the wane; she was wading slowly through a mass of dark clouds, emerg-

ing occasionally to flood the ocean with her silver light. Not a sound was to be heard save the melancholy moan of the sea, or the splash of the water against the yacht's side. There was a man in the bows, but evidently the scene had little attraction for him. I could hear a faint "Heigh-ho!" now and then, apparently following a deep yawn, and saw him cast an occasional look at the moon as if to mark how the time was going. It was three o'clock before I returned to my berth.

In the morning I felt more like myself; perhaps I was too busy with my preparations to think much of anything else. Following Captain George's directions, we rowed away to the south, and when we got about half a mile from the yacht, I went down.

On reaching the bottom, I stood for a minute or two looking around me. Which direction should I take? I struck out to the right, and made a wide circle, but there was nothing unusual to be seen. The bed was hard—rising and dipping here and there, with loose rock lying about, and hardly any weeds. I paused again. I tried to remember in what direction the yacht lay, and moved, as I thought, away from her. I walked on and on, until it was time to ascend, and on getting to the surface found I had wandered east of the vessel.

"Try further south this afternoon," said Captain George, when I made my report. "By-the-way, what did those loose rocks look like?"

"Most of them were rough and jagged," I replied. "In some places they were thrown together in heaps, and in others only two or three were to be seen."

"Ah, I thought so! Don't despair, Lawrenceson, you're not far from the mark."

At three o'clock I made a second descent, a good deal further to the south. Soon after I touched the bottom, I found something that aroused my interest. It was an iron stanchion, evidently torn from a vessel which must have foundered close at hand. I went on, and then stood still.

What was it made me pause? I scarcely knew at first, but I had a sort of instinctive feeling that I was near some unseen danger. I moved on very cautiously, and halted a second time. With a strange sense of awe stealing over me, I became aware of a singular circumstance, for which I could not account. There was a slight but peculiar tremor in the water around me, much like the vibration in the air after a distant peal of thunder. Once

or twice, too, I fancied I felt a faint heaving in the ground under my feet.

It was some little time before I could bring myself to proceed. I walked first ahead, then to the left, then to the right, and back again towards the point from which I had started. I made no further discovery. Sometimes the tremulous motion in the water seemed to grow more distinct; frequently it died away until it was hardly perceptible. I was puzzled. I thought it better to go up, and see whether Captain George could give any explanation of this singular occurrence.

"You were within reach of the rock," he said, when he had heard what I had to tell. "The next time you go down, try and ascertain from what point that tremor proceeds. Follow in this direction; it will lead you to your goal."

The next morning I set out again. I was now thoroughly bent upon pushing on with the search, no matter what risks might lie in the way. I had placed a buoy over the spot where I had descended the previous day, and told the men to keep rowing slowly to the south while I was under water, for that was the direction I determined to take.

I still noticed that strange tremor I have described, but I soon grew accustomed to it, and walked boldly ahead. As I proceeded the disturbance increased, the ground seemed to sway under me; it was as if waves of motion were passing beneath my feet. Once or twice I felt half inclined to turn back; I was just a little bit—well, I remembered I had a wife and family depending upon me, and it looked like tempting Providence to proceed further. But I set my teeth hard, and pressed on.

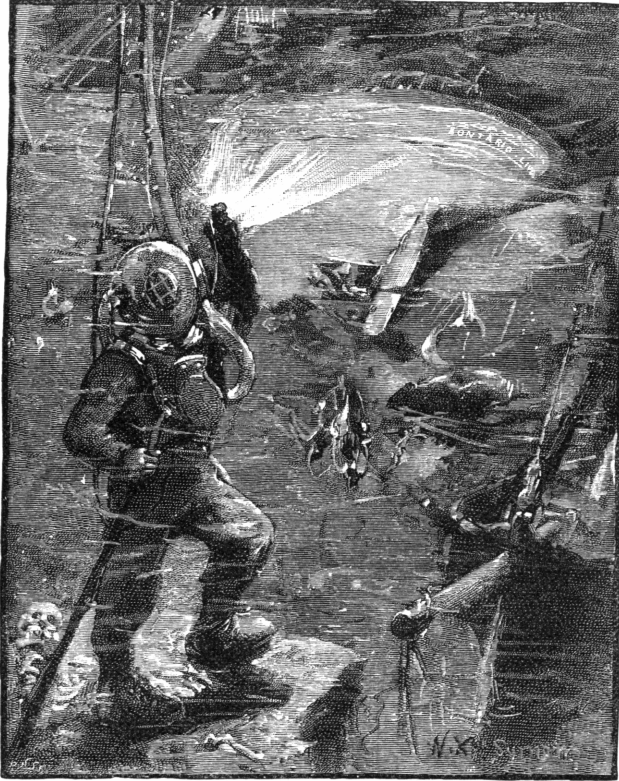
Presently, the ground began to shelve downwards. The commotion around me was now so great that at times I had some difficulty in keeping my feet. I was nearing the awful spot, then! I grew reckless. I cast aside every fear. If I succeeded in locating this rock, what an inestimable service I would render to mankind!

As I descended into a kind of hollow, I became aware of something like a dark wall rising before me. At first I thought it was the rock; but, no! it was long, low, and regular in outline. I approached it; then I gave a sort of gasp inside my helmet. Good heavens! it was a ship!

A big steamer, too! What a sight she presented, as she lay there on her side, rising and falling with the undulating motion of the ground! Her masts and funnels were gone, her decks torn up, and her bows battered in,

almost down to the foremast. Around her, the place was littered with wreckage, cargo of every description, and the bones of her gallant crew. What was her name? I groped my way round to the stern, held up my lamp, and read—"Ontario, Liverpool."

Scarcely had I left her, and moved further



"WHAT WAS HER NAME?"

along the hollow, than another hull appeared in sight. A sailing ship this time! After that, almost every step I took brought me in view of a sunken vessel. They lay scattered around in all directions, and in all positions; some mere shells, others just beginning to break up, and a few which showed they had been afloat within the last year or two. The battered bows of each told the same terrible story. Ships of every size—and almost of every nation, I suppose—were huddled together in this awful valley of death. Here stood the remains of an old three-decker, and by her side lay the skeleton of a small vessel, not much bigger than a schooner. I turned away; I had seen enough!

At the opposite side from which I had

approached, I noticed there was an upward tendency in the ground. I determined to proceed in that direction. After walking for a few minutes, the ascent grew steeper. I made slow progress, and was nearly hurled back into the hollow more than once. I went down, and tore an iron bar from one of the vessels. Armed with this, I renewed the attempt, and found it afforded me great assistance in the climb.

Steadying myself with the bar, and taking advantage of every piece of projecting rock which might aid my ascent, I crept up the steep slope. On I went, panting, and half-stifled, not daring to pause lest I should be swept away by the strong current which seemed to beat down upon me from above. At last I reached a sort of narrow platform, and stood there, with my bar thrust into a crevice. I looked up. Above me rose a great, towering, irregular mass of solid rock!

I scarcely remember how I got back to the boat, for I was feeling terribly exhausted, and my head was dizzy. When I reached the deck of the yacht, it was only to drop into the nearest seat. I must have looked scared and white, for Captain George hurried to my side.

"Whatever is the matter, Lawrenceson?" he said. "You look as if you had just escaped

from the jaws of some sea monster."

"I have escaped from the jaws of death itself!" I replied.

"You found the rock?"

"I did."

He turned hastily, and gave an order to one of his men, who darted away towards the saloon. Presently the man came running up with a glass and a bottle of brandy.

"Here, swallow off this," said Captain George, handing me a pretty stiff dram. "I can well imagine the sight was enough to give any man a bit of a shock."

After dinner he made me go through the whole story of my adventure that morning. He listened attentively, never interrupting me once.

"Just as I thought," he said, when I had finished.

He rose from his seat, and walked up and down in silence, as if pondering deeply over what he had just heard.

"Do you know, Lawrenceson," he said, suddenly, halting before me, "I would like to go down and have a look at the place myself!"

"Don't do it, Captain George," I replied, hastily.

"Why not? It is not often a man gets a chance of witnessing a sight like that. The risk, if there is any, does not deter me. I shall ask for the loan of your diving-dress this afternoon, and make the attempt."

I knew he was not the sort of man to be lightly turned from his purpose, so I had to give in. I told him he would have little difficulty in finding the spot, as the boatmen had stationed a buoy over it. I did not accompany him, for I was feeling a bit out of sorts, and lay down on a couch in the saloon. I was soon fast asleep.

An hour or two later I was aroused by a step on the cabin stairs. I looked up and saw Captain George entering the saloon. He went straight into his own cabin, without even glancing in my direction.

When he had changed the diving-dress for his ordinary yachting suit, he came out into the saloon and sat down.

"Well, Captain George, what did you think of it?" I asked.

"It might well be called 'The Graveyard of the Ocean,'" he replied, solemnly.

There was silence for a minute or two, then he said:—

"That three-decker must be the old *Redoubtable*, I fancy. She left Bermuda in the autumn of '63, and has long been returned as 'missing' at the Admiralty."

After another pause, I ventured to say:—

"Now that we have found the rock, what's to be done next?"

"Blow it up," he answered, gravely.

I looked at him in amazement.

"I have brought out a

quantity of tonite for this very purpose," he went on. "It is a rather powerful explosive, four times the strength of ordinary blasting powder, and equal to No. 1 dynamite. As the rock appears to be fissured, it will save us the trouble of boring. The cartridges must be incased in waterproof packing, or india-rubber bags. When you have laid the charges, we can retire to a distance, and explode them by means of an electric cable and battery. If we even succeed in splitting the rock, it would answer our purpose."

I entered heartily into the scheme, for my whole thoughts were bent upon getting rid of the danger. Though I might have to encounter some risk in placing the charges, it was a small matter compared to the advantages that would follow if we were successful. For several days I was busily engaged in inserting the powerful cartridges, and as I had some experience of this kind of work, I laid the charges so as to give the explosion the greatest effect possible.

At last the work was completed, the cable laid, and all in readiness for the final moment. It was a bright, sunny afternoon, I remember, not much like the general run of October



"THE OLD 'REDOUBTABLE.'"

days. I looked around the wide expanse of ocean. Not a sail was in sight.

The *Wanderer* had weighed anchor that morning, and had full steam up, ready to depart for home. Captain George stood on deck, with the battery before him. He was about to attach the ends of the cable.

"Now," he said, when it was done, "prepare to see the last of this mysterious rock!"

I kept my eyes fixed upon the spot where the buoy still marked the position of the rock. Suddenly a column of water rose into the air, and we heard a dull report as of distant thunder. But we were little prepared for the full result. Almost instantaneously with the first report—so quickly, in fact, as to appear part of it—came the roar of a mighty detonation that shook the yacht from stem to stern. A vast body of water was flung to a height of several hundred feet, and carried with it huge masses of rock, some of which fell thirty or forty yards away. It was a grand, but an appalling, sight! Never before had I witnessed such a mighty upheaval. The foundations of the sea seemed to have been torn up.

The commotion on the surrounding surface was so great that the *Wanderer* was lifted on an immense ridge of water, and carried away at such tremendous speed we had to hold on to the taffrail to keep ourselves from being dashed across the deck. When all was still again, Captain George turned to me, and said:—

"We didn't count on the pent-up forces which lay beneath that rock. The explosion of the tonite must have given them vent, and they finished the work more

completely than we ever could have done. I expect there is little left either of the rock itself or the vessels that lay around it. Well," he continued, gazing back towards the spot, from which the *Wanderer* was fast gliding away under full steam, "I owe little to mankind and, as yet, mankind has owed little to me. Henceforth, how-



"THE EXPLOSION."

ever, those who traverse this sea will, without knowing it, be debtors to me for their safety."

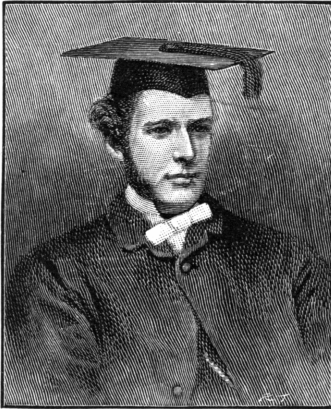
Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.

CANON DUCKWORTH.

BORN 1834.

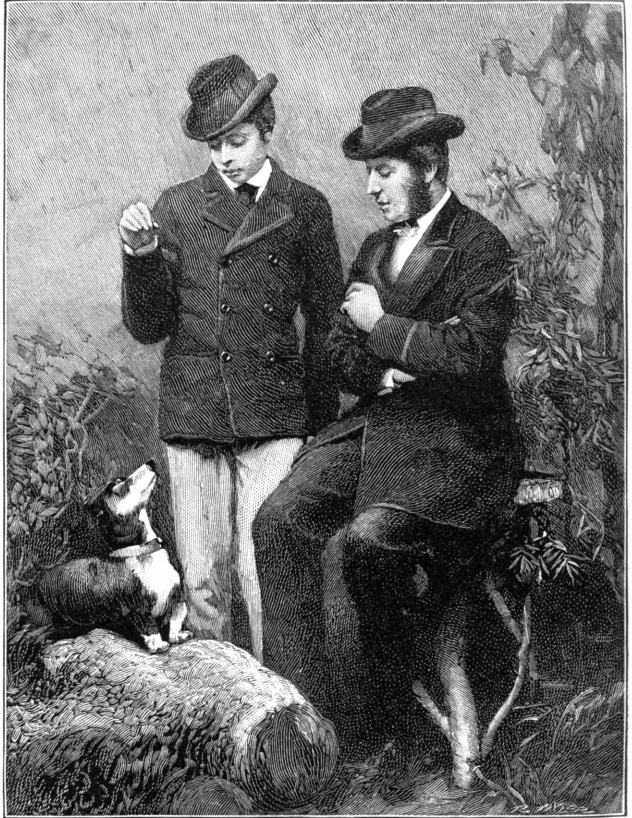


HE REV. CANON ROBINSON DUCKWORTH, D.D., is the second son of the late Robinson Duckworth, Esq., of Liverpool. He was born in 1834, elected to an open scholarship at University College, Oxford, in 1853, and graduated B.A. in first class classical honours in 1857; he was afterwards elected a Fellow of Trinity, and was Assistant Master at Marlborough College from 1858



AGE 25.

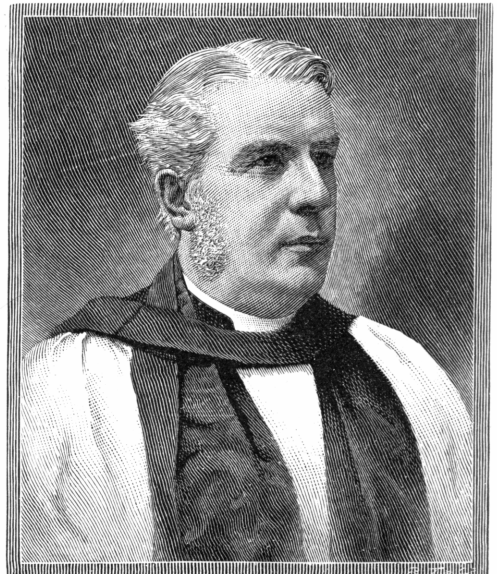
From a Photograph.



(THE LATE DUKE OF ALBANY.)

AGE 36.

*From a Photo.
by Hermann
Ernst, St.
John's Wood.*



PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. by Hermann Ernst, St. John's Wood.

to 1860, and Tutor of Trinity College from 1860 to 1866. In 1864 he was appointed Examining Chaplain to the late Bishop of Peterborough, and in 1866 was selected by Her Majesty as Instructor to His Royal Highness the late Prince Leopold. In 1867 he was appointed Governor to H.R.H., and held that post for three years. On his retirement in 1870 he was appointed Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen, and presented to the Crown living of St. Mark's, Hamilton Terrace, N.W. He was appointed a Canon of Westminster in succession to the late Rev. Charles Kingsley in March, 1875. In the same year he was appointed Honorary Chaplain to the Prince of Wales, and in that capacity accompanied His Royal Highness to India.



From a Photo. by]

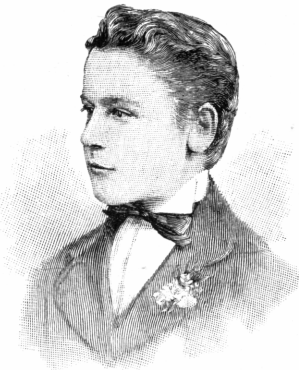
AGE 3. [Freeman Bros., Sydney.

MR. HADDON CHAMBERS.

BORN 1860.



R. HADDON CHAMBERS, one of our most promising dramatic writers, was born at Marrickville, in the neighbourhood of Sydney, New South Wales, and is the son of Mr. John Ritchie Chambers, who held a high position in the N.S.W. Civil Service. At the age of fifteen he passed the Civil Service Examination at the Sydney University, and entered the Civil Service. In 1880, Mr. Haddon Chambers paid his first visit to London, and very few years later the young aspirant found his literary work appreciated. His tales were generally of a dramatic turn,



AGE 13.

From a Photo. by David Scott, Sydney.

and not a few have seen the footlights. A two-act farce from his pen, "One of Them," was brought out at Margate. This was suc-

ceeded by "An Open Gate," and was followed by an adaptation of Mr. Rider Haggard's "Dawn," produced at the Vaudeville with success. Mr. Beerbohm Tree then suggested that the young dramatist should write a play for the Haymarket Theatre. Four months later "Captain Swift" was the result. This was the turning-point of Haddon Chambers's career. "Captain Swift" was produced, and



AGE 23.

From a Photo. by Leonard Blake, Bayswater.

met the public taste in a most remarkable manner. Then came "The Idler," at the St. James's, in 1891, and later "The Honourable Herbert," his latest successes being "The Fatal Card," produced at the Adelphi, and "John-a-Dreams," at the Haymarket.



From a Photo. by]

PRESENT DAY.

[Sarony, New York.



From a Photo. by AGE 2.
W. P. Glaishy, York.



AGE 31.
From a Photo. by
Martin and Swallow,
Strand.



From a Photo. by] AGE 22. [W. P. Glaishy, York.



AGE 13.

From a Photo. by
W. Hardman, York.

tion, and we regret that her other works are too numerous to be mentioned here. Since the publication of the two first-mentioned books she has become a familiar and favourite figure in literary and artistic circles.

MRS. ARTHUR STANNARD.

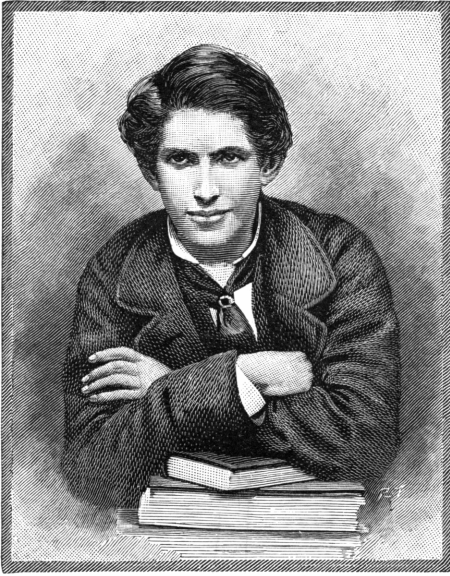
(JOHN STRANGE WINTER.)

MRS. ARTHUR STANNARD, better known as John Strange Winter, the popular authoress of "Bootle's Baby," began her public literary career in 1874, and was for some years after then a prolific contributor to periodical literature. Her first publication in volume form was "Cavalry Life," issued in 1881, and which has since become so well known. In 1885 two stories from her pen, entitled "Bootle's Baby" and "Houp-la," appeared in the *Graphic*, and attracted great atten-



PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. by Russell & Sons, Wimbledon.



AGE 17.

From a Photo. by H. W. Weyde, Regent Street.

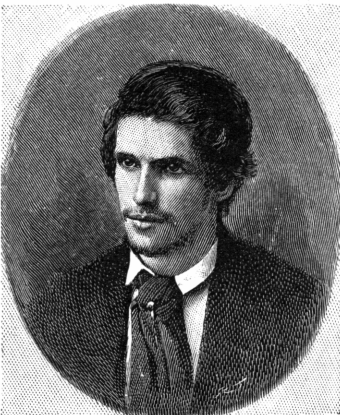
MR. JOSEPH HATTON.

BORN 1839.



R. JOSEPH HATTON is the eldest son of the late Francis Hatton, founder of the *Derbyshire Times*, for which his son began to write at an early age.

Mr. Hatton first came to London in 1868, to edit and reconstruct the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which he conducted for some years. For seven or eight years he was the special correspondent in Europe of the *New York Times*.



From a

AGE 22.

[Miniature.

Mr. Hatton is, however, better known as a novelist than as a journalist. His principal stories are "Clytie," "Cruel London," "Christopher Kenrick," "Three Recruits,"

"Queen of Bohemia," and "By Order of the Czar." The first-mentioned book enjoys an almost phenomenal popularity. Among his



AGE 34.

From a Photo. by J. O'Neil, Broadway, New York.

miscellaneous works are "Toole's Reminiscences," "Old Lamps and New," "Joseph Needham's Double," etc. He is also the author of several successful plays.



PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. by the Van der Weyde, Regent Street.



From a Photo. by] AGE 2. [T. Smith.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

BORN 1864.

HENRY PELHAM ARCHIBALD PELHAM CLINTON, 7th Duke of

Newcastle, who succeeded to the title at the age of fifteen, was educated at Eton and Magdalen College, Oxford, and married Kathleen, only daughter of Major Candy. He is an enthusiastic amateur photographer, a hobby which he took up about four years ago, is owner of the gorgeous gipsy-caravan, "The Bohemian," in which he recently made a photographic tour of Kent, Sussex, and Hampshire; and in 1893,

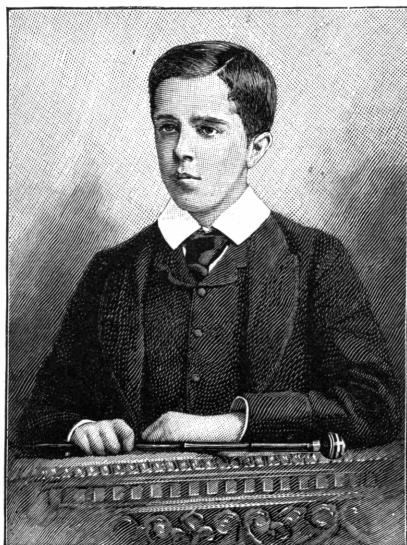


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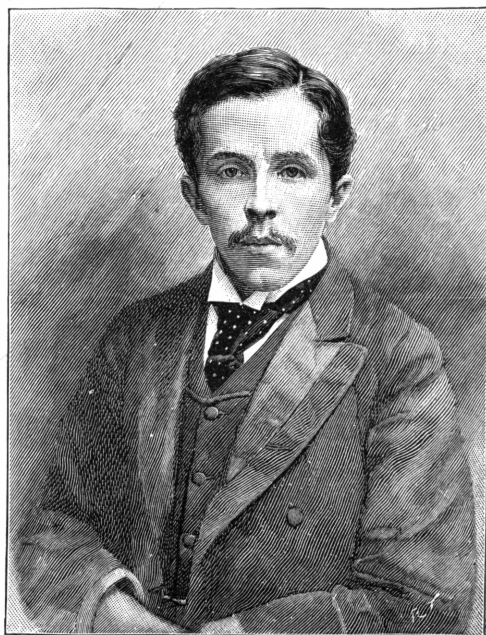


From a Photo. by, AGE 17. [Hills & Saunders.

accompanied by Mr. Gambier Bolton, he made a tour round the world, visiting America, Canada, the Sandwich Islands, Japan, Java, Malay Peninsula, Burmah, and India. He has recently been elected on the School Board for the City of London, and is interested in matters ecclesiastic and scholastic, and is a Vice-President of the English Church Union.



From a Photo. by] AGE 12. [W. & D. Downey.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [Russell & Sons.



From a Photo. by]

AGE 19.

[Hills & Saunders.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, M.P., P.C.

BORN 1849.



HE RIGHT HON. LORD RANDOLPH HENRY SPENCER CHURCHILL, whose serious illness at the time of writing calls forth universal sympathy, was educated at Merton College, Oxford. He represented Woodstock from February, 1874,



AGE 28.

From a Photo. by A. Bassano.

until April, 1880, and again from that time until November, 1885, and was afterwards returned for South Paddington. From 1880



From a Photo. by]

AGE 35.

[Elliott & Fry.

he made himself conspicuous in the House of Commons and on public platforms by the excellency of his speeches; during Lord Salisbury's Cabinet of 1885 he filled the post of Secretary of State for India. He was Lord Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons in 1886. Of recent years, owing to failure of health, he has taken little part in active politics.



From a Photo. by]

PRESENT DAY.

[A. Bassano.

Some Curiosities of Modern Photography.

II.

BY WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD.



INSTANTANEOUS photography has indeed given us many scientific curiosities. Deeming the ordinary animal and other photographs of this description too well known to need special mention, I pass to the decapitated mule which is here depicted (Fig. 1), and which certainly is one of the most extraordinary photographs ever taken. The mule

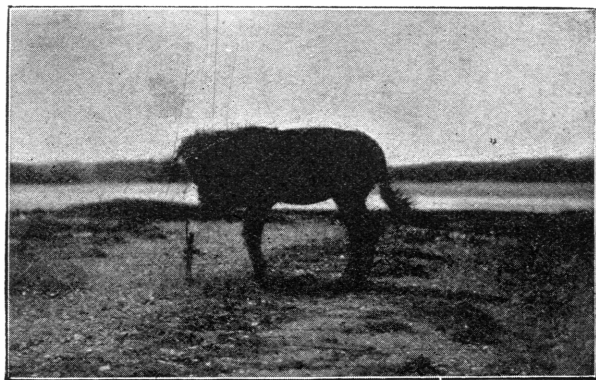


FIG. 1.—THE DECAPITATED MULE.

was an old and worthless one which was about to be destroyed; therefore it was decided to sacrifice the animal upon the altar of science, the high priest on this occasion being Mr. Van Sothen, photographer in charge at the United States School of Submarine Engineers, Willett's Point, New York.

The mule's head was to be blown off with dynamite, and the wires that conveyed the electric current to the cartridge round the animal's neck were also employed to produce a simultaneous action of a photographic shutter. As seen in the accompanying reproduction, the mule is just about to fall, and the rope by which it was tied to the stake has not had time to show the slightest movement.

For the amazing details of the photography of flying bullets and other projectiles, travelling possibly at a velo-

city exceeding 1,400 miles an hour, I am indebted to Professor C. V. Boys, F.R.S., of the Royal College of Science, South Kensington. Fig. 2 shows a bullet from a magazine rifle immediately after having left the muzzle.

Now, I have no desire to puzzle my readers with elaborate descriptions of Professor Boys' electrical apparatus; therefore, I will simply say that the photographs here given, resulting from the experiments, are only photographs of the *shadows* of the bullets.

A word concerning the electric spark used by this scientist is absolutely necessary. Not only did such sparks as were used by Lord Rayleigh and Professor Worthington last much too long, but a spark that was extinct within the $7\text{-}1,000,000$ th of a second was hardly suitable for bullet photography. Professor Boys first provided an electric spark whose duration was rather less than the $1\text{-}10,000,000$ th of a second; in other words, that duration bore the same proportion to a second that a second does to *four months*. While this spark lasts, a bullet from a magazine rifle, travelling at the rate of 3,000ft. in a second, cannot go more than $1\text{-}400$ th of an inch.

Professor Boys set up his apparatus in one of the passages of the college. The bullets were received in a box of tightly packed bran, five feet square, after having passed through an old packing case; and the spark was produced by the projectiles themselves severing some fine lead wires and thus completing the circuit. No camera entered into the experiment. Martini-Henry and Service rifles firing cordite ammunition were used; also a choke-bore sporting gun, and a rifle carrying an aluminium ball whose speed was 2,000 miles an hour.

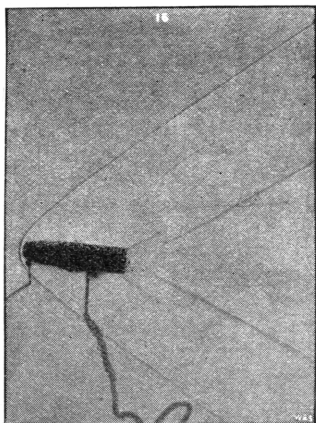


FIG. 2.—MAGAZINE RIFLE BULLET IN TRANSIT.

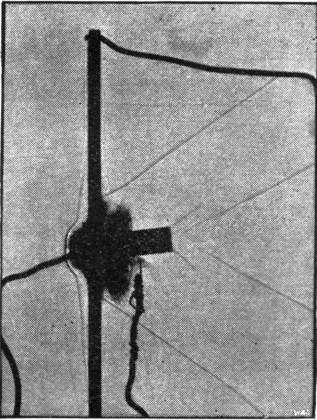


FIG. 3.—BULLET PENETRATING GLASS PLATE.

The air waves caused by the bullets are clearly defined; and in that photo. which shows a plate of glass being struck, one may see the splinters flying backwards (Fig. 3). As in the case of falling drops, Professor Boys took photographs of various stages of flight. In one picture is seen the magazine

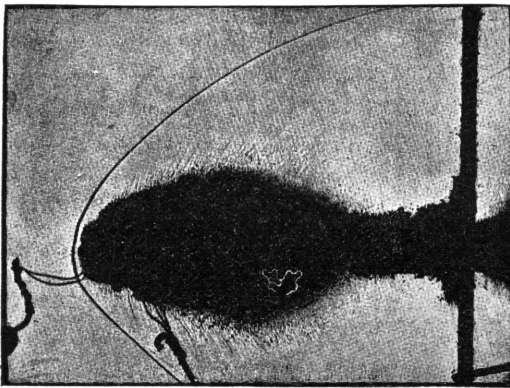


FIG. 4.—BULLET COATED WITH GLASS SPLINTERS.

bullet immediately after having passed through the glass; it is thickly coated with bristly particles (Fig. 4). A little later on we see it comparatively clear of glass splinters, but accompanied by the piece punched out on the first contact. This piece of glass has an air wave all to itself, and is evidently bent on accompanying its liberator (Fig. 5). A discharge from a shot gun is depicted in Fig. 6. The wad is seen behind the shower of bullets.

I may say that the photography of projectiles commenced shortly after the Crimean War, when experiments were conducted by the War Department at Woolwich Arsenal. That was in 1858. Wires were placed across the muzzle of a mortar throwing a thirty-six

inch shell (the "Palmerston Pacificator"), and a photograph of its flight was electrically obtained.

Submarine photographs of sponge-fishing in the Greek Archipelago have been taken

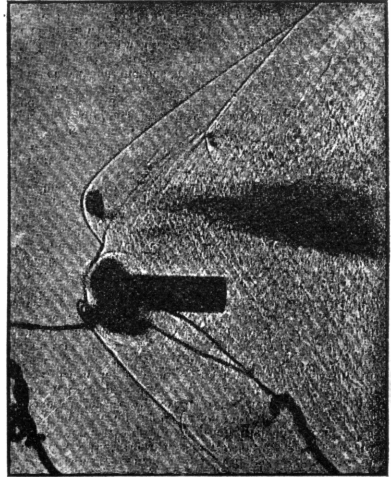


FIG. 5.—BULLET AND PIECE OF GLASS.

by a French *savant*. The accompanying reproduction (Fig. 7), illustrating this industry, was kindly lent me by Mr. W. A. Gorman, of the eminent firm of submarine engineers, Messrs. Siebe and Gorman. This curious view is said to be made up of two photographs, one taken above water and one below.

The beginning of photography in the bowels of the earth may be traced to Mr. Bretz, of the Kohinoor Colliery, Shenandoah, Pennsylvania. That clever engineer's apparatus consisted of a number of tin reflectors shaped to parabolic curves, which concentrated the light produced by from six to ten inches of ordinary magnesium ribbon.

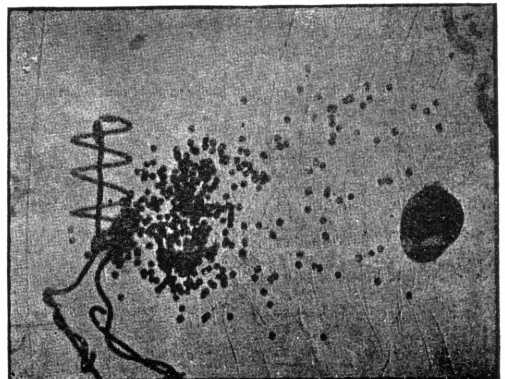


FIG. 6.—DISCHARGE FROM SHOT GUN, SHOWING WAD.

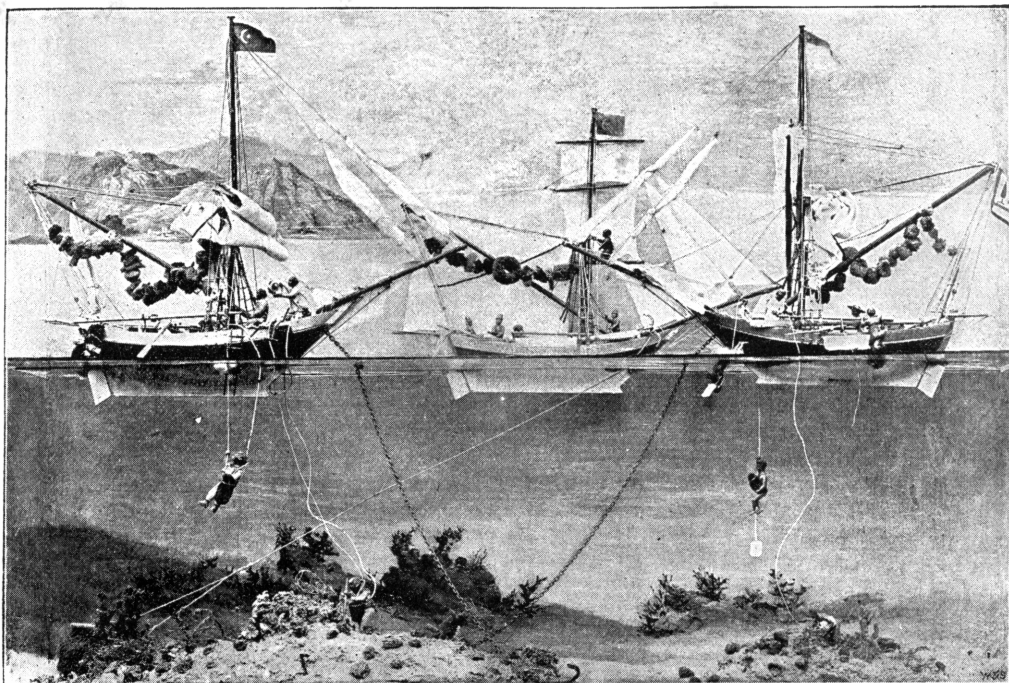


FIG. 7.—COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPHS.

Later on, an installation of electric light was placed in the mine, the five arc lamps having a nominal power of 2,000 candles each.

Although the light failed somewhat, out of seven exposures made, five negatives turned out well. An exposure of from eight to thirty minutes was allowed, and pyrogallic

acid and carbonate of potash were used for developing. Mr. Bretz, by the way, now uses an ordinary flash-lamp, and on a recent occasion, when he burnt eight or nine ounces of powder, he succeeded in obtaining a negative measuring 22in. by 18in. — the largest subterranean photograph ever taken.

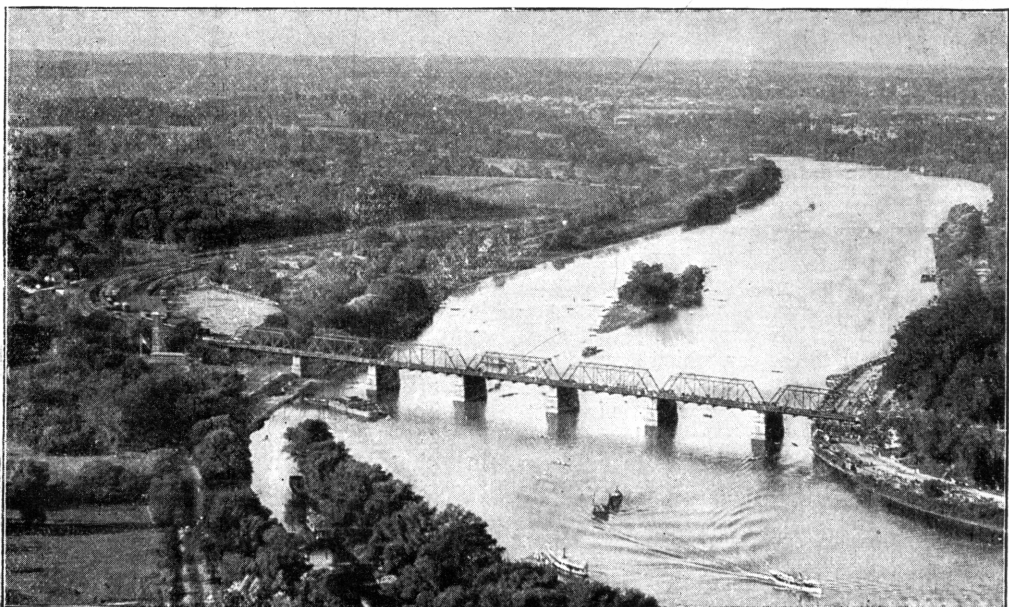


FIG. 8.—PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM A MILITARY BALLOON.



FIG. 9.—BALLOON PHOTOGRAPH—VIEW OF PHILADELPHIA, U.S., FROM AN ALTITUDE OF THREE MILES.

War balloons will no doubt figure largely in the coming European war, and as will be seen from the photographs reproduced here (Figs. 8 and 9), it is possible to obtain a complete map of the enemy's country in this way. Balloon photography, however, has its drawbacks. Captain Mantell, R.E., who turned aeronaut during the autumn manoeuvres at Aldershot, declares he had to tie his camera loosely to the car, which swayed and rocked violently.

While on the subject of war, it is interesting to note that photo-micrographic messages were in 1870 and 1871 conveyed to and from beleaguered Paris by means of pigeons. On a single film of collodion, weighing less than a grain, there were more than 3,000 despatches. Sixteen folio pages of printed matter, reduced to microscopic photographs, were secured to the tail feathers of one of these ornithological

messengers, each of whom could in this way carry a despatch of a million words if necessary. I reproduce here, by kind permission of M. Dagron of Paris, a facsimile of an original film containing photo-micrographic despatches sent from beleaguered Paris (Fig. 10).

The expert in foreign stamps has in photography a powerful ally. The searching eye of the camera brings out the crude lines of bogus varieties, and even when the micro-

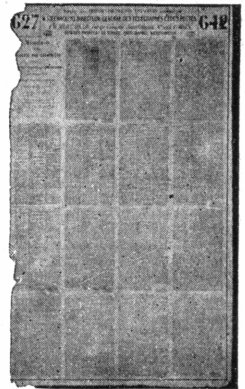


FIG. 10.—MICROSCOPIC MESSAGE CARRIED BY A PIGEON FROM PARIS DURING THE SIEGE.

scope itself fails to reveal a chemically obliterated post-mark, the ghostly strokes appeal to the sensitive plate.

Galton's finger-print method of identification, which has been grafted on to the

Academy of Annapolis, in Maryland. The principal instructor could not induce the students to remain still during gun practice; they would start violently and stop their ears. Therefore the chief officer took a number of instantaneous photos., showing the cadets in "undignified and unwarlike attitudes." These pictures were hung up in the academy, and the young men thenceforward forced themselves to keep still during gun fire, for very fear of the camera.

Heirlooms, wills, and fortifications are photographed; so are all alterations made by overseers of estates abroad owned by gentlemen residing in this country. Mr. Traill

Taylor possesses an orange grove of a hundred acres in Florida, and his foreman in that sunny State hardly cuts down a tree without showing the whole thing to his master in a photograph.

The camera is even called upon to decide the genus of prehistoric fauna. When the geologist discovers indistinct marks upon certain strata, and has reason to believe that such marks were made by animals of bygone ages, he takes a photograph of the spot, and on developing his plate he finds the lines brought out most clearly. Here, for example, is a section of a rock bearing the footprint of the cheirotherium, an extinct reptile (Fig. 13). This rock was found at Storeton, in Cheshire.

Contemning the photo-maniac who causes photographs of himself, his wife, and his near relations to be reproduced on the family china, Mr. Traill Taylor tells an interesting



FIG. 11.—ENGRAVER'S HAND.

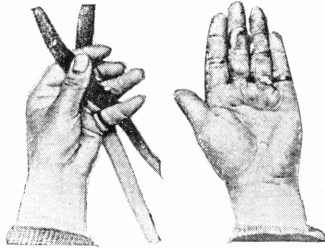


FIG. 12.—COACHMAN'S HAND.

Bertillon system for use in our police departments, has proved its efficacy in a rather curious way in America. A packet of paper money was tampered with in transit between New York and New Orleans, two seals having been broken open and the notes extracted; one seal was afterwards re-fastened by thumb pressure.

The expert who examined the package had thumb impressions taken of all the Express Company's *employés* on that route. The impressions were then magnified by photography, compared with the seal mark, and the delinquent easily discovered.

Enlarged photographs of merchants' books that have been passed by accountants have been exhibited in court, and the breaking-up of the paper fibre caused by fraudulent erasure has been clearly shown.

The reproductions shown here illustrate the system of photographing the hands of suspected criminals, for the purpose of identification. Fig. 11 depicts the hand of an engraver, and Fig. 12 that of a coachman. The hands of the latter distinctly show the corns caused by the reins.

A curious use was found for photography at the Naval



FIG. 13.—PREHISTORIC FOOTPRINT REVEALED BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

story of the wonders of applied photography. An English gentleman had a big apple-tree, of which he was inordinately fond, trained against his garden wall. Fearful of pruning it himself, however, he took a sharp photo., and sent it to an expert gardener at Hyères—it might have been Timbuctoo. In due course the photo. was returned, showing certain pencil marks through numerous branches. These the gentleman had lopped off by a "handy man," while he himself directed operations, photograph in hand.

In many Continental cities where passports are required, the holder's photograph is impressed upon the document; and at Tacoma, in Washington, electors are photographed as they record their votes.

It may interest my lady readers to know that famous costumiers seldom place in the window their choicest confections in costume, or the last "sweet thing" in bonnets, lest perhaps the pirate pattern-seeker should come along with his or her (generally her) kodak. Then, again, patterns of costly lace have been photographically stolen without a camera at all, but simply by means of a sheet of paper rendered sensitive with bichromate of potash or nitrate of silver, and then dried. A sheet of glass completes the apparatus.

Here is a curious photograph taken by Mr. Hepworth with a vertical camera (Fig. 14). It illustrates an equally curious industry carried on by the wily Chinese at the expense of the guileless "foreign devil." Living pearl mussels are taken from the Chinese rivers; little balls of wax or leaden gods are introduced into the shells, and then the mussels are returned to their native element. In due time the pellets and figures become coated with pearl; the latter are sold at a huge profit, while the former are palmed off upon unsuspecting Europeans as real pearls of great size and faultless shape. The illustration shows shells filled with "pearls" and the little figures of the god Buddha.

That eminent photo-micrographer, Mr.

Andrew Pringle, of Bexley, and his brother, Mr. R. Hunter Pringle, were recently employed in an interesting manner by the Royal Commission on Agricultural Depression. These gentlemen toured through the Maldon Division of Essex, taking photographs of land and farms that had gone out of cultivation. They returned with quite a host of pictures showing thistles growing in fields, and ruined farmhouses, which appealed to the Commission far more powerfully than the most eloquent speech would have done.

The camera, as everyone knows, is one of the most indispensable articles in a war correspondent's outfit; and as the battlefield of the future will be comparatively smokeless, the correspondent will be enabled to make still greater use of photography. Mr. Melton Prior states that he can make a sketch in less time than he can take a photograph; yet the last time he was "on the war-path," Mr. Prior carried three cameras in his saddle-bags.

By the way, if the records of the photography of the dead are not cheerful, they abound in interesting detail and even comic incident. About five years ago a well-known Oxford Street photographer was sent for to photograph a woman in her coffin. When

the picture was developed, one finger was found to be out of focus. "Now," argued the photographer, "if the body had slipped, the whole would be out of focus; therefore I conclude that only the finger moved." He drove back in a cab with a doctor, and it was then found that the woman was not really dead, but merely in a sort of a trance. This is a fact.

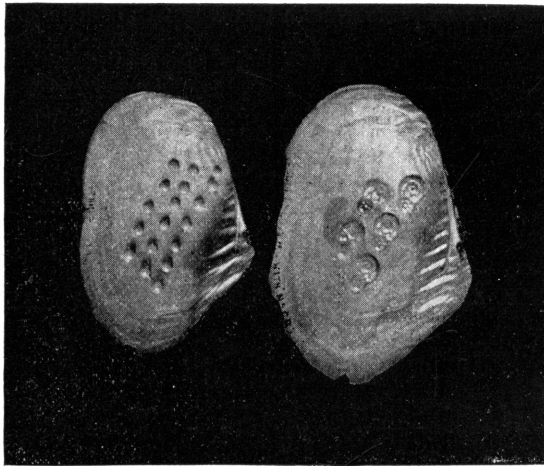


FIG. 14.—HOW THE CHINESE MANUFACTURE PEARLS.

The vagaries of the camera, too, are distinctly amusing. Mr. F. P. Cembrano, of the Royal Photographic Society, shows a photo. of a tiny burn, or brooklet, in Scotland, on the banks of which is an equally small village. Yet up this little rill of water is steaming a colossal ironclad of the *Royal Sovereign* class, with all her mighty guns and fighting towers, and thousands of tons dis-

placement. Another whimsical photo. depicted a castle in Edinburgh, out of the topmost windows of which a number of sheep were placidly gazing.

The photograph reproduced in Fig. 15 simply demonstrates that photography can,

been held very close to the lens. The rule, of course, was taken some distance away.

One of my authorities was once engaged by both sides in a law case. A company, whom I will call the City Lands Improvement Company, wanted to abolish a certain court leading from Lombard Street to King William Street, and were willing to establish in its stead a passage through one of their own buildings. The company's plea was that the court was a dingy, not to say dirty, one, and furthermore, that it was haunted by loafers of questionable character.

Counsel for the other side, representing merchants having offices in the court, stoutly maintained that the passage was well lighted and eminently respectable. Photographs were handed in from both sides. The first photo. showed a narrow, disreputable-looking alley, strewn with rubbish and fallen hoarding; the other picture, however, showed the court in dispute to be a fairly broad, well-lighted City thoroughfare, frequented by merchants of thriving appearance. These photographs were taken for the House of Lords Committee, but the matter was amicably settled.

Here is another case: The Shuttle Machine Company vacated their premises in Cheapside, and another sewing-machine dealer moved in. In order to trade upon the established reputation of the company, the second tenant left the old name on the windows and over the

door, but added the word "Late" in very minute characters for his own protection.

The Shuttle Company waxed wroth, brought an action, and engaged a photographer to take a view of the offending shop-front from a tailor's window opposite. When this photograph was produced in court, it was handed to the presiding judge with a powerful glass, whereupon his lordship was able to perceive that what appeared to the eye to be a mere ornamental dash, was in reality the protecting word "Late." The photographer himself, by the way, was not aware of this. The aggrieved sewing-machine company secured an injunction.



FIG. 15.—"CURFEW SHALL NOT RING TO-NIGHT."

by a combination of negatives, be made to depict that which is *ipso facto* impossible. The beautiful story of the girl who in this way prevented the Curfew Bell from ringing in order to delay the moment of her lover's execution is too well known to bear narration in detail.

The amateur photographer who is also an angler is well aware that his camera will back him up when boasting of his piscatorial prowess. One photo. I saw represented a huge fish, the length of which appeared to equal that of a 2ft. rule, which was also shown. In reality the "take" was a little dace or carp; and while being photographed it had

In Fig. 16 we have depicted a submarine explosion on the occasion of the removal of a dangerous rock at Hellgate, New York. Our next reproduction (Fig. 17) shows a tremendous dynamite explosion during the destruction of an old dock wall at Newport, Monmouthshire.

The most interesting law case ever decided by photography was that intrusted to Mr. J. Traill Taylor. The facts were as follows: A collision occurred in New York Harbour between a White Star and a Cunard liner; and when the collision seemed imminent, an amateur photographer on board the latter vessel took a snap-shot of the approaching liner. Both companies put in claims for damages.

First of all, Mr. Taylor procured the dimensions of both steamers; the approximate speed of both at the time the photo. was taken; also the height of the masts. He then retired to a park at Crouch End, armed with compasses and measuring lines, and, subsequently, worked out a little mathematical problem, the vessels being represented by bricks.

After a trip to the Mersey to satisfy himself on a few minor points in the construction of a Cunarder, Mr. Taylor worked out his theory, based upon the fortuitous photograph, before the combined committees of both



FIG. 16.—A SUBMARINE EXPLOSION.

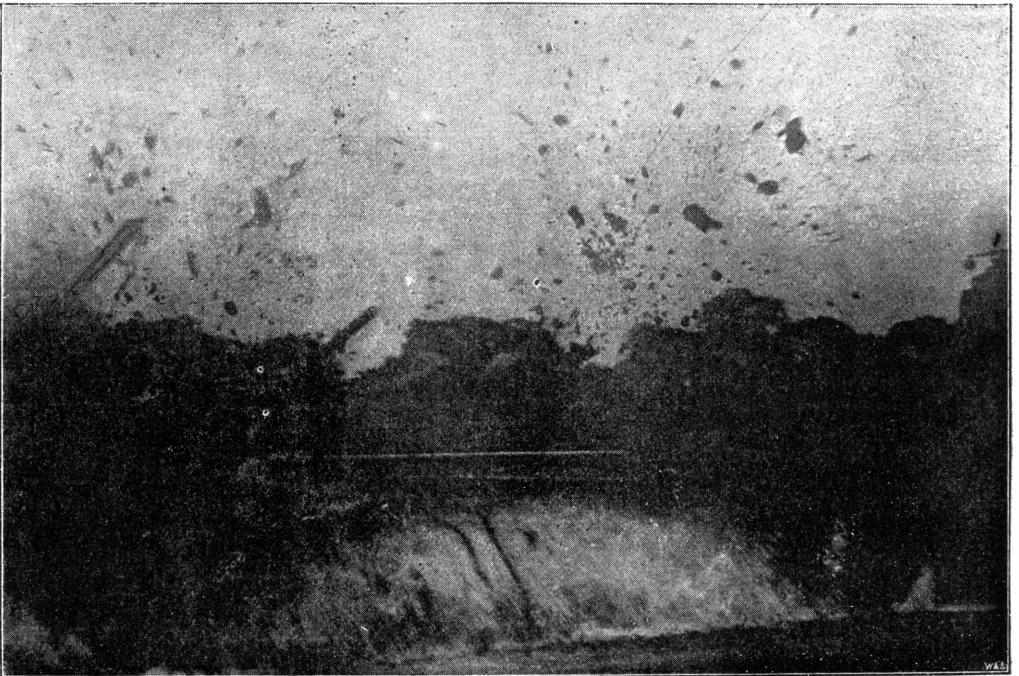


FIG. 17.—BLOWING UP DOCK WALL, NEWPORT, BY DYNAMITE.

companies, using books this time to represent the two vessels.

One of the most eminent architects in the kingdom once showed the accompanying photograph (Fig. 18) to a number of his colleagues. Had they ever seen such

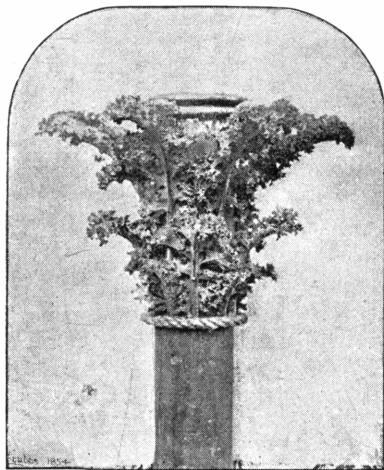


FIG. 18.—THE MYSTERIOUS CAPITAL.

an exquisitely carved capital? They had not; and they said so. Then arose disputes as to the precise nature of the architecture. Finally sundry big wagers were made, and then the architect gravely proceeded to explain the structure of the column

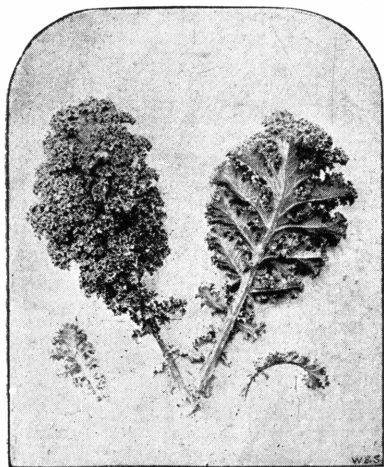


FIG. 19.—HOW THE CAPITAL WAS MADE.

and its capital. This he did by producing his Malacca walking-stick and a few sprigs of succulent brocoli, such as are seen in Fig. 19. Naturally enough, however, after many abstruse disquisitions on

mediæval architecture had been given on the subject of the mysterious pillar, this explanation of the photograph was received in silent disgust.

That photography has made many changes in the painter's art, few can deny. Had Landseer been a kodaker, the paws of his massive lions in Trafalgar Square would not have been so faulty as they are; nor, possibly, would the eyes of his horses and dogs have been so large. In a general way, an artist can tell when photography has entered too largely into the conception of a painting; for one thing, the perspective is somewhat distorted. However this may be, I am satisfied that "*Photography versus Art*" is a sore subject with those concerned. Lady Butler was, I believe, the first English artist to portray a horse walking with three legs on the ground. Consequently, a small force of police were required to keep back the crowds that came to get a glimpse of her picture, "*The Roll Call*," when it was hung. Lady Butler took Meissonier as her authority for this artistic innovation; and it is common knowledge that the French Government provided that great master with a little railway, in order that he could travel along the road with horses, sketching as he proceeded.



FIG. 20.—"CANINE LEAP-FROG."

As will be occasionally seen in this article, certain experts devote themselves to particular branches of photography. The name of Captain Hayes is associated with equine photography, and he himself has travelled all over India, China, and South Africa, armed with a hand-camera. As the result of an argument with Mr. John Charlton, the chief artist of the *Graphic*, Captain Hayes once produced a photograph of a horse with all four legs on the ground, yet showing a decided sense of movement.

All sorts of odd means are devised to make horses that are going to be photographed look smart. The official photographer at the Royal Military Repository tells me he has a shrill whistle blown at the critical moment; or the sergeant-major who assists him opens an umbrella sharply, causing the horse to prick up its ears.

Fig. 20, "Canine Leap-frog," by Mr. Dresser, of Bexley, is one of the most successful instantaneous photographs ever taken. Infinite patience and ingenuity are required to get such pictures.

Another famous animal photographer, Mr. Frederick Haes, found that the best way to get a good photo. of a rhinoceros was to direct the animal's attention to a boy clad in a bright blue coat. "Wild animals," adds Mr. Haes, "have a strange objection to a man in his shirt-sleeves."

Certainly one of the most interesting marvels of photography is that the mysterious eye of the camera sees objects which are absolutely invisible to the human eye, the telescope, or the microscope.

An expert can take a sheet of paper prepared with gelatine and bichromate of potash, and can photograph on it a secret letter, containing, it may be, treasonable matter. This done, he may sit down and write a garrulous letter about the crops, the weather, and the baby's health. The recipient, of course, cares for none of these things, but wets the sheet with plain water, holds it up to the light, and literally reads between the lines. When dry, the document defies detection, and it can be moistened and dried again as often as the recipient pleases.

Mr. Traill Taylor tells me that a room which appears

visually quite dark may be full of the ultra-violet rays of the spectrum, and, paradoxical as it may seem, photographs may be taken in that dark light. Dr. Gladstone, F.R.S., has traced invisible drawings on white cardboard, the "ink" used being such fluorescents as mineral uranite and disulphate of quinine. When photographed, the drawings have come out bold and clear.

Mr. Taylor relates a funny story concerning a young lady of scientific, and at the same time mischievous, proclivities.

This young lady painted upon her fair brow with fluorescent liquid a death's head and cross-bones, and she then demurely visited a photographer's to have her portrait instantaneously taken. All went well until the operator had developed the plate, and then it became evident that he was having a row with his assistant, whom he blamed for coating a dirty plate. After apologies, a second negative was taken, and then the operator fetched his master from downstairs. A third attempt was made, when sounds of a heated altercation were heard, followed by a scuffle.

The photographer, pale and excited, requested his fair sitter to withdraw, as *there was electricity in the air* which was unfavourable to photography. The lady insisted on taking away a negative showing the hideous insignia on her forehead. It is a fact that the photographer requested the vicar of his

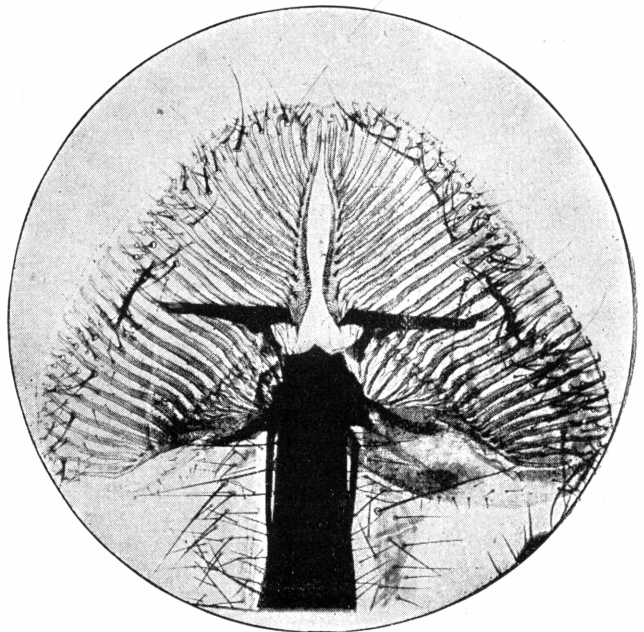


FIG. 21.—TONGUE OF A BLOWFLY—MAGNIFIED.



FIG. 22.—A SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPH.

parish to say a few prayers in his studio, after the departure of his mysterious visitor. I reproduce here a fair specimen of the result achieved from the union of the microscope and the camera. Fig. 21 represents the tongue of a blowfly, of course, magnified many hundred diameters.

Without expressing an opinion of my own, I should like to touch upon the so-called psychic or ghost photography, conducted in the presence of a spiritualistic medium. When one learns, by the way, that Professor Crookes, F.R.S., and Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace

have investigated the subject, believe in it, and possess collections of spirit photos., one is almost tempted to think that there must be "something in it."

The best-known experiment in ghost photography was conducted by Mr. Traill Taylor in the presence of the well-known medium, Mr. David Duguid—a truly reassuring name, at any rate. Mr. Taylor not only used his own unopened packages of dry plates and conducted the developing himself, but he set a watch upon his own camera in the guise of a duplicate one of the same focus. And yet ghosts appeared—spirits of departed friends, all nicely draped (Fig. 22).

But, perhaps, when I turn to stellar photography the average reader will be able to form a more adequate conception of the marvels of modern photography.

As well as peering into the depths of the earth and the sea, and making visible the invisible, the omniscient eye of the camera defeats the telescope on its own ground, or, rather, in its own element. In an area which did not contain one visible star, ten thousand have been found by photography. We have photos. of lunar mountains, and egg-shaped masses of hazy nebulae which the human eye, aided by the most powerful telescope in existence, could never have discovered (Fig. 23).

Here is the weapon of the New Astronomy. A gigantic telescope, fitted as a camera, and carrying a plate of great sensitiveness, is

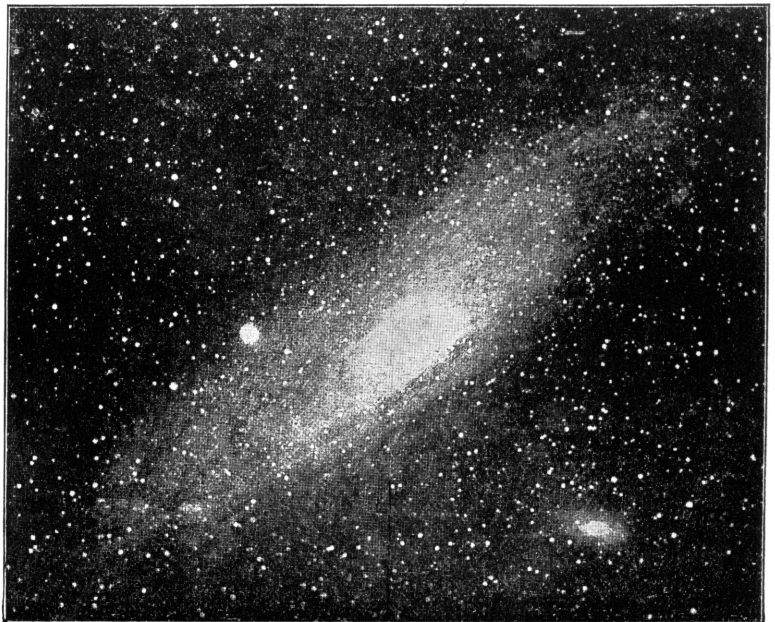


FIG. 23.—A TELESCOPIC STELLAR PHOTOGRAPH.

exposed in the ordinary way, as a telescope only would be. The apparatus is driven by a huge clock, which causes the telescope to follow the stars for fifteen or twenty minutes, during which time a vast number of otherwise invisible astral bodies impress themselves on the plate. The eye of the camera, be it noted, does not tire; the longer it gazes, the more its sensitive vision takes in. The very composition of the stellar worlds has been determined by modern photography.

The man who has tackled the photography of animal locomotion in the most extraordinary, and at the same time most thorough, manner is unquestionably Professor Muybridge, of Pennsylvania University. It is interesting to learn how this scientist came to adopt the business of his life.

In 1872, Muybridge was official photographer to the United States Government on the Pacific Coast, and while at San Francisco, a dispute arose between two wealthy residents as to whether a fast-trotting horse had at any moment his four feet off the ground.

After experimenting for a few days, taking as a model the celebrated trotting horse, "Occident," who trotted a mile in two minutes and sixteen seconds, about a dozen negatives were obtained, which plainly showed that for some portion of his stride, at least, the horse was entirely free from contact with the ground. Indeed, seeing that some trotting-horses take a twenty-foot stride, it is difficult to understand why the dispute ever arose.

The apparatus now used by Professor Muybridge consists of an electrically controlled battery of twelve cameras, so arranged

that a regulated succession of exposures can be made in any given time. When completed, his pictures are combined in an instrument of his own invention called the zoöpraxiscope, and projected on to a screen by an optical lantern, the result being that one finds it hard to believe one is not actually looking at the moving original.

When the professor lectured at the Royal Institution, there were among his audience the Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, Sir Frederick Leighton, Professors Huxley, Gladstone, and Tyndall, and the late Lord Tennyson. On the screen before this imposing assembly horses walked, ambled, and leaped over hurdles in a perfectly natural manner; athletes and kangaroos jumped; birds flew; monkeys climbed trees; and ladies danced and carried on a fan flirtation. Yet the majority of the photographs, seen singly, seemed to depict ungraceful and impossible attitudes. Fig. 24 shows a really extraordinary series of Muybridge's photographs. The famous mare "Sallie Gardner," belonging to the well-known American sportsman, Leland Stanford, is shown running at a high rate of speed over the Palo Alto track. The negatives of these photographs were made at intervals of 27in. of distance, and about the 25th part of a second. They illustrate consecutive positions assumed in each 27in. of progress during a single stride of the mare. The vertical lines shown in the photograph were 27in. apart; and the exposure of each negative was rather less than the 2,000th part of a second.

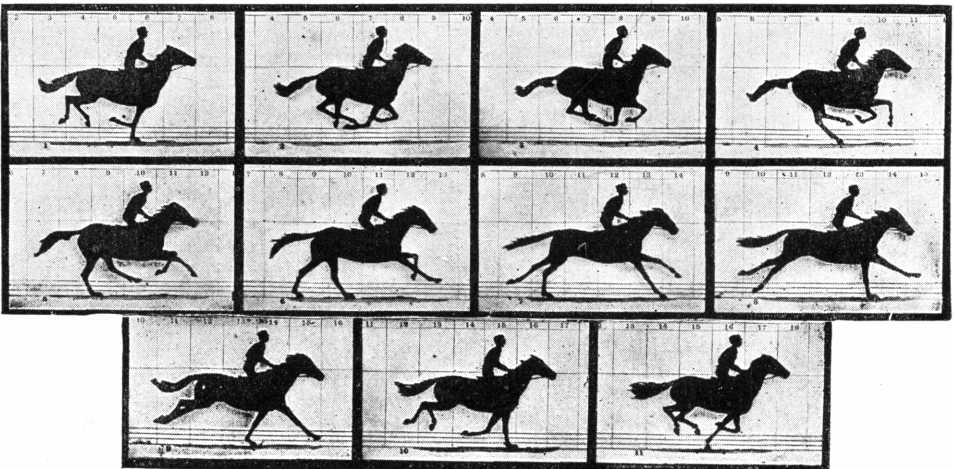


FIG. 24.—THE HORSE IN MOTION.

A Silver Coin.

FROM THE FRENCH OF A. ROGUENANT.



WHEN Hector Merot left his office he found it was nearly midnight. He was annoyed at having had to go back just to correct his proofs, but the week before, in one of his finest articles, an absurd printer's error had just taken away the effect of a phrase which had been his pride, and turned the whole thing into ridiculous nonsense. Since then he had made a point of going himself every night to look over the final proof.

It was the beginning of winter, and a cool wind was blowing. As he passed along the Rue Montmartre on his way to the Boulevards, it occurred to him that he would have a glass of something to drink before returning home to his lonely bachelor's quarters. He sat down at one of the tables outside a *café*, and watched the passers-by while sipping his punch. When he had finished he put a silver coin on the table ready for the waiter, and turned round to pick up his stick.

The lights inside the *café* were being put out, so that everything was beginning to look very dreary. Just as Hector rose a hand suddenly snatched up the silver coin, and the thief immediately disappeared round the corner of the next street. In an instant Hector drew another coin from his pocket, threw it on the table, called to the waiter, and then started off in pursuit.

It was very evident that the thief knew he was being followed, and it was also evident that he was inexperienced in his *trade*, for he ran on and on, up one street and down another, coming out again a

hundred yards away from the place he started from.

Hector was interested, for he was too much of a Parisian not to know that the man in front of him was not an ordinary pickpocket. Hector himself knew all the side-streets and passages thoroughly, and he suddenly turned down one, ran at full speed, and came out again under a lamp just as the wretched man reached it.

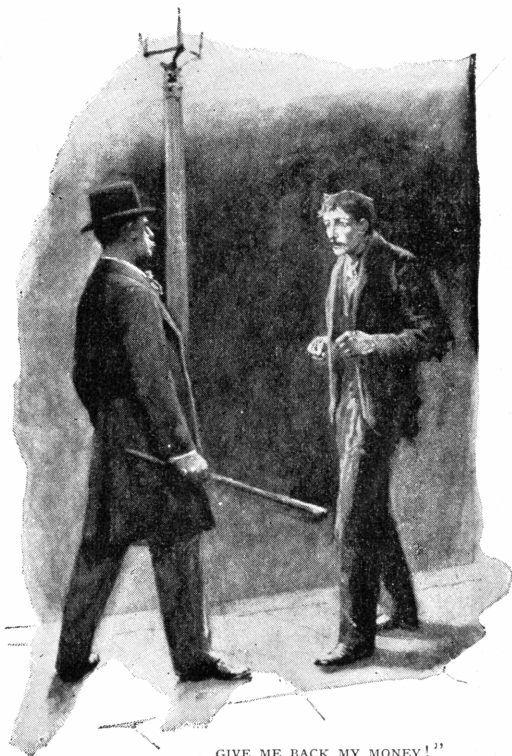
Both men stopped short, and Hector said, shortly, "Give me back my money!" The thief stood motionless, and the journalist saw, by the light of the street lamp, the saddest human face he had ever looked upon.

The man before him was apparently quite young, but his face was pale and pinched, and his black hair and moustache gave him a ghost-like look. His clothes were shabby, and he had altogether what the French describe as "the look of a drowned man." Hector, at the sight of such evident misery, felt as though he himself had been guilty

of some crime, and when the wretched man held out the silver coin to his accuser, without attempting to offer a word of apology, but with an expression of utter despair in his sunken eyes, our journalist could not find a word to say.

He took the coin, put it in his purse, and then pressed the purse into the man's hand, and made off himself as though he had been the thief.

After ten years of uphill work and struggle, Hector had gained for himself an important position as journalist and art critic. His absolute sincerity and perfect



GIVE ME BACK MY MONEY!"

competency had won for him golden opinions from the public, and his verdict on all matters connected with art and literature was always awaited with anxious impatience.

In spite of his success and his fame, the first hard years of struggle had left their traces on him. There was always a touch of melancholy which he never quite succeeded in throwing off. He had seen the comedy of human life too near, and it is, alas! no comedy for those who are behind the scenes.

On this bright May-day, however, Hector was quite gay as he entered Ledoyen's restaurant. It was the opening day of the Salon, and there was an animated discussion going on among a group of artists, sculptors, and journalists as to the respective merits of the works exhibited this year.

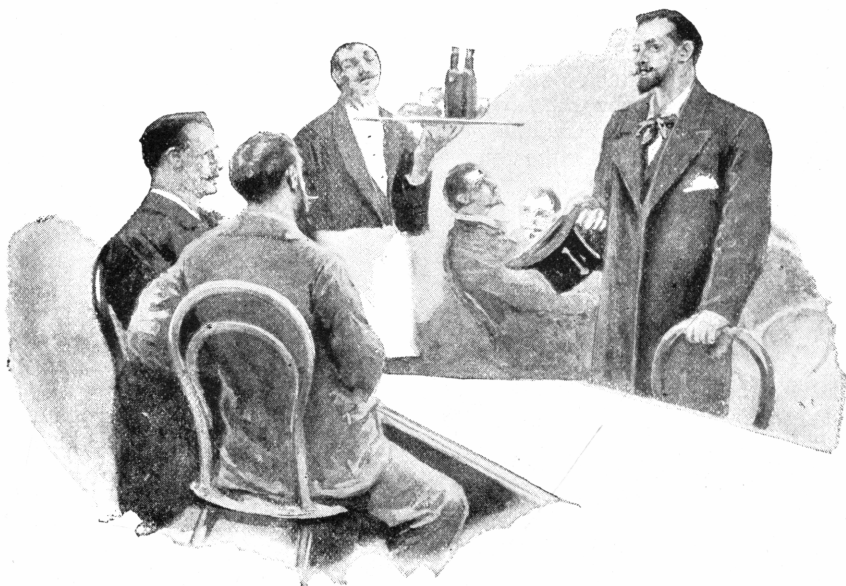
Hector's arrival made a sensation, and

look positively radiant this morning. What has happened, and what have you been doing?"

"Why! precisely the same as everyone else. I have been looking at pictures and sculpture, but I have discovered one piece which has done me good for the whole day. A perfect masterpiece, an inspiration!"

Hector's friends listened eagerly, and at the neighbouring tables the conversation ceased, for it was worth while hearing what the great art critic had to say, and hearing it from his own lips before the papers got it the next day.

"There certainly are some fine things this year in the Salon, but in my opinion there is one that surpasses all, one such as we only get once in about ten years—I mean Jean Meunier's 'Wreck.'"



"WHY, HECTOR, YOU LOOK RADIANT!"

many hands were held out towards him. Somewhat absently, and yet with the easy cordiality of a man accustomed to society, he answered the various greetings and then took his customary place at a small table, where Paul Nielssery, the young landscape painter, and Charles Zirtius, the aquarellist, were waiting for him.

With these two friends Hector could always enjoy himself: he knew and sympathized with them thoroughly in their love of art and in their utter contempt for all that was mean or mercenary.

"Why, Hector!" exclaimed Paul, "you

A murmur of approval was heard from the other tables as Hector pronounced the young sculptor's name.

Very soon the buzz of conversation was heard again, and Hector and his friends continued their repast, all three of them in the best of humours with themselves and with all the rest of the world.

During dessert Charles Zirtius got up from the table and went across to the other end of the restaurant. He soon returned, accompanied by a tall, handsome man of about thirty; well dressed, and bearing the unmistakable stamp of a gentleman. His

dark, deep-set, brown eyes were full of restless energy, but there was an expression of earnestness in them which almost amounted to sadness. This morning, however, his delicate, oval face was lighted up with happiness: Fame had appeared to him; Glory had touched him with her wings.

"Hector," said Charles, "I want to introduce my friend to you, Jean Meunier."

The journalist rose quickly and shook hands warmly with the young sculptor.

"I must thank you," he said, "for the enjoyment I have had this morning. Your 'Wreck' is a marvellous work of art, and I certainly think I have never felt so much pleasure in seeing a piece of sculpture as in that."

The artist drank in these words from the critic with delight, and, on Hector's invitation, he took a seat at the little table where the coffee was giving out its inviting aroma.

During the conversation Hector looked hard at Jean, trying to recall where and when he had seen that refined face with the intense expression in its dark eyes.

He thought of various acquaintances he had made at clubs, artists' studios, *cafés*; but, no, he could not recall having met this man before, and still the look in those eyes haunted him.

Finally, he decided that it must simply be a resemblance that he saw to someone else, and he got so interested in the conversation of the three artists that he forgot it at last, and ceased to ransack his memory. Gradually the tables around were deserted, and Hector called the waiter and paid the bill. He left some change on the table for the waiter's *pourboire*, and seeing that he had not picked up a small silver coin half hidden by a plate, he called him back, saying, "Take this, too."

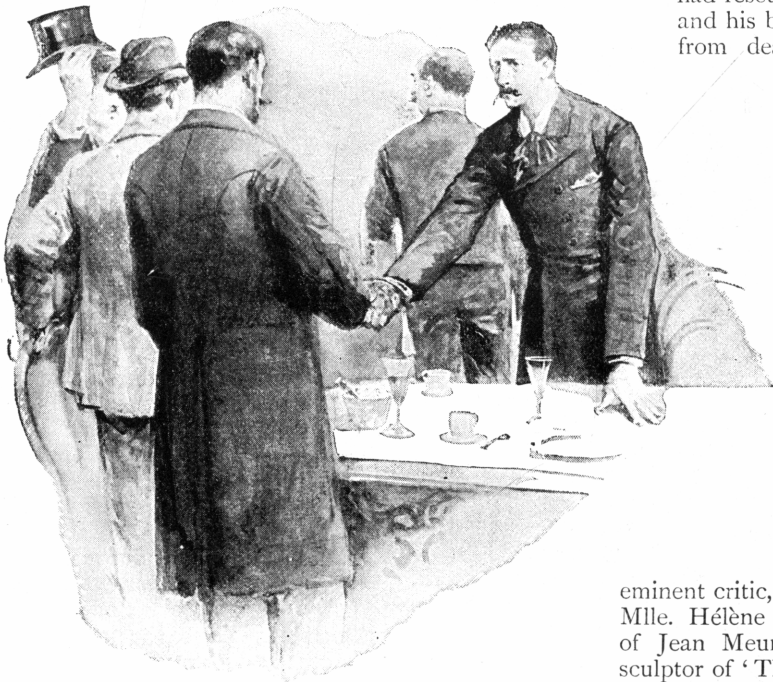
Suddenly Jean Meunier looked at it and then at Hector. His pale face became still paler, the expression in his eyes still more intense, a shudder ran through him, and at the same time the memory of an utterly wretched face seen on a November evening by the light of a street lamp, ten years ago, flashed across Hector. They were all getting up from the table; he smiled sympathetically at the young sculptor, and held out his hand, which the latter grasped and wrung silently, but with gratitude of his whole soul.

Hector and Jean were from this day forth firm friends, and the sculptor told the story of the utter misery and poverty he had been in when Hector's timely and sympathetic help had rescued him from despair and his beautiful young sister from death. She was now

twenty years old, bright, happy, and gay, the very sunshine of his home.

Hector was a frequent visitor at the sculptor's studio, and he often joined the brother and sister at their dinner-table. The tinge of melancholy gradually disappeared from his face, and one morning the following announcement was seen in the papers: "The marriage of our

eminent critic, Hector Merot, with Mlle. Hélène Meunier, the sister of Jean Meunier, the well-known sculptor of 'The Wreck,' is shortly to take place."



"HE HELD OUT HIS HAND.

Illustrated Interviews.

No. XXXIX.—JULES VERNE AT HOME.

By MARIE A. BELLOC.



HE author of "Round the World in Eighty Days," "Five Weeks in a Balloon," and many other delightful stories which cannot but have endeared his personality to hundreds of thousands of readers in every part of the world, spends his happy, well-filled working life in Amiens, a quiet, French provincial town situated on the direct route from Calais and Boulogne to Paris.

The humblest Amienois can point out Jules Verne's home. No. 1, Rue Charles Dubois, is a charming, old-fashioned house, situated at the corner of a countrified street leading out of a broad boulevard.

The little door let into a lichen-covered wall was answered by a cheerful-looking old *bonne*. As soon as she heard that I had come by appointment, she led the way across a paved court-yard bounded on two sides by a picturesque, irregular building, flanked by the short tower which is so often a feature of French country houses.

As I followed her, I was able to catch a glimpse of Jules Verne's garden, a distant vista of great beeches shading wide expanses of well-kept turf brilliant with flower-beds. Though it was late autumn, everything was exquisitely

neat and dainty, and not a stray leaf was to be seen on the broad gravel paths, where the veteran novelist takes every day one of his frequent constitucionals.

A row of shallow stone steps leads to a conservatory hall, which, filled with palms and flowering shrubs, forms a pleasant ante-chamber to the beautiful *salon*, where I was joined a few moments later by my host and hostess.

As the famous author is the first to acknowledge, Mme.

Jules Verne has played no small part in each and all of her husband's triumphs and successes; and it is difficult to believe that the bright, active old lady, still so full of youthful vivacity and *Franchespieglerie*, can really have celebrated over a year ago her golden wedding.

Jules Verne, in his personal appearance, does not fulfil the popular idea of a great author. Rather does he give one the impression of being a cultured country gentleman, and this notwithstanding the fact that he always dresses in the sombre black affected by



From a Photo. by]

JULES VERNE'S HOUSE.

[C. Herbert, Amiens.

most Frenchmen belonging to the professional classes. His coat is decorated with the tiny red button denoting that the wearer possesses the high distinction of being an officer of the Legion of Honour. As he sat talking he



From a Photo. by] AGE 45. [C. Herbert, Amiens.

did not look his seventy-eight years, and, indeed, appeared but little changed since the large portrait, hanging opposite that of his wife, was painted some twenty odd years ago.

M. Verne is singularly modest about his work, and showed no desire to talk about either his books or himself. Had it not been for the kindly assistance of his wife, whose pride in her husband's genius is delightful to witness, I should have found it difficult to persuade him to give me any particulars about his literary career or his methods of work.

"I cannot remember the time," he observed, in answer to a question, "when I did not write, or intend to be an author; and as you will soon see, many things conspired to that end. You know, I am a Breton by birth—my native town being Nantes—but my father was a Parisian by education and taste, devoted to literature, and, although he was too modest to make any effort to popularize his work, a line poet. Perhaps this is why I myself began my literary career by writing poetry, which—for I followed the example of most budding French litterateurs—took the form of a five-act tragedy," he concluded, with a half-sigh—half-smile.

"My first real piece of work, however," he added, after a pause, "was a little comedy written in collaboration with Dumas fils, who was, and has remained, one of my best friends. Our play was called 'Pailles Rompues' (Split Straws), and was acted at the Gymnase Theatre in Paris; but, although I much enjoyed light dramatic work, I did

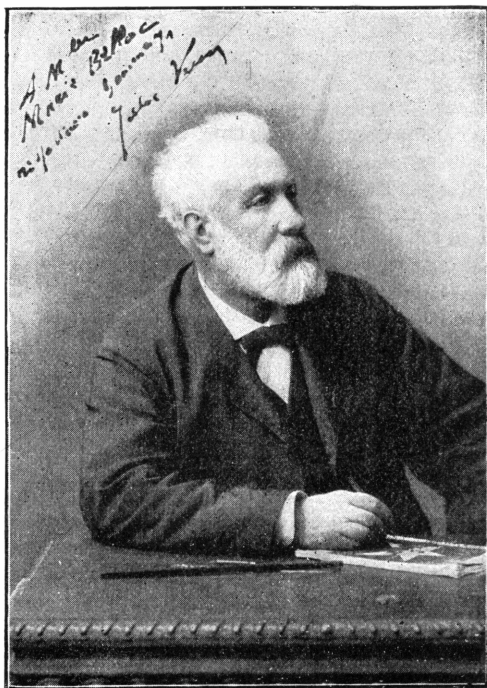
not find that it brought me anything in the way of substance or fortune.

"And yet," he continued, slowly, "I have never lost my love for the stage and everything connected with theatrical life. One of the keenest joys my story-writing has brought me has been the successful staging of some of my novels, notably 'Michel Strogoff.'

"I have often been asked what first gave me the idea of writing what, for the want of a better name, may be styled scientific romances.

"Well, I had always been devoted to the study of geography, much as some people delight in history and historical research. I really think that my love for maps and the great explorers of the world led to my composing the first of my long series of geographical stories.

"When writing my first book, 'Five Weeks in a Balloon,' I chose Africa as the scene of action, for the simple reason that less was, and is, known about that continent than any other; and it struck me that the most ingenious way in which this portion of the world's surface could be explored would be from a balloon. I thoroughly enjoyed writing the story, and, even more, I may add, the researches which it made necessary; for then, as now, I always tried to make even the wildest of my romances as realistic and true to life as possible.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [C. Herbert, Amiens.

"Once the story was finished, I sent the manuscript to the well-known Paris publisher, M. Hetzel. He read the tale, was interested by it, and made me an offer which I accepted. I may tell you that this excellent man and his son became, and have remained, my very good friends, and the firm are about to publish my seventieth novel."

"Then you passed no anxious moments waiting on fame?" I asked. "Did your first book become immediately popular, both at home and abroad?"

"Yes," he answered, modestly. "'Five Weeks in a Balloon' has remained to this day one of the most read of my stories, but you must remember that I was already a man of thirty-five when this book was published, and had been married for some eight years," he concluded, turning to Mme. Verne with a charming air of old-fashioned gallantry.

"Your love of geography did not prevent your possessing a strong bent for science?"

"Well, I do not in any way pose as a scientist, but I esteem myself fortunate as having been born in an age of remarkable discoveries, and perhaps still more wonderful inventions."

"You are doubtless aware," interposed Mme. Verne, proudly, "that many apparently impossible scientific phenomena in my husband's romances have come true?"

"Tut, tut," cried M. Verne, deprecatingly, "that is a mere coincidence, and is doubtless owing to the fact that even when inventing scientific phenomena I always try and make everything seem as true and simple as possible. As to the accuracy of my descriptions, I owe that in a great measure to the fact that, even before I began writing stories, I always took numerous notes out of every book, newspaper, magazine, or scientific report that I came across. These notes were, and are, all classified according to the subject with which they dealt, and I need hardly point out to you how invaluable much of this material has been to me."

"I subscribe to over twenty newspapers," he continued, "and I am an assiduous reader of every scientific publication; even apart from my work I keenly enjoy reading or hearing about any new discovery or experiment in the worlds of science, astronomy, meteorology, or physiology."

"And do you find that this miscellaneous reading suggests to you any new ideas for stories, or do you depend for your plots wholly on your own imagination?"

"It is impossible to say what suggests the

skeleton of a story; sometimes one thing, sometimes another. I have often carried an idea in my brain for years before I had occasion to work it out on paper, but I always make a note when anything of the kind occurs to me. Of course, I can distinctly trace the beginnings of some of my books: 'Round the World in Eighty Days' was the result of reading a tourist advertisement in a newspaper. The paragraph which caught my attention mentioned the fact that nowadays it would be quite possible for a man to travel round the world in eighty days, and it immediately flashed into my mind that the traveller, profiting by a difference of meridian, could be made to either gain or lose a day during that period of time. It was this initial thought that really made the whole point of the story. You will, perhaps, remember that my hero, Phineas Fogg, owing to this circumstance arrived home in time to win his wager, instead of, as he imagined, a day too late."

"Talking of Phineas Fogg, monsieur: unlike most French writers, you seem to enjoy making your heroes of English or foreign extraction."

"Yes, I consider that members of the English-speaking race make excellent heroes, especially where a story of adventure, or scientific pioneering work, is about to be described. I thoroughly admire the pluck and go-ahead qualities of the nation which have planted the Union Jack on so great a portion of the earth's surface."

"Your stories also differ from those of almost all your fellow-authors," I ventured to observe, "inasmuch that in them the fair sex plays so small a part."

An approving glance from my kindly hostess showed me that she agreed with the truth of my observation.

"I deny that *in toto*," cried M. Verne, with some heat. "Look at 'Mistress Branican,' and the charming young girls in some of my stories. Whenever there is any necessity for the feminine element to be introduced you will always find it there." Then, smiling: "Love is an all-absorbing passion, and leaves room for little else in the human breast; my heroes need all their wits about them, and the presence of a charming young lady might now and again sadly interfere with what they have to do. Again, I have always wished to so write my stories that they might be placed without the least hesitation in the hands of all young people, and I have scrupulously avoided any scene which, say, a boy would not like to think his sister would read."

"Before daylight wanes, would you not like to come upstairs and see my husband's workroom and study?" asked my hostess; "there we can continue our conversation."

And so, with Mme. Verne leading the way, we went once more through the light, airy hall, where a door opened straight on to the quaint winding staircase, which leads up and up till are reached the cosy set of rooms where M. Verne passes the greater

colour of my host's yacht, the *St. Michel*, a splendid little boat in which he and his wife spent, some years ago, many of the happiest hours of their long dual life.

Opening out of the bedroom is a fine large apartment, Jules Verne's library. The room is lined with book-cases, and in the middle a large table groans under a carefully sorted mass of newspapers, reviews, and scientific reports, to say nothing of a representative collection of French and English periodical literature. A number of cardboard pigeon-holes, occupying however wonderfully little space, contain the twentyodd thousand notes garnered by the author during his long life.

"Tell me what are a man's books, and I will tell you what manner of man he is," makes an excellent paraphrase of a good old saying, and might well be applied to Jules Verne. His library is strictly for use, not



From a Photo. by J.

THE WORKROOM.

[C. Herbert, Amiens.

part of his life, and from where have issued many of his most enchanting books. As we went along the passage, I noticed some large maps—dumb testimonies of their owner's delight in geography and love of accurate information—hanging on the wall.

"It is here," remarked Mme. Verne, throwing open the door of what proved to be a tiny, cell-like bed-chamber, "that my husband does his actual writing each morning. You must know that he gets up at five, and by lunch-time, that is, eleven o'clock, his actual writing, proof-correcting, and so on, are over for the day; but one cannot burn the candle at both ends, and each evening he is generally sound asleep by eight or half-past eight o'clock."

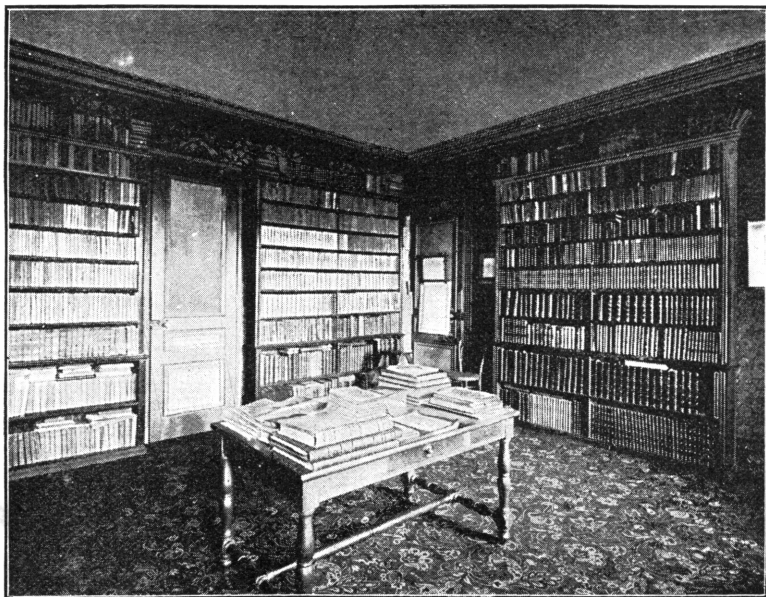
The plain wooden desk-table is situated in front of the one large window, and opposite the little camp bed; between the pauses of his work on winter mornings M. Verne, by glancing up, is able to see the dawn breaking over the beautiful spire of Amiens Cathedral. The tiny room is bare of all ornamentation, save for two busts of Molière and Shakespeare, and a few pictures, including a water-

show, and well-worn copies of such intellectual friends as Homer, Virgil, Montaigne, and Shakespeare, shabby, but how dear to their owner; editions of Fenimore Cooper, Dickens, and Scott show hard and constant usage; and there also, in newer dress, many of the better-known English novels have found their way.

"These books will show you," observed M. Verne, genially, "how sincere is my affection for Great Britain. All my life I have delighted in the works of Sir Walter Scott, and during a never-to-be-forgotten tour in the British Isles, my happiest days were spent in Scotland. I still see, as in a vision, beautiful, picturesque Edinburgh, with its Heart of Midlothian, and many entrancing memories; the Highlands, world-forgotten Iona, and the wild Hebrides. Of course, to one familiar with the works of Scott, there is scarce a district of his native land lacking some association connected with the writer and his immortal work."

"And how did London impress you?"

"Well, I consider myself a regular devotee of the Thames. I think the great river is



From a Photo. by]

THE LIBRARY.

[C. Herbert, Amiens.

the most striking feature of that extraordinary city."

"I should like to ask you your opinion of some of our boys' books and stories of adventure. Of course, you know England has led the van in regard to such literature."

"Yes, indeed, notably with that classic, beloved alike by old and young, 'Robinson Crusoe'; and yet perhaps I shall shock you by admitting that I myself prefer the dear old 'Swiss Family Robinson.' People forget that Crusoe and his man Friday were but an episode in a seven-volumed story. To my mind the book's great merit is that it was apparently the first romance of the kind ever perpetrated. We have all written 'Robinsons,'" he added, laughing; "but it is a moot question if any of them would have seen the light had it not been for their famous prototype."

"And where do you place other English writers of adventure?"

"Unhappily, I can read only those works which have been translated into French. I never tire of Fenimore Cooper; certain of his romances deserve true immortality, and will I trust be remembered long after the so-called literary giants of a later age are forgotten. Then, again, I thoroughly enjoy Captain Marryat's breezy romances. Owing to my unfortunate inability to read English, I am not so familiar as I should like to be with Mayne Read and Robert Louis Stevenson; still, I was greatly delighted with the latter's 'Treasure Island,' of which I possess

a translation. It seemed to me, when I read it, to possess extraordinary freshness of style and enormous power. I have not mentioned," he continued, "the English writer whom I consider the master of them all, namely, Charles Dickens," and the face of the King of Story-tellers lit up with youthful enthusiasm. "I consider that the author of 'Nicholas Nickleby,' 'David Copperfield,' and 'The Cricket on

the Hearth' possesses pathos, humour, incident, plot, and descriptive power, any one of which might have made the reputation of a less gifted mortal; but here, again, is one of those whose fame may smoulder but will never die."

Whilst her husband was concluding these remarks, Mme. Verne drew my attention to a large book-case filled with rows of apparently freshly bound and little-read books. "Here," she observed, "are various French, German, Portuguese, Dutch, Swedish, and Russian editions of M. Verne's books, including a Japanese and Arab translation of 'Round the World in Eighty Days,' and my kindly hostess took down and opened the strange vellum-bound pages wherein each little Arab who runs may read of the adventures of Phineas Fogg, Esq."

"My husband," she added, "has never re-read a chapter of a single one of his stories. When the last proofs are corrected his interest in them ceases, and this, although he has sometimes been thinking over a plot, and inventing situations figuring in a story, during years of his life."

"And what, monsieur, are your methods of work?" I inquired. "I suppose you can have no objection to giving away your recipe?"

"I cannot see," he answered, good-humouredly, "what interest the public can find in such things; but I will initiate you into the secrets of my literary kitchen, though

En l'année 1872, la maison portant le numéro 7 de Saville-row, Burlington Gardens - maison dans laquelle Sheridan mourut en 1814, - était habitée par Philéas Fogg, esq., l'un des membres les plus singuliers et les plus remarquables du Reform-Club de Londres, bien qu'il semblât prendre à tâche de ne rien faire qui pût attirer l'attention.

À l'un des plus grands orateurs qui honorent l'Angleterre, succédait donc le Philéas Fogg, personnage énigmatique, dont on ne savait rien, sinon que c'était un fort galant homme et l'un des plus beaux gentlemen de la haute société anglaise.

On disait qu'il ressemblait à lord Byron - par la tête, car il était irréprochable quant aux pieds, - mais un Byron à moustaches et favoris un Byron impassible, qui aurait vécu mille ans sans vieillir.

FACSIMILE OF JULES VERNE'S HANDWRITING.

I do not know that I would recommend anybody else to proceed on the same plan; for I always think that each of us works in his or her own way, and instinctively knows what method is best. Well, I start by making a draft of what is going to be my new story. I never begin a book without knowing what the beginning, the middle, and the end will be. Hitherto I have always been fortunate enough to have not one, but half-a-dozen definite schemes floating in my mind. If I ever find myself hard up for a subject, I shall consider that it is time for me to give up work. After having completed my preliminary draft, I draw up a plan of the chapters, and then begin the actual writing of the first rough copy in pencil, leaving a half-page margin for corrections and emendations; I then read the whole, and go over all I have already done in ink. I consider that my real labour begins with my first set of proofs, for I not

only correct something in every sentence, but I rewrite whole chapters. I do not seem to have a grip of my subject till I see my work in print; fortunately, my kind publisher allows me every latitude as regards corrections, and I often have as many as eight or nine revises. I envy, but do not attempt to emulate, the example of those who from the time they write Chapter I. to the word Finis, never see reason to alter or add a single word."

"This method of composition must greatly retard your work?"

"I do not find it so. Thanks to my habits of regularity, I invariably produce two completed novels a year. I am also always in advance of my work; in fact, I

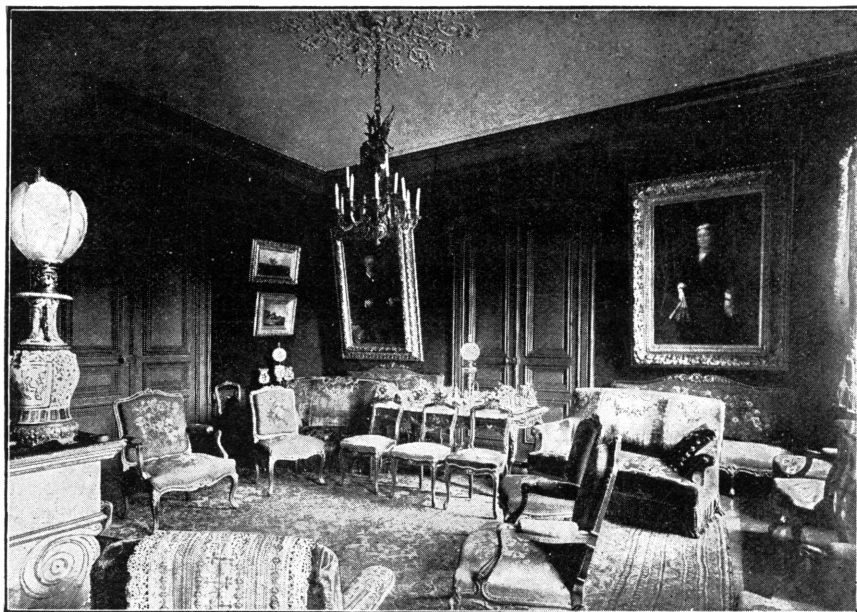
am now writing a story which properly belongs to my working year 1897; in other words, I have five manuscripts ready for the printers. Of course," he added, thoughtfully, "this has not been achieved without sacrifice. I soon found real hard work and a constant, steady rate of production incompatible with the pleasures of society. When we were younger, my wife and myself lived in Paris, and enjoyed the world and its manifold interests to the full. During the last twelve years I have become a townsman of Amiens; my wife is an Amiennoise by birth. It was here that I first made her acquaintance, fifty-three years ago, and little by little all my affections and interests have centered in the town. Some of my friends will even tell you that I am far prouder of being a town councillor of Amiens than of my literary reputation. I do not deny that I thoroughly enjoy taking my share in municipal government."

"Then, have you never followed the example of so many of your own personages, and travelled, as you easily might have done, here, there, and everywhere?"

"Yes, indeed; I am passionately fond of travelling, and at one time spent a considerable portion of each year on my yacht, the *St. Michel*. Indeed, I may say I am devoted to the sea, and I can imagine nothing more ideal than a sailor's life; but with age came a strong love of peace and quietude, and," added the veteran novelist, half sadly, "I now journey only in imagination."

'Doctor Ox' formed the basis of an operetta at the Variétés some seventeen years ago. I was once able to superintend the mounting of my pieces myself; now, my only glimpse of the theatrical world is seen from the front, in our charming Amiens theatre, on the, I must admit, frequent occasions when some good provincial company honours our town with its presence."

"I suppose," I observed to Mme. Verne, "that your husband receives many communications from his immense English constituency of unknown friends and readers?"



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[C. Herbert, Amiens.

"I believe, monsieur, that you add the dramatist's laurels to your other triumphs?"

"Yes," he answered; "you know we have in France a proverb which declares that a man always ends by returning to his old love. Well, as I told you before, I always took a special delight in everything dramatic, and made my literary début as a playwright, and of the many substantial satisfactions brought me by my labours, none gave more pleasure than my return to the stage."

"And which of your stories were most successful in dramatic form?"

"'Michel Strogoff' was perhaps the most popular; it was played all over the world; then 'Round the World in Eighty Days' was very successful, and more lately 'Mathias Sandorf' was acted in Paris; it may amuse you to know further that my

"Yes, indeed," she cried, brightly; "and the applications for autographs! I wish you could see them. If I were not there to save him from his friends, he would spend most of his time writing out his name on slips of paper. I suppose few people have received stranger epistles than my husband. People write to him about all sorts of things: they suggest plots for new stories, they confide to him their troubles, they tell him their adventures, and they send him their books."

"And do those unknown correspondents ever permit themselves to ask indiscreet questions about M. Verne's future plans?"

My good-natured and courteous host answered for her, "Many are so kind as to be interested in my next book; if you share that curiosity, you may care to know what I have not yet announced to any but my intimates,

namely, that my next story will have for title, 'L'Ile Hélice'—in English, 'Screw Island.' It embodies a set of notions and ideas that have been in my mind for many years. The action will take place on a floating island created by the ingenuity of man, a kind of *Great Eastern* magnified 10,000 times, and containing, of course, the whole of what in this case may be truly called a moving population. It is my intention," concluded M. Verne, "to complete, before my working days are done, a series which shall conclude in story

know, I have dealt with the moon, but a great deal remains to be done, and if health and strength permit me, I hope to finish the task."

There was still half an hour left before the Calais-Paris train (once so eloquently described by Rossetti) was due, and Mme. Verne, with the gracious politeness which is so peculiarly the attribute of well-bred Frenchwomen, drove me to the beautiful cathedral, Notre Dame d'Amiens, a poem in stone, dating from the twelfth century. Within its stately walls the chance English tourist



From a Photo. by]

JULES VERNE IN THE GARDEN.

[C. Herbert, Amiens.

form my whole survey of the world's surface and the heavens; there are still left corners of the world to which my thoughts have not yet penetrated. As you

may, all unknowingly, see, any Sunday, the fine old man to whose pen he cannot but have owed many happy hours as boy or man.

Card-Sharpers and their Work.

BY HARRY HOW.



THE series of articles which I recently contributed to this Magazine, under the title of "Crimes and Criminals," induced me to spend many interesting and instructive hours at New Scotland Yard. As with the dynamiters and the burglars, the pick-pockets, and sundry other pilferers who are somewhat partial to helping themselves, so it is with that particular class of folk of which I now propose to say something—you never know when you may expect them.

There are degrees of card-sharpers. There is the little trio of enterprising fellows who are to be found in the railway carriages on their way to the racecourse—and they are at times even to be found on the racecourse itself. One of them, at least, is always the most innocent-looking of bucolic countrymen, the typical modernized John Bull, who invariably wins the stakes, and so induces the "outsider" to try his luck also; and I have heard that before now an individual has been clothed in all the habiliments of a clergyman and staked his shilling or two on the picture, and, what is more, has won. What more natural to the passenger? Here is a benevolent-looking parson joining in the game—surely he does not know much about cards?—he wins. Why should not the passenger have a little flutter with the pictures? He does; and is sorry for it.

All this is the common side of card-sharpping, and is popularly known as the three-card trick. It is worked in many ways, one favourite method being to turn up the corner of the picture card, which the victim-to-be endeavours not to lose sight of. Then the clever hands of the manipulator of "the leaves from the devil's prayer-book," with marvellous dexterity, straighten the

turned-up corner of the merry little queen of hearts, and turn up the corner of the two of clubs. Most sensible people would think that this would be sufficient to warn the poor player, who is to be poorer still before he has finished. When the turned-up corner has been played sufficiently, a little bit of mud or dirt is substituted as a blind before the cards are dealt. There is no getting away from it. But there is no mud on the picture card when you make your choice, and you will find that somehow the mud has disappeared from the court card to one of very insignificant value. This is very simply done. One gentleman working the trick will shuffle the cards, show the one with the mud on, and hand the cards to a confederate, who removes the dirt, and puts it on another member of the pack, when they are displayed to entrap the speculative, though innocent, player.

It is satisfactory to chronicle the fact that, in the opinion of detectives, the three-card trick, as we all know it, is disappearing. As one smart detective suggestively puts it, "There are not so many mugs about as there used to be." This will, probably, be consoling to the public!

But there is the artistic side of card-sharpping, and during my recent visits to Scotland Yard, previously referred to, perhaps one of the most interesting of the exhibits there was a complete set of card-sharper's apparatus, which used to be frequently in use by astute

Yankees on the American liners.

These most ingenious contrivances are the first of the kind ever seen in this country, and it is believed that a similar set has not reached these shores since. It is well to know that they will not be used again, at least, by the individual who possessed them, for he is now enjoying the hospitality of Her

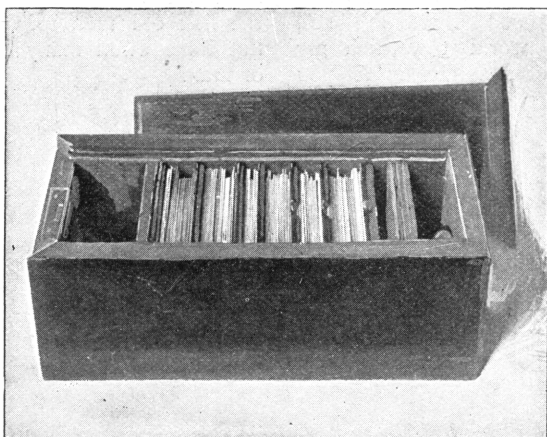


FIG. 1.—THE BOX.

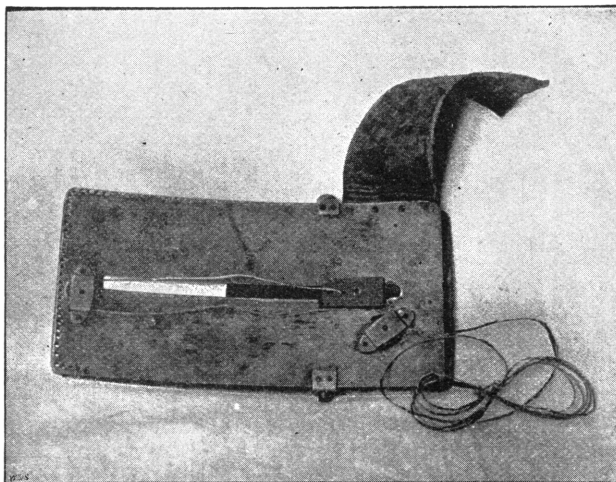


FIG. 2.—FOR THE WAISTCOAT—THE CARD IN.

Majesty, at a residence especially erected for such persons, for the very comfortable period of twenty years.

Before proceeding to diagnose the various items which go to make up this truly fearfully and wonderfully made set of apparatus, it may be said that there evidently exists in America a recognised trade for turning out this particular class of work. We are ready to admit that our friends across the "herring pond" are exceedingly well gifted in the art of originating ideas, and it seems a pity that they should permit such contrivances as are about to be described to be made with impunity in their country. This is a somewhat sweeping assertion, but I have had an opportunity of examining closely and minutely the apparatus, and the discovery was made of the name and address of the firm who made them, with a strong recommendation to all card-players to have them in their possession, and so be like Tommy Dodd—sure to win.

First, examine the packs of cards to be used by this particular card-sharper, and in ex-

amining them kindly remember that you are dealing with a man who is an artist himself at dealing a hand of cards. There are five or six packs of them, and they are contained in a nice-looking mahogany box, and kept intact with a lid (Fig. 1). The packs of cards have partitions between them. There is a small brass knob at the left hand end of the box, with a screw attached, which is connected with the first partition of the first pack of cards. The proud possessor of this box knows that, by turning the knob, he screws the cards together. Now, there is method in his screwing. Every alternate card has been previously rubbed with a little sandpaper; hence

two cards stick together. Now comes the dealing. It is very easy for a smart dealer, such as we are treating with now, to either deal one or two cards. When he is dealing to a man he is desirous of swindling, he gives him one card and deals himself two. This gives him a choice of two cards, as they are very easily separated by the person working the oracle.

A further examination of these cards heightens the mystery considerably. The back of each card has some secret hieroglyphic on it, which tells the card-sharper its exact value. These hieroglyphics lie hidden away in some part of the design on the back of the card, and the secret of the same is possessed alone by the owner of

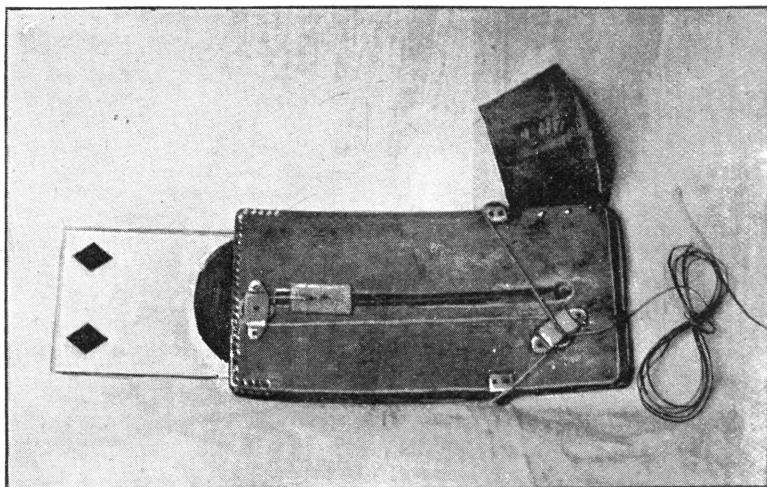


FIG. 3.—FOR THE WAISTCOAT—THE CARD OUT.

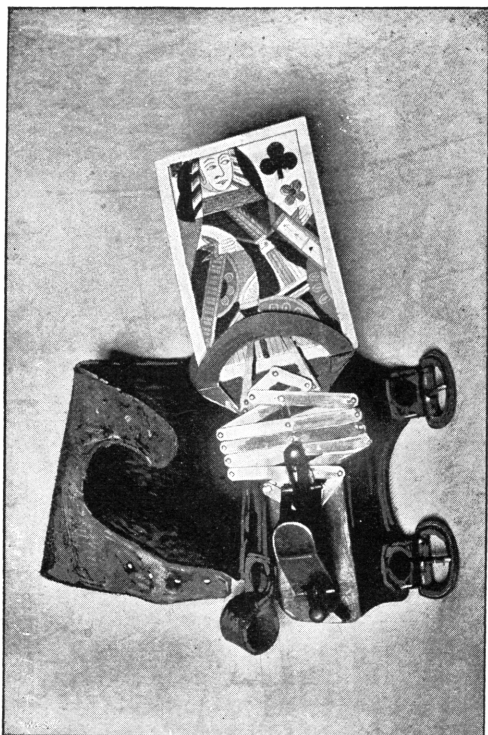


FIG. 4.—THE QUEEN OF CLUBS—WAITING.

them. Hence, there is a card-sharper's alphabet of fifty-two designs—to say nothing of the designs he has upon the person he is playing with—so that, apart from the sharper having an exceptionally quick hand, he needs also to possess a very retentive memory.

Seeing that the sharper will frequently have two cards, one of which he will use,

while the other may possibly be useless, the question arises as to how he is to dispose of the surplus card. The sleeves of his coat may probably form a refuge for the non-usable card, and there is no doubt that even your sharper who sharpens from the most artistic point of view by no means despises the coat-sleeve as a convenient "stow-away." But he has a far better and prettier method of getting rid of the superfluous card. Close beside the box containing the packs is a piece of machinery, consisting of two steel plates, very slightly curved. This is placed in the waistcoat pocket. It also has a strap, in case it may be needed to fasten it anywhere about the person. The interior of the plates contains a pair of what might be described as tongues, which will either snap up a card or give one out, as may be required.

If the player desires to take a card from the table, all he has to do is to work a pair of small pulleys, by means of a piece of catgut, which runs down the leg of his trousers, and is fastened inside his boot. By moving his foot he manipulates the pulleys, the tongues slip out and receive the card, and so dispose of it. It is a very easy matter, in the excitement of the play, to remove the card from the tongue of the machine, and place it amongst the pack again (Figs. 2 and 3).

Although this particular apparatus is more often than not used for getting a card out of the way, it may, of course, be utilized for holding an ace, or a king, or a queen, or even a useful little jack within its grip,

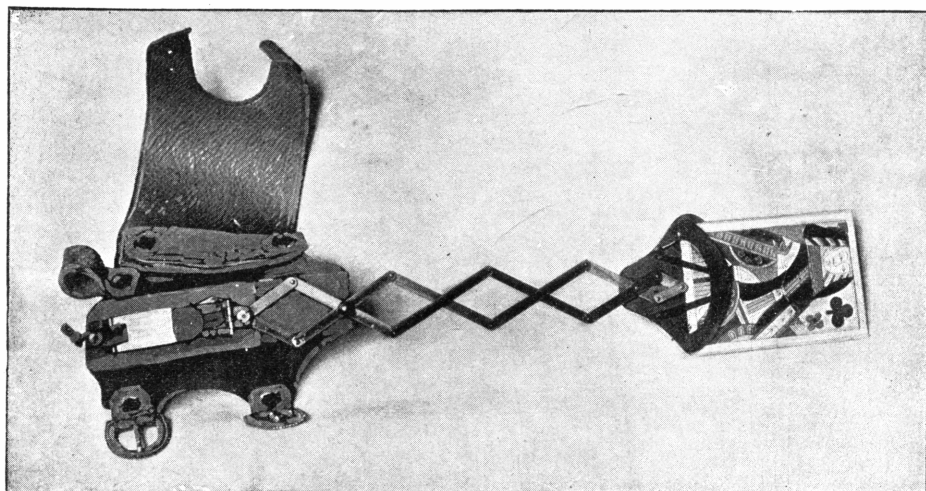


FIG. 5.—HOW TO PRODUCE A QUEEN.

which will bob up serenely when the catgut is pulled. But it is more often than not used to cause cards to disappear mysteriously. A glance at the illustration will at once show how this very ingenious dodge is carried into effect. One cannot help regretting that such ingenuity as this should not be applied to some better purpose, and one's regrets are all the greater when an examination is made of the little apparatus which is used to cap the trick of the unfortunate individual who may be pitted against its unscrupulous possessor.

Possibly the reader may remember that, some fifteen or twenty years ago, a very favourite toy for the little ones was a number of soldiers stuck on a series of workable pieces of wood, which could be pressed into a small space, or shot out into a lengthy column. Here we have the exact principle on which this latter apparatus works. Whether its inventor founded it on the toy or not it is impossible to tell, but the operations of working are exactly identical. In this case the instrument is constructed of brass, to which a strap with buckles is attached. This is worn just below the elbow of the left arm, and is usually called into play when a player wishes to hide a card, or to call one into action. More often than not, it is used for a reserve force of aces, kings, queens, and jacks. The pictures are placed in a clip, and, when the apparatus is not in action, are completely hidden by the swindler's sleeve. He is just in the midst of a game. For once his unlucky partner has got the best of it; it all depends on the value of the last card played, and fortunately —

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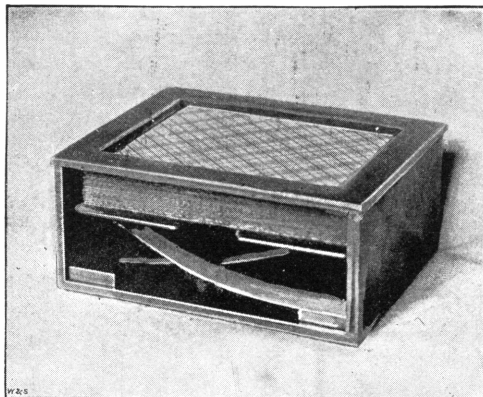


FIG. 6.—"FARO" BOX.

or unfortunately—it is the sharper's turn to play. He knows the value of the card he has in his hand, he is fully aware of the fact that it is only a wretched four of diamonds, and he stands to win or lose £50.

Possibly he has not been able, for once, owing to the shrewdness of his opponent at this exciting moment, to tell

the value of the card from the hieroglyphics amongst the flowers on the back, but he knows it all the same, for he has a little glass disc, which is resting on his knee—a precious little disc, a trifle bigger than a sixpence, and into this mirror he reflects the value of the card, which is instantly revealed to him—(Fig. 8.)

His innocent opponent has played the jack of clubs; but, bless you! the sharper has a queen of clubs up his sleeve, in more ways than one. By a clever little piece of legerdemain the four of diamonds disappears into the waistcoat piece of mechanism. He presses his left arm on the table, the spring of the apparatus just described is released, the crossed steel bands, *à la* the soldier toy, spring out, and in less time than it takes to tell, the queen of clubs is in the hand of the player. Quickly raising his arm from the table, back go the steel springs, and her majesty of clubs caps the jack (Figs. 4 and 5).

A word regarding a highly-polished nickel-

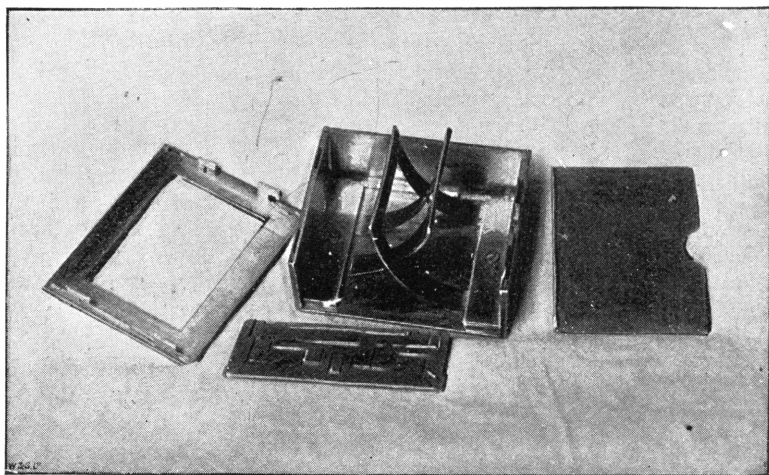


FIG. 7.—"FARO" BOX TAKEN TO PIECES.

plated box, which is used for playing the game called "Faro." It is evident that, in playing this game, a mechanical dealing-box is called into requisition; but the sharper is not going to be beaten by this. He has his own Faro box made, which, to all outward appearance, is exactly the same as that used by an honest player. It contains the usual pack of cards—there is not a suspicious sign about it. Quietly pick it to pieces, and the ingenuity of the whole thing is at once made apparent.

The writer is not proficient at the game of Faro—indeed, has never played it in his

are allowed to pass through (Figs. 6 and 7).

This very interesting item in New Scotland Yard Museum is further supplemented by what at first appears to be a most valuable roll of bank-notes. Not so, however; it is simply an old pocket-book with the leaves frayed, to give it the appearance of a roll of notes which had been well used and their value proved by passing through many hands, and covered over with what proves to be, on close inspection, a very Parisian pamphlet (Fig. 8). Still, the effect, like the transformation scene, is capital from the

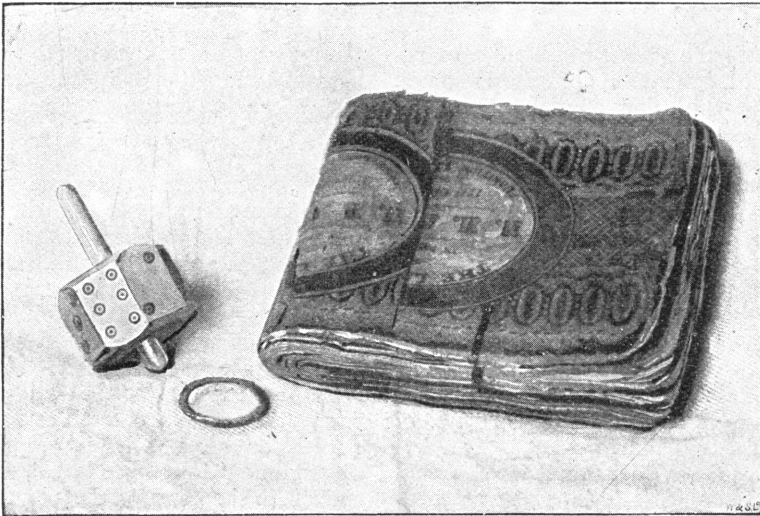


FIG. 8.—TEE-TO-TUM, LOOKING-GLASS DISC, AND SHAM NOTES.

life, or even seen it played; but it would appear that a proper Faro dealing-box allows one card to be dealt at a time, which is done by the two springs beneath the pack pressing up the cards to a narrow slit, so that, as one is taken out, the spring further pushes the pack up for another to be released. But the sharper believes in the old principle that two heads are better than one—and so are two cards; and by working a small lever in his own particular apparatus, which communicates with a very minute spring, the space for the outlet of a card is increased to exactly double its width, and so a pair

front. The card-sharper places these by his side, so that confidence is at once inspired.

Before leaving this very elaborate set of card-sharpers' apparatus, play for a moment with the tee-to-tum (Fig. 8). You give it a twist, but you never get more than a three or a four, and frequently not more than a one or a two. You will find, on close inspection, that the pivot on which it spins is movable, and can be so adapted by the manipulator as to make the tee-to-tum turn up either high or low numbers, as desired. This, of course, is operated upon by the individual who is seeking to swindle you.

The Two Highwaymen.

By H. D. LOWRY.



I BEGAN at last to think that the ball would never come to an end. I had looked forward to it with absolute dread, for I was well aware of the plan which my uncle and Madam Trelawney had devised between them. I had already recognised that the lady's son was charming in his boyish frankness, but I had seen from the first that it was intended he should propose to me before the night was ended—this night of all nights in the year!—and I was resolved on my part that he should do nothing of the sort.

Truly, he was a gallant boy; I can fancy (for an old woman may surely tell her grandchildren she once was beautiful) that we made a pretty couple as we danced together; I know that Madam treated me with quite unusual consideration, and once I caught her watching us with an altogether delightful air of satisfaction. Frank, too, did his dutiful best to offer me such attentions as are proper in a lover; and though I was resolved to thwart his mother, and to keep him from courting rejection, I could not but enjoy the little play in which I was acting. I pictured the surprise of all the good folks who were now watching me, when the news of the morrow should reach them. And, though I longed for the end of the ball, and the more serious adventure which was destined to follow, I found the situation vastly amusing.

Perhaps it was this fact which chiefly helped me to keep poor Frank at a distance.

"You are always laughing at a man," he said, reproachfully, during an interval between two dances; and upon my soul I was hard put to it to find an answer. I could

scarcely say that for him I had only pity; and yet this would have been the truth, even though I was well aware that his disappointment would be only for a week or two.

At any rate, when the hour of our departure had come, his devotion was still undeclared, and Madam looked upon me a shade less kindly, I thought, when I went to take farewell of her. But, in truth, I was by this time too completely overcome by excitement to notice little details in the comportment of these people. They were all conspirators against my happiness and Dick's; I knew they would be checkmated within the hour, and already I could have laughed in their faces.

My uncle was a great gamester, and never known to lose his coolness; on this night he had gained a large sum at cards. But, for



"WE MADE A PRETTY COUPLE."

all that, I fancy he had taken a goodly quantity of liquor during the evening: I noticed that his voice was a little thick. No sooner were we seated in his coach than he lay back in a corner and slept peacefully; soon he was snoring.

I was thus left alone. Indeed, I could not have talked with him had it been otherwise; yet I now wished I were compelled to try, for the excitement I was in came near to being unendurable. I could see nothing through the windows of the coach; nothing but the dim reflection of my own pale face against a background of utter darkness. Had I been able to take note of the landmarks as we passed them, I might have been calmer; as it was, we had hardly been gone from the house five minutes when I began and continued to feel passionately assured that the very next moment would be productive of the event to which I looked forward so eagerly.

The drive appeared interminable. I began to think that Dick must have come early and grown tired of waiting, and I knew that if he did not keep tryst, my heart would simply break. And then, frightening me despite my eager anticipation of it, came the first sign.

I saw a sudden blackness move past the window. A pistol cracked, and as the carriage ceased to move I heard a man's voice speaking sternly to the coachman and his companion on the box. It struck me the sternness was singularly well acted; for the coachman had been in the plot from the first. He happened to have a fancy for my maid, Genefer, and Dick's bribe was a superfluity once she had undertaken to make sure of him.

My uncle stirred in his corner, muttering incoherently, but he was still more than half asleep when the door of the coach was opened, and a tall, graceful figure (how well I knew it, having met him frequently at dusk on the edge of the old plantation!) stood dimly outlined against the darkness. The new-comer was masked, and put a pistol to my uncle's head.

"You ride late, sir," he said; and I wondered at the skill with which he disguised his voice. "I presume you carry fire-arms, and must ask that you will trust them to my keeping."

I can hardly report my uncle's words. Indeed, they were not coherent, so great was his indignation. But he gave up his pistols, and the highwayman straightway flung them far into the darkness.

"Your purse," he continued, politely. Then, when he had received this also: "Sir Richard Courtney's luck at the cards has passed into a proverb. Tell your friends, sir, that you have given their I.O.U.'s to one who will never ask for payment; for I have no doubt I shall find them here."

He put the purse into his pocket. "There is a diamond ring, too," he said, "and a watch." And these things he also received and pocketed.

All this time my uncle had been cursing him for a thief, and swearing he would see him hanged within a month upon the highest point of the moorland. As for me, I had enjoyed the proceedings to begin with, but now I began to be afraid. Precious time was being wasted. There were others who must use this road in returning from the ball, and there was the risk of their coming to the rescue of my dear uncle, and spoiling the plans on which so much depended. Moreover, I conceived that my uncle would be hugely angry when he discovered how prettily he had been deceived; it was possible he might be carried by his resentment so far as to make it appear that this mock robbery was real, and so bring Dick to serious trouble. It was with great relief I saw that it was ended.

The highwayman spoke again. "You have a lady in your company," he said. "I must trouble her—."

"Scoundrel!" said my uncle, angrier than he had been at all. "Do you rob helpless women, also? Oh, but you shall hang high!"

"'Beauty,'" quoted the highwayman—"and I am sure the lady is beautiful—'Beauty unadorned is best adorned.' I must ask the lady to step from her carriage a moment and give me the jewels of which she surely has no need."

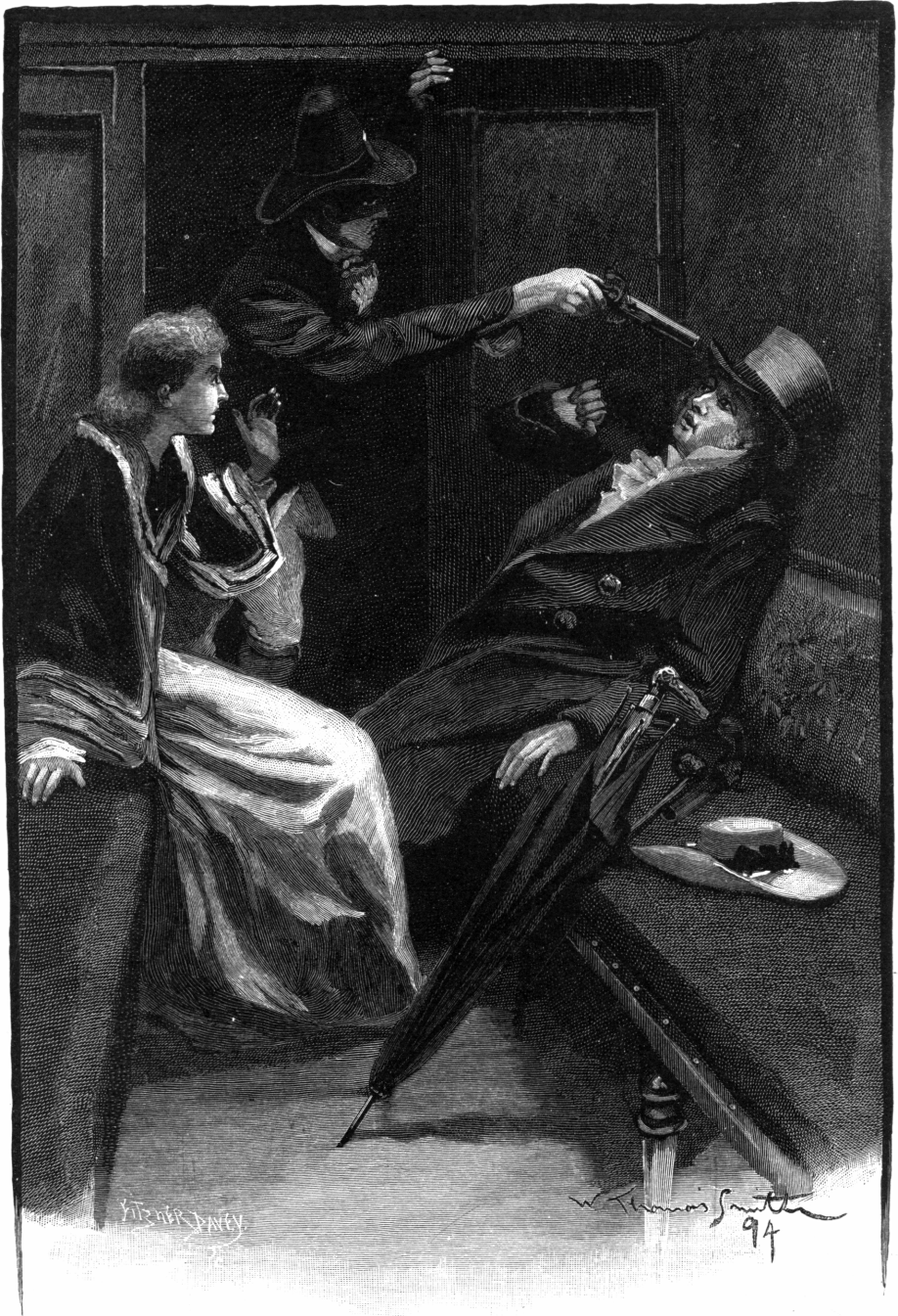
My uncle would have hindered me, but I was past him in a moment, and stepped out of the carriage.

"Your necklet," said the highwayman, holding forth his hand.

I took the pearls from my neck, and pressed his hand in passing them to him. "Be quick!" I said in a whisper. "Where is your horse?"

He paused a moment. "I saw the gleam of a bracelet," he said. "I must relieve you of that also."

Again I obeyed him, but the fear that others would come while he still stopped fooling became more urgent. "I'm ready," I whispered, so eagerly that I wonder



"THE NEW-COMER WAS MASKED, AND PUT A PISTOL TO MY UNCLE'S HEAD."

my uncle did not hear. "Why do you wait?"

Again there was a pause. He appeared a little disconcerted. "And I think you are wearing a ring," he went on.

I took the ring from my finger; as I gave

it to him I clutched his hand, secure in the protecting darkness. "Take me!" I said. "Take me!"

Again he was silent for a moment. When he spoke it was in a curiously altered voice, and with a little delighted laugh.

"Dost mean it, sweet?" he cried. "Come, then!"

I gave a scream of alarm (a portion of the play we had arranged together) as he caught me round the waist and landed me upon his horse. A moment later, I was clinging to him for dear life, as we dashed headlong into the black night, and went forward across the

more than cling tightly to the highwayman and await the event.

We had ridden some miles, when he suddenly drew rein and dismounted, landing me lightly beside him.

"Upon my soul!" he said, "here is a pretty adventure! Heaven knows that I had always a passion for the unusual, or I should

be still a humble usher in Brancaster Academy. But, tell me, what am I to do with you?"

I suppose I had hoped against hope; to find my fears were justified was a disastrous blow to me, nor could I make any answer.

"I would not wish a braver sweetheart," he continued, speaking with an odd and attractive perplexity. "But what have we gentlemen of the road to do with wives? Why, sweetheart, you heard the promises of your guardian. He will

surely do his utmost to fulfil them, and how should I dare go to the gallows if I knew that I left you widowed and alone? I trust a score of maids would weep a little if poor Jack Arthur went the common way; but God forbid that any should remember him at a week's end. It may seem that I am ungallant, yet I protest I do not like my share in this adventure. Kiss me, sweet, and then fancy I am old and very wise, and take my counsel, which is: that you permit me to conduct you back to some place near your home. And yet—I would not wish a braver sweetheart!"

And then, moved by the kindness of his words, and his pleasant voice, I lost command of myself and burst into foolish weeping.

"Sir," I said, "I am altogether at your mercy. I have done that which will shame me all the rest of my days. But, indeed, I thought you were another, my sweetheart, whom I should have married to-morrow."

I fancied he spoke less gaily than before: perhaps he had not hoped altogether that I



"WE DASHED HEADLONG INTO THE BLACK NIGHT."

moorland. I heard him chuckle, as my uncle roared his indignation after us.

II.

WE rode on and on through the darkness. At first my excitement was so great as to render thought impossible; moreover, the riding was of the roughest, and I had all I could do to keep my seat. But gradually, as I began to grow more accustomed to my situation, I was overtaken with a most dreadful misgiving. The rider had hitherto seemed like enough to Dick, for I had known he would do his best to change his voice; and as for his foolish robbery, it was just of a piece with his natural love of mischief. But now I began to feel certain that some impostor had taken his part; that I had eloped with another man—and him a common highwayman. Imagine my distress! I could conceive of no method of extricating myself from the position; a sense of blank helplessness came over me, and I could do no

would take his sage advice. "Ho, ho!" he cried, "then my good fortune is but another theft to my account? I do not understand. You were to have married your lover to-morrow, and yet you entreat a stranger, and a highwayman at that, to carry you off! This is the maddest of adventures."

"Sir!" I said, "my uncle stands to me in the place of father and mother."

The highwayman chuckled. "Poor child!" he said, and softly stroked my hand, which, it seems, he had been holding for some minutes. "Poor child!"

"He would have me marry one whom I do not love, and I began to fear that presently he would overcome me, and compel——"

"The old hunks!" cried the highwayman. "You shall marry whom you choose. Nay, I withdraw my foolish wisdom; come with me, and before the night is here again you shall be Mistress Arthur. Believe me," he added, with a pretty conceit—"believe me, there are many who will envy you."

"But, sir," I interrupted, "you forget what I have told you. Of late I have been closely guarded, for my uncle had discovered that I have given my love to a yeoman of the place. To-night there was a ball at the house of Madam Trelawney (a great lady, whose son was destined by my uncle and by her to be my husband), and it was arranged that he should stop the coach on our return, and carry me away with him."

The highwayman laughed loudly. "And that is why you did not faint or scream?" he said. "I fell in love with you because of that, and that is why I was so flattered at your suggestion of an elopement. But—what will the real lover do? Will he stop the coach a second time, and find the bird flown? I warrant he will play the part execrably. I should hardly be surprised to hear he had let himself be captured."

I could not endure his jesting. "Sir," I said, "I am in your hands, and it is small wonder you find my plight only laughable. I have made myself a show for all the country to laugh at. Never a pedlar but will be selling ballads in a se'nnight about this that I have done to-night. Yet I could believe you kinder than most. I entreat that you will help me."

He was sober in a moment. "Upon my soul!" he said, "the case is one to puzzle a very Solomon. I would do much to help you, but I am not altogether free to do so as I would. To be frank, my life hangs upon my

escaping out of these regions with all the celerity I can command. And my life . . . But listen!"

He broke off, and, kneeling, placed his ear to the ground. Then he arose, with a curious, excited laugh. "The adventure grows in interest," he said. "Here comes the honest yeoman, and in hot haste."

I listened eagerly, and heard far off the sound of a horse galloping furiously along the rough track, which was then the only road across the great moorland. I saw a sudden movement on the part of my companion, and perceived that he was fingering his pistols as he stood silent in the darkness.

"Not that!" I cried, entreatingly.

"There will be need of an explanation of some kind," he said; "perhaps you will undertake it. I confess I have not a sufficient gift of words, and I am a little inclined to doubt whether your sweetheart will be in the mood for verbal explanations. Doubtless, as a gentleman of the road, he will ride armed."

The sound of hoofs grew nearer. He was silent now, and listened most attentively to the approaching sound. Presently the rider was quite near.

"Dick!" I called. "Dick! all's well, and I am in the company of a friend of yours and mine."

A moment later he was upon us, and sure enough he held a pistol in his hand. He jumped from his horse in an instant and caught me to him; but it was the highwayman who spoke first.

"Sir," he said, "I see by the pistol you carry that you take a very proper view of the situation. And yet I believe that everything may be explained. If you will consult the lady——"

"Dick," I said, "this gentleman is a friend. He took me with him, very much against his will, because I asked that he would take me; and I did that because I thought that he was you. You know our plan. He is——"

I paused. The highwayman laughed. "I follow, day by day, the trade which it pleased you to adopt for a single night. I anticipated you by a few minutes. We are both of us tall men, and the lady took the difference of voice and manner for a clever disguise. I was engaged about my ordinary business when she appeared to suggest that I should elope with her. I will confess my good luck amazed me at first, but I was quick to embrace it; nor did I discover how far astray



"A MOMENT LATER HE WAS UPON US."

my conceit had led me until the very moment of your approach. We were endeavouring to devise a method of restoring the lady to her friends when you appeared to solve our difficulty."

"You forget," said Dick, doggedly—"you forget the little matter of the money and jewels you have stolen."

The highwayman started. "'Convey,' the wise call it," he replied, with some tartness. "But the only course is, that I should surrender everything to you; and then it should be clear to you that I am no less than a messenger of Providence to you and the lady—a god from the machine."

Dick was silent, his arm about my waist, his figure held ready for action.

"The good uncle has been robbed of goods and niece," went on the highwayman, easily. "You come upon him in his distress, hear the tale, and straightway go in pursuit of the thief—the good uncle called me 'thief'—and compel him to disgorge. In truth, the least he can do is to give you the lady in

return for his goods. For, though perhaps you do not guess it, you have shown some bravery to-night."

The thing was beautifully clear. "Indeed," I cried, "he shall do no less. Dick, we will go back; and I promise you shall marry me when you will, and with his consent. Do you not see it?"

"He ought to do so," said Dick, grudgingly. "I suppose we must thank you, sir."

"Oh!" said the highwayman, lightly, "there is no need of thanks. Here are the jewels and the purse. But, first"—he opened the purse and extracted some scraps of paper—"I promised to liberate certain poor debtors, and that promise I must keep."

He tore the papers into fragments, and leapt upon his horse.

"Farewell!" he cried, and vanished into the night. Nor did I hear of him again until he was hanged, two years afterwards, for a robbery of the most daring.

At least there was one who wept at the news of his death—and she a happy wife.

The Line of Robert Burns.

By J. MONRO.



LOITERING one day in the Burns Monument on the Calton Hill at Edinburgh, and gazing with a proud and loving interest on the faded tress of the "Lassie wi' the lint-white locks," the Bible of "Highland Mary," the manuscript songs, and other relics of the poet who is dearest to the hearts of all true Scotsmen, I chanced to hear that his great-grandson, bearing his name, was now living in obscurity at the village of Blackhall, a few miles distant. The news was a surprise to me, for, like most admirers of Burns, I was under the impression that he had no male descendants alive, at least in Scotland, and I took an early opportunity of verifying the report.

Blackhall lies "within a mile o' sweet Edinboro' town" on the Queensferry Road, over which the "Hawes Fly" of other days whirled the immortal "Anti-quary" to the Hawes Inn, where "David Balfour" was kidnapped in the story of Mr. Stevenson. It is mainly a double row of stone houses, with the shops of small dealers, built along the turnpike. Here, at the head of a blind alley on the north side of the street—a secluded corner to which few of the many travellers on the road ever cast a glance—I found a grey-stone cottage behind a gateway, bearing the legend: "City of Edinburgh Gunpowder Magazine." It was the residence of Mr. Burns, the man I had come to see.

The bell was answered by Mrs. Burns, who informed me that her husband was just getting up. "Ye ken he's not very strong," said she, with a kindly Scots accent, that sounded home-like to my ears. Promising to call back in half an hour, I passed the time in strolling towards the richly-wooded hill of Corstorphine, and meditating on the inscrutable turns of life which had brought a descendant of the national poet of Scot-

land to keep a gunpowder magazine, and me to visit him that day.

On returning to the house, Mrs. Burns showed me into a bright and comfortable kitchen-parlour, where I found the invalid resting on a stuffed settee betwixt the bow window and the fire, where a black kitten was basking on the hearth. I was greatly struck with his appearance as he rose to welcome me. A man about fifty years of age, or little more, he was still handsome, although his black beard had been touched with grey and his fine features wasted by sickness.

The Tennysonian cast of his head was noble, not to say kingly, and might have become a bard of the Ancient Druids. The pensive melancholy of his hazel eyes, deep sunken and dark under his bushy brows; the waxen pallor of his skin, and the masses of his sable hair streaked with grey, recalled the descriptions of Burns during his last illness, and I felt that something of the adverse destiny which had made the poet an exciseman had clung to his descendant.

He told me that he was indeed the great-grandson of Robert Burns in the male line, and I could well believe it. The fact, however, was known

to but a few admirers of his great-grandfather, amongst them Mr. Bruce Wallace, formerly American Consul at Edinburgh, and Mr. J. D. Ross, author of "Burnsiana," who had been out to see him. Hitherto he had kept it a secret, because he was afraid his privacy might be disturbed by visitors, and probably not one of the hundreds of tourists who passed through Blackhall day after day in the summer season, on their way to and from the Forth Bridge, was aware of his existence.

Portraits of his ancestors hung over the mantelpiece, flanked by an illustrated calendar and the Christmas picture of a London



ROBERT BURNS.
From a Painting by Nasmyth.

journal, a Little Red Riding Hood in a snow sled with a bunch of hollies. A view of the Kilmarnock Monument to the poet, and bronzed statuettes of Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnnie, standing on the mantelshef between two American clocks, completed the little gallery.

The founder of the family, Robert Burns I., was represented by Cooke's engraving of the Nasmyth portrait, which is considered the best likeness. A photograph of Robert Burns II., his eldest son, by Jean Armour, shows a marked resemblance to him if we allow for difference in age. Burns had great hopes of this boy, and shortly before he died spoke to Mrs. Riddell, of Glenriddell, with seeming pride and satisfaction of his growing genius and the approbation of his teachers. As a matter of fact, Burns was a good father to his children, and gave them the best schooling that his small means would permit. At his death sufficient money was raised to support Mrs. Burns and enable her to continue their education. Robert was then about ten years old, having been born on September 3rd, 1786. On leaving the Dumfries Grammar School, he spent two sessions at Edinburgh Academy, and one at Glasgow University. Appointed to a clerkship in the Stamp Office, London, he married Anne Sherwood, at the age of twenty-two, and retired in 1833 on a modest pension of £120 or £150 a year. Returning to Dumfries, he dwelt there until his death, on May 14th, 1857, and was buried in the Burns mausoleum beside his wife, whom he survived about twenty-two years.

Probably his career did not fulfil the anticipations of his father, whose weakness in matters of finance and lack of self-control he seems to have inherited, if we can trust the statement of Dr. Rogers; but he was a useful citizen, and his education was not entirely thrown away, for he added to his income by giving private lessons in classics and mathematics both in London and Dumfries.

His brothers, with a less expensive educa-

tion, did better in the world. William Nicol Burns, on leaving the Dumfries Grammar School, sailed as a midshipman to India, and entering the Madras Infantry of "John Company," attained to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Retiring in 1843, he lived at Cheltenham until his death in 1872, and was buried in the family mausoleum.

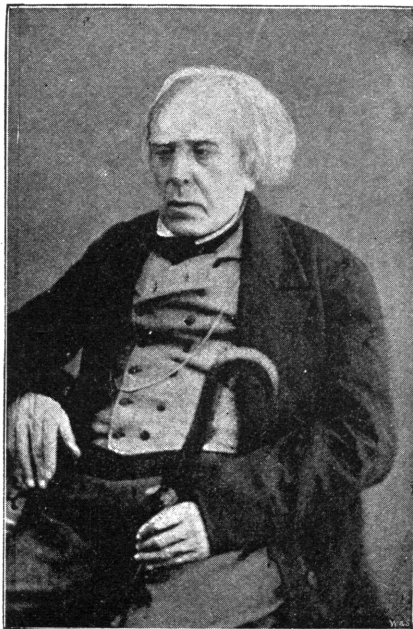
His younger brother, James Glencairn Burns, named after his father's noble friend the Earl of Glencairn, was a scholar of Christ's Hospital, London, as well as the Dumfries Grammar School, and joined the Bengal Native Infantry. He also officiated as a judge and collector at Cahar, and ultimately attained to the brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel. In 1839 he retired, and lived in London till 1843, then took up house with his brother at Cheltenham. He died in 1865, and was also buried in the mausoleum at Dumfries. Both brothers enjoyed considerable pensions, £1,000 or £1,100 a year. Both were married, but only Colonel James left children behind him, namely, two daughters by his first and second wives. Colonel William, like his brother Robert, resembled the poet a good deal, and he alone seems to have written verses, some of which have been read in manuscript by Mr. Burns, of Blackhall. Apparently the sons of the poet

walked after the eloquent advice tendered them by Wordsworth:—

Let no mean hope your souls enslave;
Be independent, generous, brave;
Your father such example gave,
And such revere;
But be admonished by his grave,
And think and fear.

Robert Burns III., the eldest son of Robert Burns II., married Mary Campbell, and taught a private school in Dumfries for over thirty years, until the new School Board obliged him to give it up, and died in 1879 in that town.

His eldest son, Robert Burns IV., the last of the dynasty, and my host at Blackhall, was born in Dumfries, and educated in his father's



ROBERT BURNS II.



ROBERT BURNS III

school. He enlisted in the Household Brigade of the Scots Fusilier Guards, and was quartered with his regiment in London for seven years, in Dublin for thirteen months, at Shorncliffe and elsewhere. Three times he volunteered for active service, but without success. On quitting the army he fell back on "labouring work," as the Scotch say, and eventually obtained the keepership of the City of Edinburgh Gunpowder Magazine at Blackhall. For the last thirteen years he has lived there, serving out the gunpowder required by the Edinburgh merchants and the miners in the neighbouring quarry of Craigleith. It is a post of some responsibility, and if the duties are light, they require strict care and attention. A free house, a bit of garden, and £45 a year are not to be despised; and if he had enjoyed a small pension from the army, he might have been very comfortable. As it is, 17s. 3½d. per week may enable him and Mrs. Burns to exist, but is certainly not enough to save money upon, or indulge in any luxury and recreation.

He and his good wife, Jane Palmer, the daughter of a farmer of Mouswald, near Dumfries, make the best of their circumstances, and probably the enlightened and worthy magistrates of Edinburgh will allow him to retain his post as long as he lives. Since he cannot "lay by" anything, however, it is a serious outlook for Mrs. Burns, should

she survive him, unless the magistrates can see their way to continue her in the appointment.

Another member of the family whose portrait Mr. Burns showed me is "Aunt Jane" of Dumfries, or Jean Armour Burns, with her daughter, Jane Armour Burns Brown, who, as will be seen from our illustration, is remarkably like the poet as he appears in David Allan's water-colour of "The Cottars' Saturday Night," recently given in the *Magazine of Art*. In the refined face of Mr. Burns himself we may also discern traits of his great-grandfather, especially the full and open brow, the serious and thoughtful eyes, and the swarthy complexion; but his high and aquiline nose is rather a feature of his great-grand-uncle, Gilbert Burns. He has never written any poetry, and neither his father nor his mother were literary, but he is a warm admirer of his gifted ancestor. One of his favourite poems is the "Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn."

"I like yon last lines best," said he to me, reading them aloud to refresh his memory:—

The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour hath been;
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me!

"Man—that's a grand verse!" he exclaimed, with a sympathetic thrill in his



AUNT JANE AND HER DAUGHTER.

deep, musical voice. "That's a very good one, too, the 'Epistle to Davie,'" he went on :—

The winds frae aff Benlomond blaw,
And bar the doors wi' driving snaw.

Lines that have gone to the hearts of Scotsmen with a magical power in every clime under the sun, and called up visions of their home and kindred in the sad, sweet days "of auld lang syne."

I found Mr. and Mrs. Burns so kind and hospitable, and their conversation so interesting, that I was fain to linger in their company. When I came away, Mr. Burns, accompanied by his old brown retriever, took me into the grounds of the magazine, beside the house, and showed me the "Maiden Craig," a deserted quarry-hole, now filled with stagnant water and surrounded by a waste of grass overgrown with bushes. When the poet was in the springtide of his glory, and the lion of Edinburgh, that uncanny pit was in full blast, and the mansions in which he figured as an honoured guest were built of its stone.

To-day, it is affording an asylum to the last of his name. A quiet retreat, pleasant enough in summer when the grass is green and the birds are singing in the trees, but mournful and dreary in winter, when the dark pool is swollen with the rains, and

Fearfu' soughs the boortree
bank.

On the way back Mr. Burns had to stop twice and bend over his staff from sheer weakness. "My head just goes round and round like that," said he, describing a whirl in the air with his hand—a frail, thin hand, as I could feel, too well, in bidding him good-bye.

He suffers from chronic rheumatism, and, perhaps, his outlook and isolation prey upon a delicate nature. When once the spirits are low, it is not so easy to raise them again. A change of air and scene, if only for a day now and then, would, I am sure, work wonders in him, but he

is tied to his post through illness and want of means. "Had Burns been ennobled," thought I, on the road to Edinburgh, "how different might have been this man's lot!" And yet, what nobleman has done so much for Scotland as the beloved bard who has moulded the spirit of her sons? The Scotch have been blamed for making their poet a gauger and leaving him to struggle on fifty pounds a year; but since his death they have amply redeemed their fault, if it were a fault. Provision was made even for his illegitimate children. The cottage in which he was born has been preserved to the nation. A number of splendid monuments have been erected to his memory. Innumerable books and celebrations in all parts of the world attest his growing fame.

A lively interest is taken in everything that concerns him, and persons in whom his blood still flows are marked like the descendants of the Prophet. When the little daughter of Colonel James Glencairn Burns was buried at sea on the way home from India, the officers and men of the ship were drawn up on the deck in mourning array, and while the coffin was lowered into the deep, every eye was moist, and some of the sailors, natives of Scotland, wept outright.

The tomb of "Highland Mary" at Greenock is a place of pilgrimage, and steps are now being taken to raise a stone over the grave of Chloris, the "Lassie wi' the lint-white locks," which was recently discovered under a drooping birch in the old burying-ground at Newington.

Could the Poet himself re-visit "Edina's Darling Seat" he would be received with honours and acclamation little short of idolatry. Doubtless the affection and enthusiasm of his countrymen would melt his heart, and yet amidst all their homage and admiration I fancy he would turn an anxious eye on that forsaken quarry at Blackhall, and say to them: "Guid freends, canna we bring some hope and gladness there?"



ROBERT BURNS IV. (STILL LIVING).



A TRAMP'S ROMANCE.

BY DENZIL
VANE

in the pleasant valley. My port-manteau had gone on by post—the carry-all, omniscient post of foreign parts. At Bormio I would rest me for three whole days ; good dinners would I eat and sparkling Asti would I drink ; and I would make merry with any pleasant folk chance might throw in my way.

And so the pains and penalties of the poor pedestrian would be forgotten, or remembered only as a foil to the comforts of the present.

I hurriedly pulled myself up at this stage of my reflections, for anticipation had made me forget for a brief moment what was then my condition. The relentless rain had worked its way to my skin ; only my feet were dry, thanks to the waterproof boots and stout leggings I wore. I was as yet within some miles of my goal when I overtook two pedestrians whose case was much worse than my own, for these two belated wanderers were women, and the poor creatures' skirts were wet and draggled, and clung miserably about their limbs. Both were slender and young, and the heavy rain beat heavily on their heads and shoulders. Bedraggled though they were, I saw at a glance they were ladies, and a few words uttered by one told me that they were country-women of my own. My interest and sympathy were at once enlisted.

"Another hour, Betty, at most, and we can knock off. What a tramp we've had, and how it can rain in this wonderful country !"

The girl who spoke (she could only have been in her early twenties) had a fair, ruddy



LHAD been trudging for twelve hours through the streaming rain, which had penetrated even the thick tweed suit I wore. It had rained steadily for twenty-four hours, and, judging

from the thick, colourless sky, and the white cloud-wreaths that hung about the lower slopes of the mountains, there seemed every probability that a spell of bad weather had set in.

Driven as with a goad by the utter discomfort of the dirty inn I had left behind me in the morning, I pressed on in the rain-lashed gloaming towards the old Roman watering-place on the southern side of the Stelvio Pass, Bad Bormio : there, I knew, the joys of good food, clean linen, and luxurious bath waited for me. Of course I ought not to have cast one thought on these comforts of civilization, for the Stelvio Pass is one of the grandest in Europe, and it had been my privilege to behold the great Madatsch glacier and the cloud-veiled head of the Ortler Spitz, as I stood at the top of the pass and looked over the glories of the Tyrolean Alps.

But I was very wet, very tired, very hungry ; and I longed for my Capua down

complexion, her cheeks looked like roses that had had a thorough drenching, and a great lump of light brown hair, which showed beneath her soaked grey felt hat, was heavy with diamond drops of water. Both girls wore neat ulsters, but the rain had evidently soaked them through, and they clung tightly to the slim outlines of their forms.

I glanced quickly at the girl addressed as "Betty." She was wet, but even prettier than her companion. The steady tramp of my steps probably caused Betty some alarm, for she looked nervously over her shoulder. It was then that I saw what a very pretty girl she was, despite her somewhat dishevelled state.

On the impulse of the moment I raised my hat and muttered some sort of salutation. "Oh, you're English!"

The accent of pleasure was unmistakable, and gratifying.

The exclamation came from Betty, whose dark eyes were turned full on me. Evidently the result of the inspection was favourable, for Betty smiled, and showed a row of gleaming little teeth, whose whiteness was accentuated by the rich red of the lips that enframed them. The young lady's complexion was slightly browned by exposure to the sun; but the lashing of the rain had brought a flush of pink to the smooth cheek, whose perfect contour was apparent as she turned towards me.

"Yes, I am English," I said, in a comfortable, elder-brotherly tone, calculated to win the confidence of these two independent damsels-errant; "and I am on my way to Bad Bormio."

"So are we; and we are so horribly wet, and the road seems as if it would never end."

"It is a long tramp from Trafoi," I remarked.

"Oh, we only came from Franzenhöhe this morning; we had some lunch at Santa Maria, and we hope to reach Bormio by dinner-time,"

said the other girl, whose name I afterwards knew to be Kate; "for, to tell you the truth, we are both awfully hungry."

"What hotel are you bound for?" I inquired.

"The Nuovi Bagni."

"Ah, I am going there too. Will you allow me to walk with you and to carry that bag?" I added, pointing to a fair-sized rucksack strapped to the supple back of Miss Betty.

After a little demur the rucksack was unstrapped and attached to the haversack I carried. I saw with satisfaction that the slender figure, relieved of its burden, drew itself more erect and moved forward with greater ease.

The two girls, tramping unprotected along that lonely road which winds down from the summit of the pass to Italy, seemed quite free from any fear of danger. The discomfort of rain-soaked clothing, boots heavy with mud, and the fatigue consequent on the long tramp, seemed to be the only cause of complaint they had



"THE RÜCK-SACK WAS UNSTRAPPED."

"You see, when one is on a walking tour one can't stop for weather," remarked Betty, with a comprehensive glance round at the mist-shrouded mountains, the rain-lashed rocks showing their rich brown in vivid contrast to the grey sky and patches of vivid green moss; "one must take the good and the bad just as they come, like the rough and the smooth places on the road. My friend and I are good walkers, and we enjoy a tramp like this, in spite of the weather."

I had got the idea that the girls were sisters, although they were quite unlike in personal appearance. Bit by bit I got to know more about my damsels-errant. They had walked most of the way from Innsbrück, through the Brenner Pass, to Bötzen; there they had taken the train to Meran, and from thence had pursued their tramp, stopping several days on the road at Spöndelak, Trafoi, and Franzenhöhe.

"We shall stay at Bormio a few days and rest, and then we shall meet our bags again. You can't think how glad we are to see those bags: we quite love the very straps and buckles. Do you know Bormio at all?"

I avowed my ignorance.

"Nor do we. There was an American lady we met at Innsbrück who recommended the Nuovi Bagni to us. I think she thought us quite mad, but she was extremely kind.

"Kitty," she added, suddenly addressing her companion, "do look down there at that leaping water: that must be the Adda."

"Oh! our first Italian river, Betty! How jolly!" cried the enthusiastic Kate, her grey eyes beaming out from under her dripping hat-brim.

Then she looked down the valley and tried, I think, to realize that this rain-beaten scene really was Italy.

"Cheer up, Kitty; it will be fine to-

morrow, and won't we revel in the sunshine when it comes!"

It was Betty who spoke. The manner of the girls towards each other amused me; they seemed to take the rôle of guide and consoler in turns, just as, I have no doubt, they had taken it in turns to carry the rucksack which I had now in my care.

Independent though they were, the girls seemed glad of my companionship, especially when we passed through one of the dark, cavernous galleries roofed with stones, built



"THAT MUST BE THE ADDA."

to protect the road from avalanches. They chatted in a friendly, unembarrassed manner, and the sound of the fresh young voices and the sight of the two pretty faces did much to redeem the dreariness of the long, monotonous road.

The next morning was a sumptuous one. As I looked from my window my eyes were greeted by a sky of startling blueness; the sun shone on the delicate green of the moss-like acacia trees sparkling with moisture; there were roses and oleanders in the garden, and snow on the distant tops of the mountains. The contrast was piquant. I was soon dressed and out of doors. The hotel garden, with its mountain-ash trees

laden with masses of berries, was fragrant after the heavy rain. But I soon wearied of it and strolled down into the smiling valley below the dilapidated village perched on the bank of the Adda. Here the tumble-down houses were pitted with bullet marks, the mementos of the old hereditary struggle with Austria. I stood on the bridge which spanned the foaming stream, swollen with yesterday's rain, and watched the water eddying over its rough and rocky bed. As I leant against the parapet I caught the sound of a woman's voice trilling out the refrain of an Italian volkslied.

The lark-like joyousness of the song seemed in harmony with the glorious morning. In a dreamy mood I listened. The singing voice floated nearer. I caught sight of a white straw sailor-hat and a pink cotton blouse.

Italian peasant girls do not attire themselves thus. I am a trifle short-sighted, but, in a very few moments, I was aware that the early-rising songstress was Miss Kate Morison. A glance at the hotel register had informed me of the names of my fellow-pedestrians.

She looked very pretty and fresh; the mass of light brown hair was twisted up neatly at the back of her head. Clearly the luggage of the two girls had turned up, for there were no signs of travel-stain about the trim blue serge skirt and the crisply starched pink blouse.

I wished her good-morning, and inquired for her absent friend.

"Oh, Betty is all right, thanks, only rather sleepy. I thought it a pity to waste one single hour of this heavenly morning, and I wanted to make a little sketch from the bridge."

"An artist as well as a singer?" I inquired, smiling.

"Oh, you heard me chirruping, I suppose. One must sing when one feels so utterly happy. Isn't the air exhilarating? But I must make my sketch. I can sit on the parapet—so—and get just the view I want."

She perched herself upon the stone ledge, and made an impromptu easel of her knee.

The sun shone on the big knot of curly brown hair and made the golden threads in it shine gloriously. The white sailor-hat tilted over the forehead made a shade for the darkly-fringed grey eyes and delicate brows.

I admired Miss Kate immensely, yet I caught myself regretting that Miss Betty was not such an early riser as her friend.

Nevertheless, I seated myself on the opposite parapet, and surveyed the pretty artist with very real satisfaction. There was a freshness and spontaneity about her that was very fascinating. She talked about the grand scenery of the Stelvio; she narrated with great glee some of the adventures of their trip—how, at Trafoi, provisions ran short because a band of German students had descended on the peaceful village like a flight of locusts, leaving a temporary famine behind them; how they had excited the suspicion of the authorities of the fortress above Gomagoi, because she had made a little sketch of the Suldenthal, and so on. Her busy pencil did its work with great



"SHE PERCHED HERSELF UPON THE STONE LEDGE."

rapidity, and, when I asked permission to look at the sketch, I was really surprised at the masterliness of her touch, and her knowledge of perspective.

"I am an artist in a humble way—an artist in black and white. I do work for newspapers," she said, naïvely, in answer to my praise.

"And your friend. Is she equally clever?" I inquired, with interest.

"She is a great deal cleverer. We were students together, and her work always surpassed mine, only——" She stopped, and I knew she had checked herself lest she should tell me more about her friend than that more reserved young lady would approve.

She closed her sketch-book, and we walked back together to the hotel. In the garden we met Miss Betty. She, too, looked dainty and fresh after her night's rest. The same source of information that had made me acquainted with Miss Kitty's name had told me hers—Blount.

At breakfast I happened to mention her by name, and I fancied a look of surprise crossed her face at the glibness with which I uttered it. But her manner showed no displeasure, and I was encouraged to offer my escort for an expedition to the town of Bormio. The quaint, old-world place, with its rough pavements and narrow streets, so Italian in its aspect, with the yellow-washed houses and curious loggias, and musty, silent church, delighted Miss Kitty, and gave much occupation to her pencil. But Miss Blount, whose artistic superiority her friend had proclaimed, did not make any sketches, although no doubt she stored up impressions for future use.

I could not disguise from myself that this rather reserved young lady had awakened a really strong interest in my mind. The fascination of her beauty charmed me; but her whole personality attracted me yet more powerfully. There was a mysterious winningness in her voice, a grace in her movements, a magnetism in the glance of her full hazel eyes, that haunted me during her absence, and set all my nerves thrilling whenever she spoke to or even looked at me. That night I dreamt of her, and woke uttering her name.

I was angry with myself at the absurdity of the situation. To be in love with a girl whose face I had seen for the first time only thirty-six hours before! To be caught in the net of passion like any raw boy of twenty, to know that the suddenness of the calamity

that had befallen me was in itself almost grotesque.

I was no romantic stripling: I was a sober man of thirty, a plodding student of the law, too poor to marry, and vowed to celibacy and dull routine for a good ten years to come. But under all the ridicule I heaped upon myself was a secret rapture and proud exultation. I was in love—in love; I had tasted the honey, and sniffed at the roses of life. The sweet air of Italy made the blood run riotously in my veins; the rich colour and the sense of strong life that was in the atmosphere intensified my capacity for emotion, and so lulled to sleep that power of self-control and cool reasoning on which I prided myself.

Nothing but a violent wrench would have enabled me to leave Bormio. I lingered on, hugging my chains; and the two girls, for what reason I know not, lingered too.

The place had a curious charm: it had the strength and grandeur of the mountains and the glory and glamour of the south. A week passed, during which the two girls and I were almost always together. Their utter unconvictionality surprised me, but it delighted me too. Their plans were not fixed, but something had been said once or twice about extending their walking tour to the Engadine, by way of the Bernina Pass. I had just made up my mind that where they went I would go, for the thought of Betty tramping unprotected and exposed to the chance of insult filled me with dismay. Already I assumed to myself the man's right of protection.

The two girls listened respectfully, almost obediently, to my advice, and made no objection whatever when I declared that I too intended to visit the Engadine, and would go when they went.

In my own mind I had fully planned how my romance was to end. I would marry Betty; we should be poor, but I knew her tastes were simple, and I would work trebly hard and win success for myself, and wealth for her, before we were five years older. Of such visions is love guilty!

As the girls were resolute to keep to their plan of walking from Bormio to Pontresina, we set out in true Bohemian fashion, like respectable gipsies. The roads were good, the weather perfect, and we tramped joyously to Bolladore and Tirano, staying a day here and a day there, just as the fancy took us. It was at Tirano that the climax of my brief madness came and the *dénouement* of this adventure befell.

We were housed in the Hôtel San Michele,

one of the quaintest hostelries surely wherein a man might take his ease. For the building had formerly sheltered a peaceful sisterhood. The bedrooms were vaulted, the floors were of stone, and all the doors opened on to a broad, cloister-like gallery. At the end of this winding gallery was an immense loggia, which looked on the Piazza and the Cathedral—a pilgrimage church—whither on great festivals the faithful were gathered together from all the surrounding villages.

The girls were enraptured by the quaint blending of monasticism and the modern Italian love of semi-Pagan decoration, for the loggia was roughly frescoed with landscapes, framed in vines bearing heavy purple clusters of grapes. A rough wooden table and benches were placed in the loggia, and it was there we elected to dine, although the conventional refectory was close at hand to serve as dining-room. The sun was setting as we lingered over our plenteous dessert. We had been three days at Madonna di Tirano, and the fascination of the place was still upon us.

Perhaps it was the sobering influence of the grey old building, or the conventual air of the place, or the asceticism which breathed from those cell-like bedrooms; but certainly on that third evening of our sojourn there the girls' manner had changed. Betty's beautiful face was sad and clouded, and Kitty's gaiety had vanished. After dinner she pleaded a headache, and went to her room, and Betty looked troubled as she left us, but did not offer to follow. I suggested a stroll in the convent garden, from whence came the click of the bowls, for that old-world game was always in full swing after the day's work was over—the garden being large, served as an open-air club to the townspeople. Betty agreed, and we were soon in the cool, high-walled pleasance—a quiet spot, where all we heard of the players was the click of the ball, and the distant sound of laughter and talk.

The sun had set, and a cool breeze was whispering among the broad leaves of the fig-trees; in the grass the drone of the grasshopper made a sleepy murmur. Betty was curiously silent, a trifle embarrassed in manner, and somehow this unwonted shyness and taciturnity gave me confidence in myself. I talked to her about many things, as if I were entitled to her sympathy, told her of my struggles, of my ambitions, of my hopes—talked as a man rarely talks, save to the woman he loves and hopes to win for his wife. Somehow or other—made bold, I

think, by a tender softening of her face when I spoke about the hardness of the struggle for fame when the struggle is made single-handed—I blurted out my secret. I loved her, and life would be a desert without her love.

Then in the grey twilight I saw a white, astonished face and two large, frightened eyes look at me almost in horror.

"Mr. Aslehurst!" she panted, "you are surely mad. It is not I you love—it is——" she stopped and bit her lips.

Good heavens!—it was the old complication. I read her unspoken thought in a flash. She believed it was Kitty I loved, that it was for Kitty's sake that I had dangled at their heels all this time.

I was about to protest that it was she—Betty, and she only that I loved, when she resumed, in a calm, self-possessed tone:—

"You must forget that you have ever spoken so to me, Mr. Aslehurst; that you have ever thought of me—in that way—for I am married already—my husband is coming to join us at Pontresina."

I stared at her incredulously for a moment.

"But, Miss Blount——?"

"I was Miss Blount once. I am Mrs. Field now—perhaps you know my husband, he is a barrister too; he could not get away sooner because he had some important case to work up," she went on, rapidly. "It is all Kitty Morison's fault—this—this dreadful mistake. Kitty was my greatest chum before I married last year; she was very angry with me for marrying, and she persuaded me, just for the sake of old times, when we used to come abroad together for walking tours, to be Miss Blount again. It was she who wrote the name in the hotel book at Bormio; and when you called me Miss Blount, Kitty was delighted, and insisted on keeping up the joke."

"That was a little rough on me," I said, in a crestfallen way. The comical side of the situation was apparent to me, and for the moment I forgot the pangs of despised love.

"We did not mean any harm," she murmured, humbly. "We used to have such splendid times together when we toured about, Kitty and I. When I heard you call me Miss Blount, I almost forgot that I had a husband in London."

"Poor Field! He would not be flattered."

"You know my husband?"

"Slightly. We meet pretty often in hall," I answered, drily.

"Oh, Mr. Aslehurst, what must you think

of me? But I do love Edward, and I—I shall be so happy to see him at Pontresina. We are a model couple, and ever so contented. I—I thought that you admired Kitty Morison, she is such a dear, good girl;

name I have called her always in my thoughts—Betty had allowed the freak to be indulged, and I was a broken-hearted man—for fully thirty-six hours.

But I could not in mere civility leave the



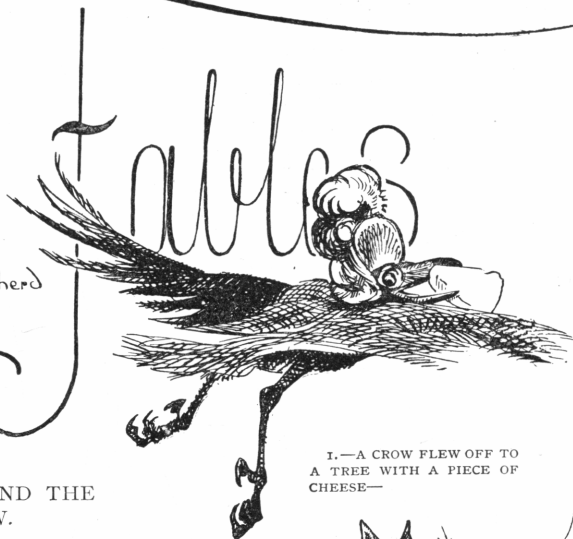
"I THOUGHT THAT YOU ADMIRE KITTY MORISON."

she has always been very independent and high-spirited—always said that she would never marry—but——." Again she stopped, and I read in Mrs. Field's beautiful face the gist of a little romance that had, no doubt, been simmering in her brain ever since our meeting in the rain-swept pass of Stelvio.

Alas, how easily things go wrong! I had fallen in love with the wife instead of with the maid, thanks to Miss Kitty Morison's little freak. Betty—I must call her by the

two forlorn women to trudge together to Pontresina, especially now that I knew one of them was the wife of a brother barrister. By the time we reached our Alpine Mecca we were the best of friends again. Field turned up a day or two later, and I stayed on, for we all found four a pleasanter number than three in our mountain expeditions—and really, Kitty Morison—she has another name now—was and is a very pretty girl, and she is certainly much less independent than when I first made her acquaintance.

Illustrated
by
J.A. Shepherd



1.—A CROW FLEW OFF TO
A TREE WITH A PIECE OF
CHEESE—

THE FOX AND THE CROW.



2.—WHICH A FOX OBSERVING—

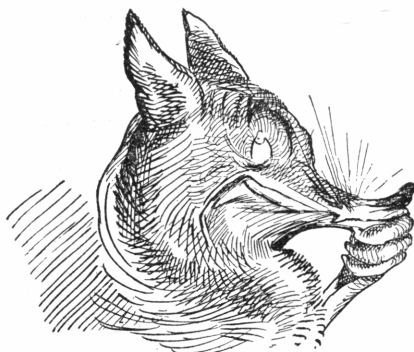


3.—HE CAME AND SAT UNDER-
NEATH—



SWAIN SC.

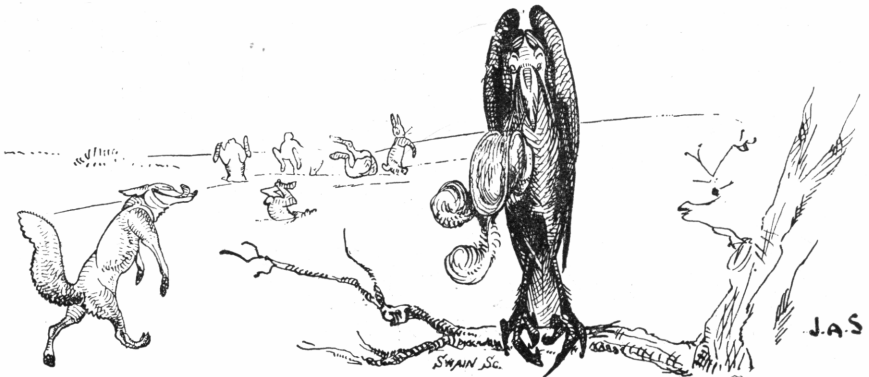
4.—AND BEGAN TO COMPLIMENT
HER.



5.—“I WONDER,” HE SAID, “WHETHER YOUR VOICE
IS EQUAL TO YOUR BEAUTY?”

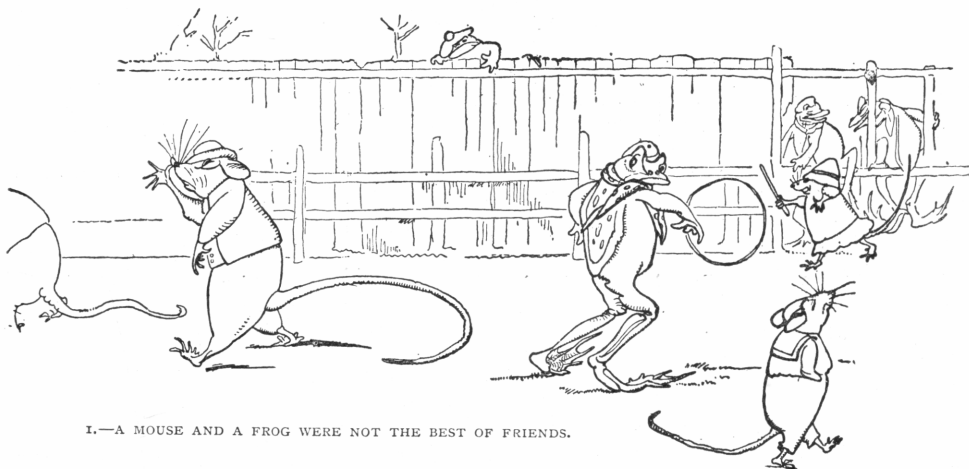


6.—THE CROW, GREATLY FLATTERED, OPENED HER BEAK TO SING, WHEN THE CHEESE FELL OUT OF IT—



7.—AND THE SLY FOX WENT OFF LAUGHING, WITH HIS BOOTY.

THE MOUSE AND THE FROG.



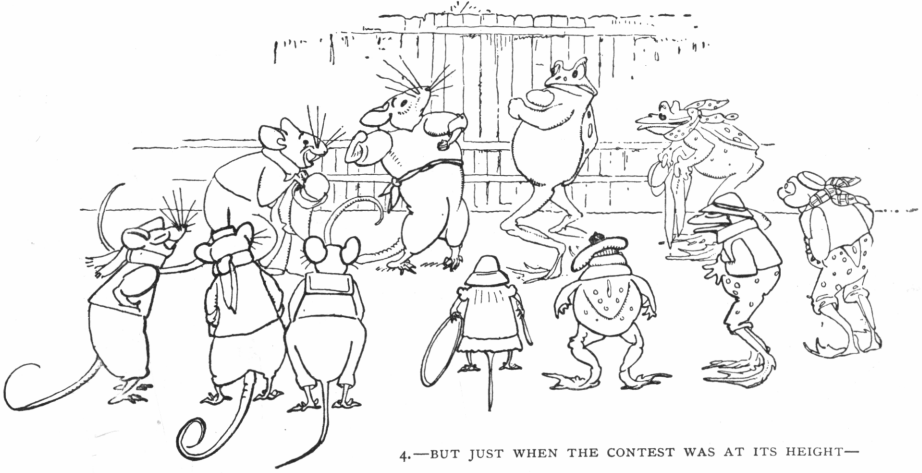
1.—A MOUSE AND A FROG WERE NOT THE BEST OF FRIENDS.



2.—ONE DAY THEY HAD A DREADFUL QUARREL—



3.—WHICH COULD ONLY BE DECIDED BY A FIGHT.



4.—BUT JUST WHEN THE CONTEST WAS AT ITS HEIGHT—



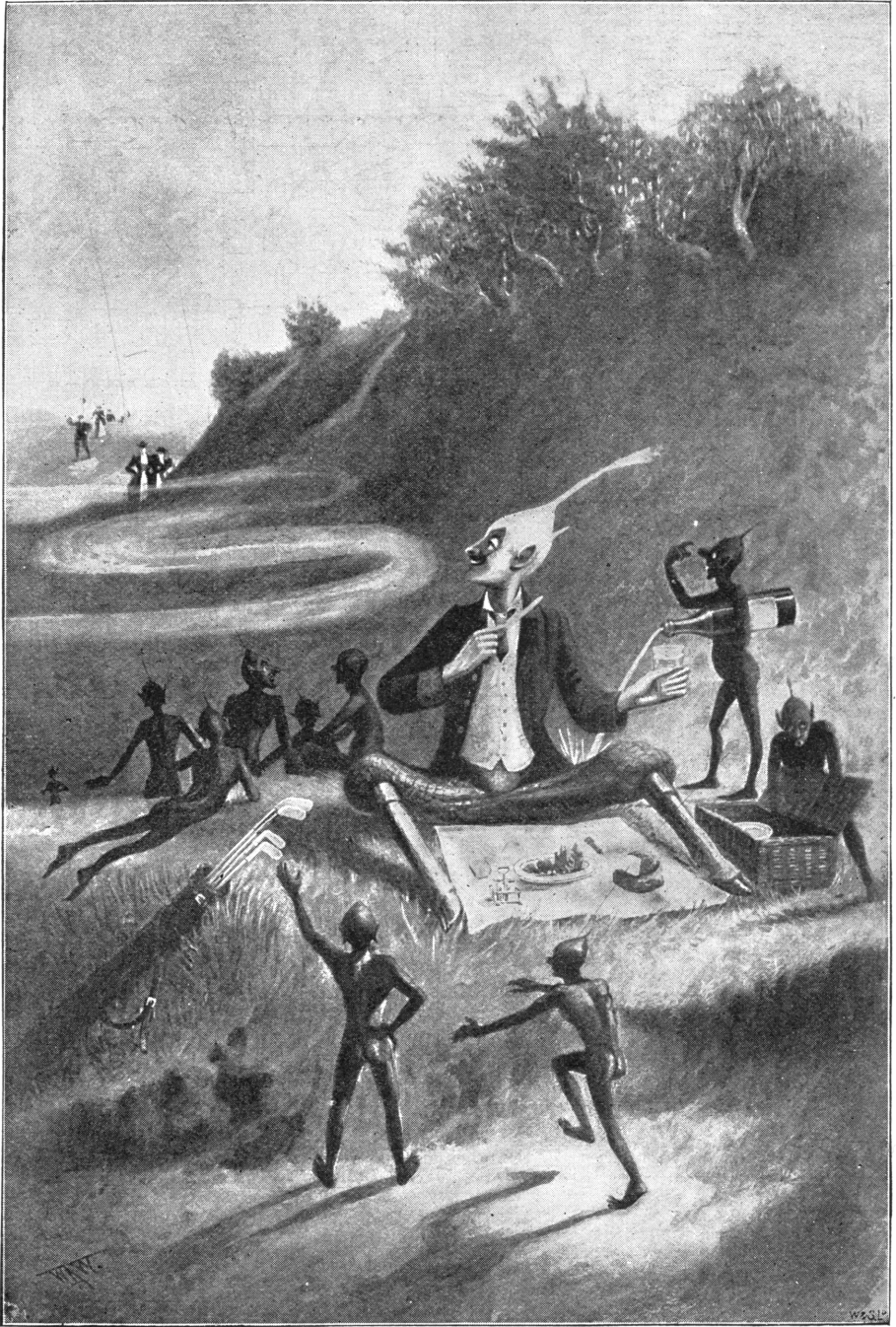
5.—A KITE CAME BY—



6.—AND CARRIED OFF BOTH THE CHAMPIONS.

SWAIN SC

J. A. Shepherd



BOGEY AT LUNCH.